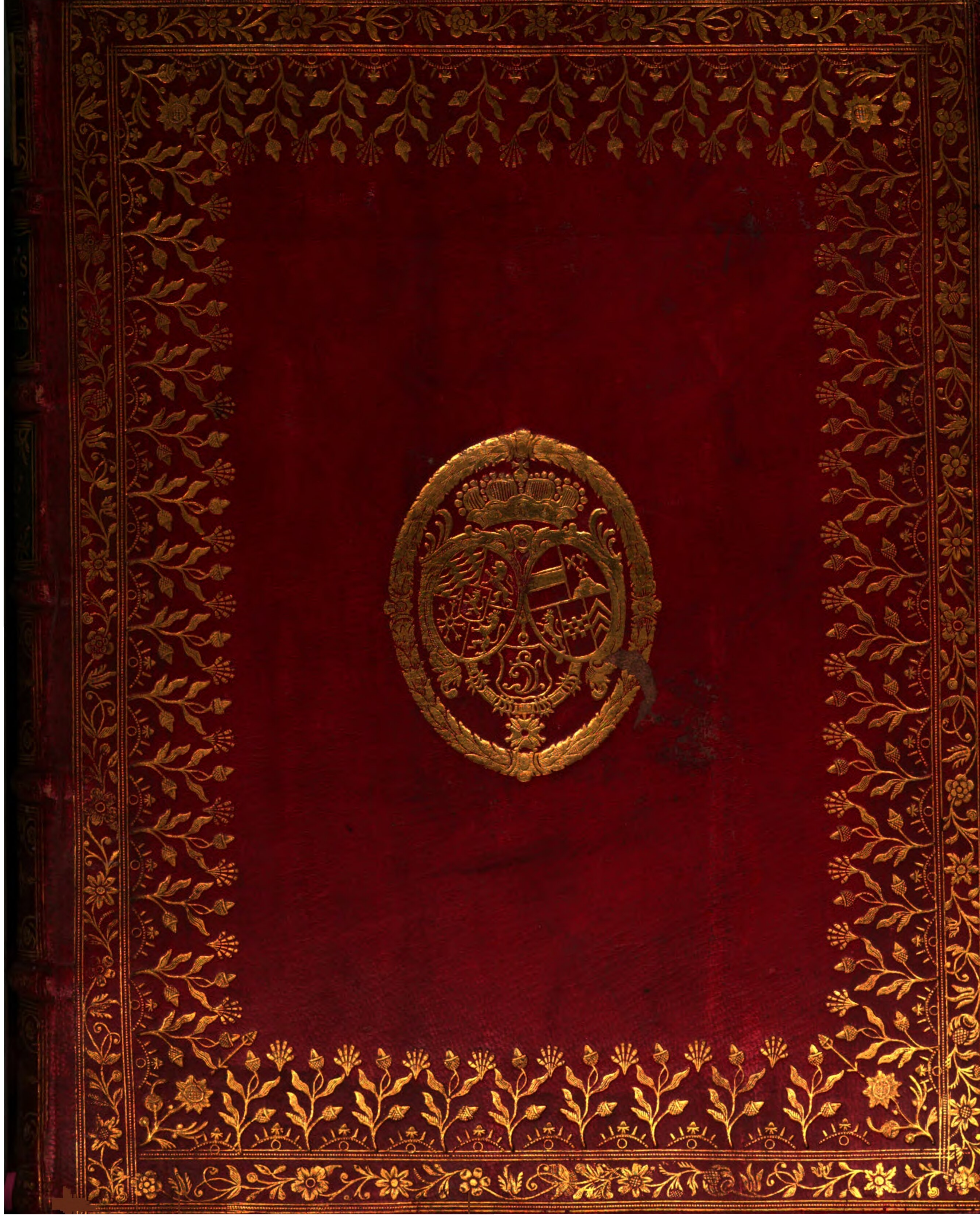
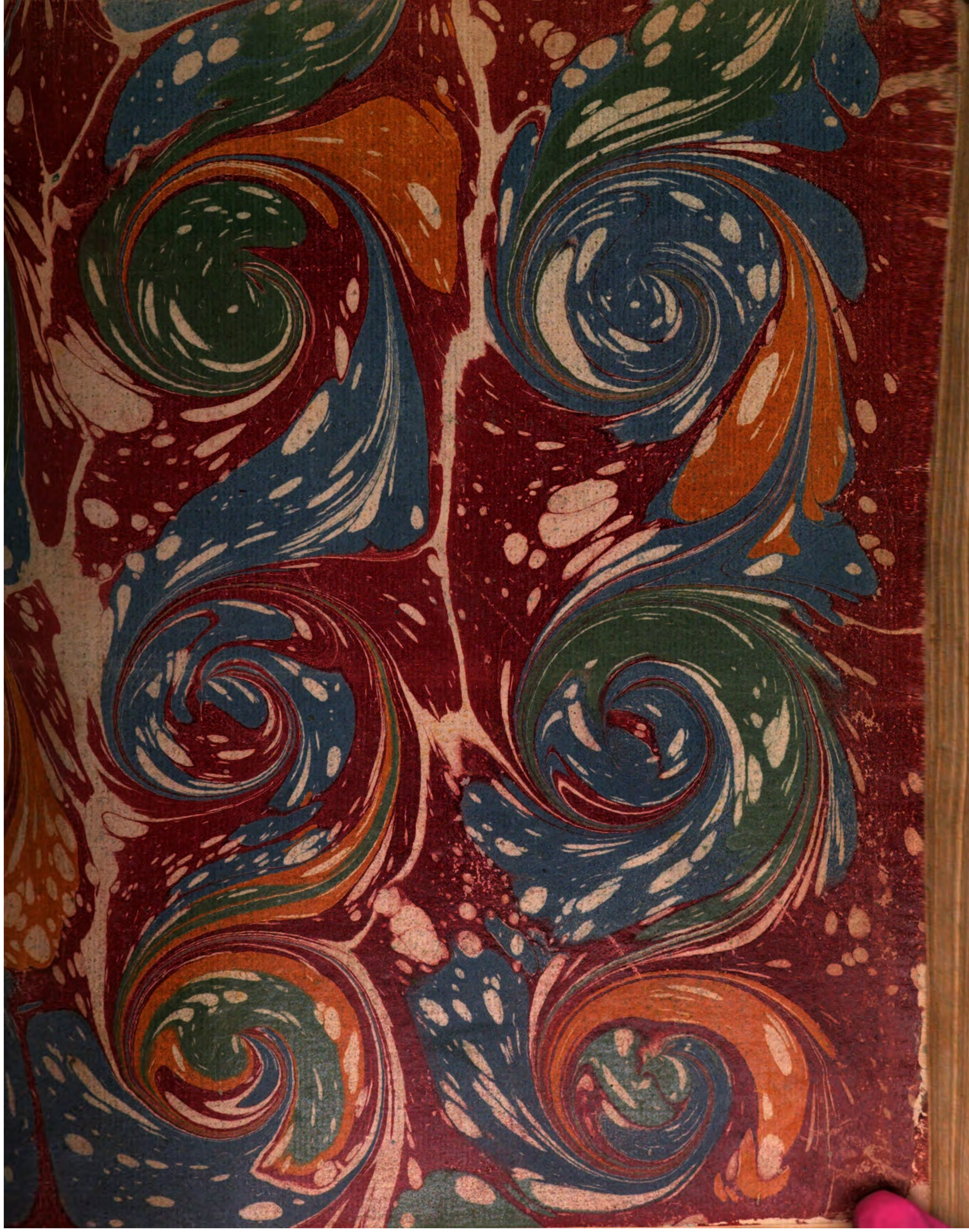








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L E T T E R S,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN;

A N D

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1703 TO 1740.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

W I T H

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL,

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.

V O L U M E II.

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MDCCLXVI.

J. E. T. R. S.

WRITTEN BY THE HAND OF

JOHN ATAN & WILKINSON
OF THE CITY OF LONDON

SEVERAL OF HIS WORKS
AND OTHERS

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

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CXCII. Mr. Prior to Dr. Swift
CXCIII. Mr. Prior to Dr. Swift
CXCIV. Dr. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
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LETTERS

L E T T E R S, &c.

L E T T E R CXC.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR BROTHER,

London, Dec. 11, 1718.

FOR so I had called you before, were it not for a certain reverence I pay to deans. I find you wish both me and yourself to live to be old and rich. The second goes in course along with the first; but you cannot give seven (that is the tythe of seventy) good reasons for either. Glad at my heart should I be, if Dr. *Helfham* or I could do you any good. My service to Dr. *Helfham*: he does not want my advice in the case. I have done good lately to a patient and a friend, in that complaint of a vertigo, by cinnabar of antimony and castor, made up into bolus's with confect. of alkermes. I had no great opinion of the cinnabar; but, trying it amongst other things, my friend found good of this prescription. I had tried the castor alone before, not with so much success. Small quantities of *tinctura sacra*, now and then will do you good. There are twenty lords, I believe, would send you horses, if they knew how. One or two have offered to me, who, I believe, would be as good as their words. Mr. *Rowe*, the poet laureat, is dead, and has left a damned jade of a *Pegasus*. I'll answer for it, he won't do as your mare did, having more need of *Lucan's* present, than Sir *Richard Blackmore*. I would fain have *Pope* get a patent for life for the place, with a power of putting in *Durfey* his deputy. The *dragon* is come to town, and was entering upon the detail of the reasons of state, that kept him from appearing at the beginning, &c. when I did believe at the same time, it was only a law of nature, to which the *dragon* is most subject, *Remanere in statu in quo est nisi deturbetur ab extrinseco*. Lord

Harley and lady *Harley* give you their service. *Lewis* is in the country with lord *Bathurst*, and has wrote me a most dreadful story of a mad dog, that bit their huntsman; since which accident, I am told, he has shortened his stirrups three bores; they were not long before. Lord *Oxford* presented him with two horses. He has sold one, and sent the other to graze, *avec beaucoup de sagesse*. I do not believe the story of lord *Bolingbroke's* marriage, for I have been consulted about the lady; and, by some defects in her constitution, I should not think her appetite lay much towards matrimony. There is some talk about reversing his attainder; but I wish he may not be disappointed. I am for all precedents of that kind. They say the pretender is like to have his chief minister impeached. He has his wife prisoner. The footmen of the house of commons choose their speaker, and impeach, &c. I think it were proper, that all monarchs should serve their apprenticeships as pretenders, that we might discover their defects. Did you ever expect to live to see the duke of *Ormond* fighting against the Protestant succession, and the duke of *Berwick* fighting for it? *France*, in confederacy with *England*, to reduce the exorbitant power of *Spain*? I really think there is no such good reason for living till seventy, as curiosity. You say you are ready to resent it as an affront, to say, that a lady, hardly known or observed for her beauty in *Ireland*, is a curiosity in *France*. All deans naturally fall into paralogisms. My wife gives you her kind love and service, and, which is the first thing, that occurs to all wives, wishes you well married.

L E T T E R CXCI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

March 17, 1719, N. S.

I HAVE not these several years tasted so sensible a pleasure, as your letters of the 16th of *January* and 16th of *February* gave me; and I know enough of the tenderness of your heart, to be assured, that the letter I am writing will produce much the same effect on you. I feel my own pleasure, and I feel your's. The truest reflection, and, at the same time, the bitterest satyr, which can be made on the present age, is this; that, to think as you think, will make a man pass for romantic. Sincerity, constancy,

fancy, tendernefs, are rarely to be found. They are fo much out of ufe, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. We meet with few friends; the greateft part of thofe, who pafs for fuch, are, properly fpeaking, nothing more than acquaintance; and no wonder, fince *Tully's* maxim is certainly true, that friendship can fubfift *non nifi inter bonos*, at that age of life, when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind, which the innocency of our own heart infpires, and the experience of other men's deftroys. I was apt to confound my acquaintance and my friends together. I never doubted but that I had a numerous cohort of the latter. I expected, if ever I fell into misfortune, to have as many, and as remarkable inftances of friendship to produce, as the *Scythian*, in one of *Lucian's Dialogues*, draws from his nation. Into thefe misfortunes I have fallen. Thus far my propitious ftars have not difappointed my expectations. The reft have almoft entirely failed me. The fire of my adverfity has purged the mafs of my acquaintance; and, the feparation made, I difcover, on one fide, an handful of friends; but, on the other, a legion of enemies, at leaft of ftangers. Happily this fiery trial has had an effect on me, which makes me fome amends. I have found lefs refource in other people, and more in myfelf, than I expected. I make good, at this hour, the motto which I took nine years ago, when I was weak enough to lift again under the conduct of a man*, of whom nature meant to make a fpy, or, at moft, a captain of miners; and whom fortune, in one of her whimfical moods, made a general.

I enjoy, at this hour, with very tolerable health, great tranquility of mind. You will, I am fure, hear this with fatisfaction; and fure it is, that I tell it you without the leaft affectation. I live, my friend, in a narrower circle than ever; but, I think, in a larger. When I look back on what is paff, I obferve a multitude of errors, but no crimes. I have been far from following the advice which *Cælius* gave to *Cicero*; *Id melius eft ftatuere quod tutius fit*: and, I think, may fay to myfelf, what *Dolabella* fays, in one of his letters, to the fame *Cicero*: *Satisfactum eft jam a te, vel officio, vel familiaritati: factum etiam partibus, et ei reipublicæ, quam tu probabas. Reliquum eft, ubi nunc eft reipublica, ibi fimus potius, quam, dum illam veterem fequamur, fimus in nullâ*. What my memory has furnifhed on this head, (for I have neither books nor papers here concerning home affairs) is writ with great truth, and with as much clear-

* 'Robert, earl of Oxford.'

ness as I could give it. If ever we meet, you will, perhaps, not think two or three hours absolutely thrown away in reading it. One thing I will venture to assure you of before-hand, which is, that you will think I never deserved more to be commended, than whilst I was the most blamed; and, that you will pronounce the highest part of my character to be that which has been disguised by the nature of things, misrepresented by the malice of men, and which is still behind a cloud. In what is past, therefore, I find no great source of uneasiness. As to the present, my fortune is extremely reduced; but my desires are still more so. Nothing is more certain than this truth, that all our wants, beyond those, which a very moderate income will supply, are purely imaginary; and that his happiness is greater, and better assured, who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his, who feels them, and has wherewithal to supply them. *Hor. epist. i. lib. 1.*

— *Vides, quæ maxima credis,*

Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemq; repulsam,

Quanto devites, &c.

Which I paraphrased thus, not long ago, in my post-chaise:

Survey mankind, observe what risques they run,

What fancy'd ills, thro' real dangers, shun;

Those fancy'd ills, so dreadful to the great,

A lost election, or impair'd estate.

Observe the merchant, who, intent on gain,

Affronts the terrors of the *Indian* main;

Tho' storms arise, and broken rocks appear,

He flies from poverty, and knows no other fear.

Vain men, who might arrive, with toil far less,

By smoother paths, at greater happiness.

For 'tis superior bliss, not to desire

That trifling good, which fondly you admire,

Possess precarious, and too dear acquire.

What hackney gladiator can you find,

By whom the Olympic crown would be declin'd?

Who, rather than that glorious palm to seize,

With safety combat, and prevail with ease,

Would chuse on some inglorious stage to tread,

And, fighting, stroll from wake to wake for bread?

As to what is to happen, I am not anxious about it: on which subject I have twenty fine quotations at the end of my pen; but, I think, it is better to own frankly to you, that, upon a principle (which I have long established) that we are a great deal more mechanical than our vanity will give us leave to allow, I have familiarized the worst prospects to my sight; and that, by staring want, solitude, neglect, and the rest of that train in the face, I have disarmed them of their terrors. I have heard of somebody, who, whilst he was in the *Tower*, used, every morning, to lay down on the block, and so act over his last scene.

Nothing disturbs me, but the uncertainty of my situation, which the zeal of a few friends, and the inveteracy of a great many enemies, entertain. The more prepared I am to pass the remainder of my life in exile, the more sensibly shall I feel the pleasure of returning to you, if his majesty's unconditional favour, (the offers of which prevented even my wishes) proves at last effectual. I cannot apply to myself, as you bid me do; — *Non tibi parvum ingenium, non incultum est*, and what follows; and, if ever we live in the same country together, you shall not apply to me, — *Quod si frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses*.

I have writ you, before I was aware of it, a long letter. The pleasure of breaking so long a silence transports me; and your sentiment is a sufficient excuse. It is not so easy to find one for talking so much about myself; but I shall want none with you upon this score. Adieu.

This letter will get safe to *London*; and from thence, I hope, the friend, to whom I recommend it, will find means of conveying it to you. — For God's sake, no more apologies for your quotations, unless you mean, by accusing yourself, to correct me.

There never was a better application than your's, of the story of *Pierischole*. The storks will never come, and they must be porters all their lives. They are something worse; for I had rather be a porter than a tool: I would sooner lend out my back to hire, than my name. They are at this time the instruments of a saucy gardener, who has got a gold cross on his stomach, and a red cap on his head.

A poor gentleman, who puts me often in mind of one of *Scandal's* pictures in *Congreve's* play of *Love for Love*, where a soldier is represented with his heart where his head should be, and no head at all, is the
conductor

conductor of this doughty enterprive ; which will end in making their cause a little more desperate than it is. Again, adieu.

Let me hear from you by the same conveyance, that brings you this. I am in pain about your health. From the sixth of *January* to the 16th of *February* is a long course of illness.

L E T T E R CXCII.

Mr. P R I O R to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Westm. May 5, 1719.

SINCE I love you with all the ties of inclination and friendship, and wish you all the happiness of life, health especially, the chiefest, you will pardon me being a little peevish, when I received your's of the twenty-eighth past, which told me I must not expect to see you here, and that you were not perfectly well at *Dublin*. I hope there is a little spleen mixed with your distemper ; in which case your horse may be your physician, and your physician may have the happiness of being your companion ; an honour, which many here would envy him. As to the *sang froid* of fifty, who has it not, that is worth conversing with, except *Harley* and *Bathurst* ? at least, make no more that sort of complaint to me. *Isthaec commemoratio est quasi exprobatio* ; for fifty (as Mr. *Locke* observes) is equal to fifty ; and a cough is worse than the spleen. My bookseller is a blockhead ; so have they all been, or worse, from *Chaucer's* scrivener down to *John* and *Jacob*, Mr. *Hyde* only excepted, to whom my books inquires are consigned, and the greatest care taken, that they are rightly put up. Several of the subscribers to you requiring their books here, have had them. I need not repeat my thanks to you, for the trouble this matter has given you ; or intreat your favour for *Alma* and *Solomon*. I shall perform your commands to the earl of *Oxford*, *semper idem* ; and drink your health with our friends, which is all I can do for you at this distance, till your particular order enjoins me any thing, by which I may shew you, that I am, and desire always to continue, with the greatest truth and regard,

Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

M. P R I O R.

L E T-

L E T T E R CXCH.

Mr. P R I O R to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Westm. Dec. 8, 1719.

HAVING spent part of my summer very agreeably in *Cambridgeshire* with dear lord *Harley*, I am returned without him to my own palace in *Duke-street*, whence I endeavour to exclude all the tumult and noise of the neighbouring Court of Requests, and to live *aut nihil agendo aut aliud agendo*, till he comes to town. But there is worse than this yet. I have treated lady *Harriot* * at *Cambridge*. Good God! a fellow of a college treat! and spoke verses to her † in a gown and cap! What! the plenipotentiary so far concerned in the damned peace at *Utrecht*; the man, that makes up half the volume of terse prose, that makes up the report of the committee, speaking verses! *Sic est, homo sum*; and am not ashamed to send those very verses to one, who can make much better. And now let me ask you, How you do? and what you do? How your *Irish* country air agrees with you, and when you intend to take any *English* country air? In the spring I will meet you where you will, and go with you where you will; but I believe the best rendezvous will be *Duke-street*, and the fairest field for action *Wimple* ‡, the lords of both those seats agreeing, that no man will be more welcome to either than yourself.

It is many months since the complaints of my subscribers are redressed, and that they have ceased to call the bookfeller a blockhead, by transferring that title to the author. We have not heard from Mr. *Hyde*, but expect, that at his leisure he will signify to *Tonson* what may relate to that whole matter, as to the second subscriptions. In the mean time, I hope the books have been delivered without any mistake; and shall only repeat to you, that I am sensible of the trouble my poetry has given you, and return you my thanks in plain prose. Earl of *Oxford*, *pro more suo*, went

* ‘ Lady *Harriot Harley*, only daughter of *Edward lord Harley*; now duchess dowager of *Portland*.’

† ‘ They are printed in what is called by the editor, *Samuel Humphreys, Esq;* the third volume of *Prior’s Works*; and are intitled, *Verses spoken to Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley*, in the Library of *St. John’s College, Cambridge*, Nov. 9, 1719.’

‡ The seat of lord *Harley*.

late into the country, and continues there still. Our friends are all well; so am I, *nisi cum pituita molesta est*; which is at this present writing, and will continue so all the winter. So with weak lungs, and a very good heart, I remain always, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

M. P R I O R.

P. S. Service to *Matthew Pennyfeather*, and all friends. Adieu.

L E T T E R CXCIV.

Duchess of O R M O N D to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

April 18, 1720.

YOU'D have great reason to be angry with me, if my long silence had been occasioned by any thing but my care of you; for having no safe hand to send by till now, I would not write, for fear it might be construed a sort of treason (misprision at least) for you to receive a letter from one half of a proscribed man. I enquire of every body I see, that I imagine has either seen you or heard from you, how you have your health; for wealth and happiness I don't suppose you abound in; for it is hard to meet with either in the country you are in, and be honest as you are. I thank God our parliament has taken them to task, and, finding how ill a use they made of their judicature when they had it, have thought it not fit to trust them with it any longer*. I hope the next thing will be to tax *Ireland* from hence, and then no more opportunities for bills of attainder, which is very happy; for else young *Hopeful* † might have been in danger. They were so good and obedient to the powers above, that whether there were

* 'The house of peers in *Ireland* having transmitted to king *George I.* a long representation, setting forth their right to the final judicature of causes in that kingdom, the house of lords in *England* resolved, on the eighth of *January*, 1719-20, on the contrary, that the barons of the *Exchequer* in *Ireland* had acted, in the affair of *Annesley* and *Sherlock*, with courage, according to law, in support of his majesty's prerogative, and with fidelity to the crown of *Great Britain*; and a bill was soon after brought in, for the better securing the dependency of the kingdom of *Ireland* upon the crown of *Great Britain*.'

† 'The duchess seems to mean the prince of *Wales*, afterwards king *George II.* then upon ill terms with his father, and his father's ministers.'

reason

reason or not, or as prince *Butler* said, crime or no crime, the man was condemned, and a price set upon his head.

I want much to hear what you think of *Great Britain*; for all your relations here want much to see you, where are strange changes every day. You remember, and so do I, when the *South-sea* was said to be my lord *Oxford's* brat, and must be starved at nurse. Now the king has adopted it, and calls it his beloved child; tho', perhaps, you may say, if he loves it no better than his son, it may not be saying much: but he loves it as well as he does the duchess of *K*——*, and that is saying a good deal. I wish it may thrive, for many of my friends are deep in it: I wish you were so too. I believe, by this time, you are very sorry I have met with an opportunity of troubling you with this scrawl; but the strong must bear with the infirmities of the weak; and therefore, brother, I hope you will pardon the impertinencies of your poor sister, whose brain may be reasonably thought turned with all she has met with. But nothing will hinder her from being, as long as she lives, most sincerely your very humble servant, and faithful friend,

M. O R M O N D.

L E T T E R CXCIV.

Mr. P R I O R to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Westm. May 4, 1720.

FROM my good friend the Dean I have two letters before me, of what date I will not say, and I hope you have forgot, that call out for vengeance; or, as other readings have it, for an answer. You told me in one of them, you had been pursued with a giddy head; and I presume you judged by my silence, that I have laboured under the same distemper. I don't know why you have not buried me, as you did *Partridge*, and given the wits of the age, the *Steeles* and *Addisons*, a new occasion of living seven years upon one of your thoughts. When you have finished the copy of

* *Kendal, Erengard Melesina Schuylenberg, baroness of Schuylenberg in Germany. She was created duchess of Kendal by king George I. on the thirtieth of April, 1719.*

verses which you began in *England*, our writers may have another hint, upon which they may dwell seven years longer.

Are you *Frenchman* enough to know how a *Gascon* sustains his family for a week?

Dimanche, une Esclanche ;
Lundi, froide et Salade ;
Mardi, j' aime la Grillade ;
Mecredi, Hachee ;
Jeudi, bon pour la Capillotade ;
Vendredi, Point de Gras ;
Samedi, Qu'on me casse les os, et les chiens se
Creveront des restes de mon Mouton.

We can provide such sort of cookery, if you will but send us the *esclanche* ; but rather bring it with you, for it will eat much better, when you are in the company.

Lord *Oxford* has been a twelvemonth in *Herefordshire*, as far from us, literally, tho' not geographically, as if he had been with you in *Ireland*. He has writ no more to us, than if we were still ministers of state. But, in the balance of account, *per contra*, I have lord *Harley* at *London* ; and have either lived with him at *Wimble*, or upon him here, ever since his father left us. I know no reason why you should not expect his picture, but that he promised it to you so often. I wrote to him six months since, and, instead of acknowledging my letter, he took a more compendious way of sending a gentleman to lady *Harriot*, in *Dover-street* ; and bid him call at *Westminster*, to know if I had any thing to say to his lord. He was here to-day, when he was sure the scaffold was ready, and the axe whetted ; and is in *Herefordshire*, when the consent of all mankind either justifies his ministry, or follows the plan of it. The *South-sea* company have raised their stock to three hundred and fifty, and he has not six-pence in it. Thou art a stranger in *Israel*, my good friend ; and seemest to know no more of this lord, than thou didst of the *Conde de P——*, when first I construed him to thee at the coffee-house.

I labour under the distemper you complain of, deafness, especially upon the least cold. I did not take care of my ears, till I knew if my head was my own or not ; but am now syringing, and I hope to profit by it.

it. My cousin is here, and well, and I see him sometimes; but I find he has had a caution, which depended upon his expecting more from court, and is justifiable in a man, who, like him, has a great family. I have given your compliments to my two favourites. We never forget your health.

I have seen Mr. *Butler*, and served him to the utmost of my power with my *amici potentiores*. Though he had a good cause, and a strong recommendation, he trusted wholly to neither of them, but added the greatest diligence in his solicitations.

Auditor *Harley* thanks you, for remembering him and his singing man*. As to the affair of subscriptions, do all at your leisure, and in the manner you judge most proper; and so I bid you heartily farewell, assuring you, that I am most truly your's, M. P.

Friend *Ford* salutes you. Adieu.

Richardson, whom I take to be a better painter than any named in your letter, has made an excellent picture of me; from whence lord *Harley* (whose it is) has a stamp taken by *Vertue*. He has given me some of them for you to give to our friends at or about *Dublin*. I will send them by *Tonson's* canal to *Hyde* at *Dublin*, in such a manner, as that, I hope, they may come safe to you.

L E T T E R CXCVI.

Sir THOMAS HANMER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Mildenhall, Oct. 22, 1720.

I RECEIVED the favour of a letter from you about ten days since, at which time the duke of *Grafton*† was at *London*; but as he was soon expected in the country, and is now actually returned, I thought it best, rather than write, to wait for an opportunity of speaking to him; and yesterday I went over to his house, on purpose to obey your commands. I found he

* Probably a person recommended to the Dean's cathedral.

† 'Charles, whose mother *Isabella*, daughter of *Henry Bennet*, earl of *Arlington*, married to her second husband Sir *Thomas Hanmer*.'

was not a stranger to the subject of my errand; for he had all the particulars of the story very perfect, and told me, my lord *Arran* had spoke to him concerning it*. I added my solicitations, backed with the reasons, with which you had furnished me; and he was so kind to promise, he would by this post write to the chief justice; how explicitly or how precisely I cannot say, because men in high posts are afraid of being positive in their answers; but I hope it will be in such a manner as will be effectual.

If the thing is done, it will be best, that the means should be a secret by which it is brought about; and for this reason you will excuse me, if I avoid putting my name to the outside of my letter, lest it should excite the curiosity of the *Post-Office*. If this affair ends to your satisfaction, I am glad it has proved to me a cause of hearing from you, and an occasion of assuring you, that I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

T H O. H A N M E R.

L E T T E R CXCVII.

Sir C O N S T A N T I N E P H I P P S to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Ormond-Street, Jan. 14, 1720-21.

HAVING been a little indisposed, I went at *Christmas* into the country, which prevented me from sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter. As to *Waters's* † case, I was informed of it; and the last term I spoke to Mr. attorney-general ‡ about it; but he told me, he could not grant a writ of error in a criminal case, without direction from the king: so that *Waters* is not like to have much relief from hence, and therefore I am glad you

* The prosecution of *Waters*. See the following letter from Sir *Constantine Phipps*.

† Dr. *Swift's* printer: he was prosecuted for printing *A Proposal for the universal Use of the Irish Manufactures*, said by mistake to have been written in 1721. The Dean, in his letter to *Pope*, dated *January 10, 1721*, says, that the jury, which tried him, had been culled with the utmost industry; but that, notwithstanding, they brought him in not guilty. That *Whitshed*, the judge, sent them out nine times, and kept them eleven hours; till, being tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge by a special verdict. The duke of *Grafton*, lord lieutenant, soon after, upon mature advice, and permission from *England*, granted a *noli prosequi*.

‡ Sir *Robert Raymond*?

have

have some hopes it will drop in *Ireland*. I think the chief justice * should have that regard to his own reputation, to let it go off so; for I believe the oldest man alive, or any law-book, cannot give any instance of such a proceeding. I was informed who was aimed at by the prosecution, which made me very zealous in it; which I shall be in every thing, wherein I can be serviceable to that gentleman, for whom no body has a greater esteem, than your most humble and most obedient servant,

C O N. P H I P P S.

L E T T E R CXCVIII.

Mr. P R I O R to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Westm. Feb. 28, 1720-21.

I F I am to chide you for not writing to me, or beg your pardon, that I have not writ to you, is a question; for our correspondence has been so long interrupted, that I swear I don't know which of us wrote last. In all cases, I assure you of my continual friendship, and kindest remembrance of you; and, with great pleasure, expect the same from you. I have been ill this winter. Age, I find, comes on; and the cough does not diminish.

*Non sum qualis eram bonæ**Sub Regno Cynaræ* — Pass for that.

I am tired with politics, and lost in the *South-sea*. The roaring of the waves, and the madness of the people, were justly put together. I can send you no sort of news, that holds either connexion or sense. It is all wilder than St. *Anthony's* dream; and the *bagatelle* is more solid than any thing, that has been endeavoured here this year. Our old friend Ox—— is not well, and continues in *Herefordshire*. John of Bucks † died last week, and *Coningsby* was sent last week to the *Tower*. I frequently drink your health with lord *Harley*, who is always the same good man, and grows daily more beloved as more universally known. I do so too with

* *Whitbed.*

† 'John Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamshire.'

our honest good-natured friend *Ford*, whom I love for many good reasons, and particularly for that he loves you.

How do you do as to your health? Are we to see you this summer? Answer me these questions. Give my service to all friends, and believe me to be ever, with great truth and esteem, dear Sir, your's,

M. P R I O R.

L E T T E R CXCIX.

Mr. P R I O R to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Westm. April 25, 1721.

I KNOW very well, that you can write a good letter, if you have a mind to it; but that is not the question. A letter from you sometimes is what I desire. Reserve your tropes and periods for those you love less; and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are; whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers, treating the women, or construing *propria quæ maribus* to the country curate. You and I are so established authors, that we may write what we will, without fear of censure: and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the *bagatelle* to any thing else, we deserved to have had our brains knocked out ten years ago.

I have received the money punctually of Mr. *Dan. Hayes*, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks, that your friendship in that affair ought to claim, and your generosity does contemn. There's one turn for you: good.

The man you mentioned in your last has been in the country these two years, very ill in his health, and has not for many months been out of his chamber; yet what you observe of him is so true, that his sickness is all counted for policy, that he will not come up, till the public distractions force somebody or other, (whom God knows) who will oblige somebody else to send for him in open triumph, and set him in *statu quo prius*. That, in the mean time, he has foreseen all that has happened; checkmated all the ministry; and, to divert himself at his leisure hours, has laid all those

those lime-twigs for his neighbour *Coningsby**, that keep that precious bird in the cage, out of which himself slipt so cunningly and easily.

Things, and the way of mens judging them, vary so much here, that it is impossible to give you any just account of some of our friends actions. *Roffen* is more than suspected to have given up his party, as *Sancho* did his subjects, for so much a head, *l'un portant l'autre*. His cause, therefore, which is something originally like that of *Lutrin*, is opposed or neglected by his ancient friends, and openly sustained by the ministry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of most men, than he is; and I wish our friend *Har---*† were higher than he is.

Our young *Harley*'s vice is no more covetousness, than plainness of speech is that of his cousin *Tom*. His lordship is really *amabilis*, and lady *Harriette*, *adoranda*.

I tell you no news, but that the whole is a complication of mistakes in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it: Of the ministers I speak, for the most part, as well ecclesiastical as civil. This is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am sure you receive very kindly, that I am ever your friend and your servant,

M. P R I O R.

Friend *Shelton*, commonly called *Dear Dick*, is with me. We drink your health. Adieu.

L E T T E R CC.

L O R D B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

July 28, 1721.

I NEVER was so angry in all my life, as I was with you last week, on the receipt of your letter of the 19th of *June*. The extream pleasure it gave me takes away all the excuses, which I had invented for your long neglect. I design to return my humble thanks to those men of eminent gratitude and integrity, the weavers and the judges, and earnestly to entreat them, instead of tossing you in the person of your proxy, who had need to have iron ribs to endure all the drubbings you will

* ‘*Thomas*, earl of *Coningsby*, created so by king *George I.* in 1719.’

† ‘*Lord Harcourt*.’

procure him, to toss you in your proper person, the next time you offend, by going about to talk sense, or to do good to the rabble. Is it possible, that one of our age and profession should be ignorant, that this monstrous beast has passions to be moved, but no reason to be appealed to; and that plain truth will influence half a score men at most in a nation, or an age, while mystery will lead millions by the nose?

Fear *Jonathan*, since you cannot resolve to write as you preach, what public authority allows, what councils and senates have decided to be orthodox, instead of what private opinion suggests, leave off instructing the citizens of *Dublin*. Believe me, there is more pleasure, and more merit too, in cultivating friendship, than in taking care of the state. Fools and knaves are generally best fitted for the last; and none but men of sense and virtue are capable of the other. How comes it then to pass, that you, who have sense, tho' you have wit, and virtue, tho' you have kept bad company in your time, should be so surprized, that I continue to write to you, and expect to hear from you, after seven years absence?

Anni prædantur euntes, say you; and time will lop off my luxuriant branches: perhaps it will be so. But I have put the pruning-hook into an hand, which works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some superfluous twigs are every day cut; and, as they lessen in number, the bough, which bears the golden fruit of friendship, shoots, swells, and spreads.

Our friend told you what he heard, and what was commonly said, when he told you, that I had taken the fancy of growing rich. If I could have resolved to think two minutes a day about stocks, to flatter *Law** half an hour a week, or to have any obligation to people I neither loved nor valued, certain it is, that I might have gained immensely. But not caring to follow the many bright examples of these kinds, which *France* furnished, and which *England* sent us over, I turned the little money I had of my own, without being let into any secret, very negligently: and if I have secured enough to content me, it was because I was soon contented. I am sorry to hear you confess, that the love of money has got into your head. Take care, or it will, ere long, sink into your heart, the proper seat of passions. *Plato*, whom you cite, looked upon riches,

* The projector of the *Mississippi* scheme in *France*, which produced the *South-sea* scheme here.

and the other advantages of fortune, to be desirable; but he declared, as you have read in *Diogenes Laertius*; *Ea etsi non astuerint, nihilominus tamen beatum fore sapientem*. You may think it, perhaps, hard to reconcile his two journies into *Sicily* with this maxim, especially since he got four-score talents of the tyrant. But I can assure you, that he went to the elder *Dionysius* only to buy books, and to the younger only to borrow a piece of ground, and a number of men, women and children, to try his *Utopia*. *Aristippus* was in *Sicily* at the same time; and there passed some *Billinggate* between these reverend persons. This philosopher had a much stronger fancy to grow rich than *Plato*: he flattered, he cracked jests, and danced over a stick to get some of the *Sicilian* gold; but still even he took care, *sibi res, non se rebus submittere*. And I remember, with great edification, how he reproved one of his catechumens, who blushed, and shrunk back, when his master shewed him the way to the bawdy-house. *Non ingredi turpe est, sed egredi non posse turpe est*. The conclusion of all is this; *un bonnete homme* ought to have *cent mille livres de rente*, if you please; but a wise man will be happy with the hundredth part. Let us not refuse riches, when they offer themselves; but let us give them no room in our heads or our hearts. Let us enjoy wealth, without suffering it to become necessary to us. And, to finish with one of *Seneca's* quaint sentences; *Let us place it so, that fortune may take it without tearing it from us*. The passage you mention does follow that, which I quoted to you, and the advice is good. *Solon* thought so; nay, he went further: and you remember the reason he gave for sitting in the council of *Pisistratus*, whom he had done his utmost to oppose; and who, by the way, proved a very good prince. But the epistle is not writ by *Cicero*, as you seem to think. It is, if I mistake not, an epistle of *Dolabella* to him. *Cato*, you say, would not be of the same mind. *Cato* is a most venerable name, and *Dolabella* was but a scoundrel with wit and valour; and yet there is better sense, nay, there is more virtue, in what *Dolabella* advises, than in the conduct of *Cato*. I must own my weakness to you. This *Cato*, so sung by *Lucan* in every page, and so much better sung by *Virgil* in half a line, strikes me with no great respect. When I see him painted in all the glorious colours, which eloquence furnishes, I call to mind that image of him, which *Tully* gives in one of his letters to *Atticus*, or to somebody else; where he says, that

having a mind to keep a debate from coming on in the senate, they made *Cato* rise to speak, and that he talked till the hour of proposing matters was over. *Tully* insinuates, that they often made this use of him. Does not the moving picture shift? Do you not behold *Clarke* of *Taunton-dean*, in the gown of a *Roman* senator, sending out the members to piss? The censor used sharp medicines; but, in his time, the patient had strength to bear them. The second *Cato* inherited this receipt without his skill; and, like a true quack, he gave the remedy, because it was his only one, tho' it was too late. He hastened the patient's death; he not only hastened it, he made it more convulsive and painful.

The condition of your wretched country is worse than you represent it to be. The healthful *Indian* follows his master, who died of sickness, to the grave; but I much doubt, whether those charitable legislators exact the same, when the master is a lunatick, and cuts his own throat. I mourn over *Ireland* with all my heart, but I pity you more. In reading your letter, I feel your pulse; and I judge of your distemper as surely by the figures, into which you cast your ink, as the learned doctor, at *the hand and the urinal*, could do, if he pored over your water. You are really in a very bad way. You say your memory declines: I believe it does, since you forget your friends, and since repeated importunity can hardly draw a token of remembrance from you. There are bad airs for the mind, as well as the body: and what do you imagine, that *Plato*, since you have set me upon quoting him (who thanked heaven, that he was not a *Bæotian*) would have said of the *ultima Thule*? Shake off your laziness, ramble over hither, and spend some months in a kinder climate. You will be in danger of meeting but one plague here, and you will leave many behind you. Here you will come among people, who lead a life singular enough to hit your humour; so near the world, as to have all its conveniencies; so far from the world, as to be a stranger to all its inconveniencies; wanting nothing, which goes to the ease and happiness of life; embarrassed by nothing, which is cumbersome. I dare almost venture to say, that you will like us better than the persons you live with, and that we shall be able to make you retrograde (that I may use a canonical simile) as the sun did on the dial of *Hezekias*, and begin anew the twelve years, which you complain are gone. We will restore to you the *nigros angusto fronte capillos*; and, with them, the *dulce loqui*, the *ridere decorum*, et inter
vina

vina fugam Cynaræ mæerere proterva. Hæc est vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique, and not your's.

I was going to finish with my sheet of paper; but having bethought myself, that you deserve some more punishment, and calling all my anger against you to my aid, I resolve, since I am this morning in the humour of scribbling, to make my letter at least as long as one of your sermons; and, if you do not mend, my next shall be as long as one of Dr. Manton's*, who taught my youth to yawn, and prepared me to be an high-churchman, that I might never hear him read, nor read him more.

You must know, that I am as busy about my hermitage, which is between the *Chateau* and the *Maison Bourgeoise*, as if I was to pass my life in it: and, if I could see you now and then, I should be willing enough to do so. I have in my wood the biggest and clearest spring perhaps in *Europe*, which forms, before it leaves the park, a more beautiful river than any which flows in *Greek* or *Latin* verse. I have a thousand projects about this spring, and, among others, one, which will employ some marble. Now marble, you know, makes one think of inscriptions: and if you will correct this, which I have not yet committed to paper, it shall be graved, and help to fill the table-books of *Spons* and *Missons*† yet to come.

Propter fidem adversus, Reginam et partes,

Intemeratè servatam,

Propter operam, in pace generali conciliandâ

Strenue saltem navatam,

Impotentia vesanæ factionis

Solum vertere coactus,

Hic ad aquæ lene caput sacræ

Injustè exulat

Dulcè vivit

H. De B. An. &c.

* 'Thomas Manton, D. D. who had been ejected from the rectory of *Covent-garden*, for non-conformity, after the restoration. He was a voluminous writer in divinity, and published a large folio of sermons on the 119th psalm.'

† 'James Spon, M. D. and Maximilian Misson, were two eminent travellers, who have published their travels; in which are inserted many inscriptions.'

Ob were better than *propter*, but *ob operam* would never please the ear. In a proper place, before the front of the house, which I have new built, I have a mind to inscribe this piece of patch-work.

*Si resipiscat patria, in patriam rediturus ;
Si non resipiscat, ubivis melius quam inter tales cives
futurus,*

*Hanc villam instauro et exorno :
Hinc, velut ex portu, alienos casus
Et fortunæ ludum insolentem
Cernere suave est.*

*Hic, mortem nec appetens nec timens
Innocuis deliciis,
Doctâ quiete,
et*

*Felicis animi immotâ tranquillitate,
Fruniscor.*

Hic mihi vivam quod superest aut exilii, aut ævi.

If in a year's time you should find leisure to write to me, send me some mottos for groves, and streams, and fine prospects, and retreat, and contempt of grandeur, &c. I have one for my green-houses, and one for an alley, which leads to my apartment, which are happy enough. The first is, *Hic ver assiduum atque alienis mensibus æstas*. The other is, — *fallentis semita vitæ*.

You see I amuse myself *de la bagatelle* as much as you ; but here lies the difference ; your bagatelle leads to something better ; as fiddlers flourish carelessly, before they play a fine air. But mine begins, proceeds, and ends in bagatelle.

Adieu : it is happy for you that my hand is tired.

I'll take care, that you shall have my picture, and I am simple enough to be obliged to you for asking for it. If you do not write to me soon, I hope it will fall down as soon as you have it, and break your head.

L E T T E R C C I.

Duchefs of O R M O N D to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Sept. 1, 1721.

I DON'T know how to account for your long filence, unlefs your time has been taken up in making an intereft with thofe in power here, for one of the two archbifhoprics, that, we hear, were void; (but I am very glad, are not fo). Set your heart at reft, for they are promifed; and therefore you may as well write to a fifter, when next you honour this kingdom with any difpatches. As to any greater people, it is a fhame to think how you have neglected thofe of your own houfe. I had once determined to write to you no more, fince no answer was to be expected; but then revenge came into my head, and I was refolved to teaze you, till at laft, to be quiet, you would fend me fome plaufible excufe at leaft, for never enquiring after brother or fifter. I wonder when you'll be good-natured enough to come and fee how we do; but *Ireland* has fuch powerful charms, that I queftion whether you would leave it to be one of our archbifhops. I was at your brother *Arran's** a good while this fummer, and have been much upon the ramble, or elfe you'd have fooner had thefe juft reproaches from me; whom you have no way of appeafing, but by a letter of at leaft four fides of paper: though I am fo good a Christian, upon this occafion, as to be, notwithstanding all this ill treatment,

Sir, your moft fincere friend and humble fervant;

M. O R M O N D.

* Another of the fixteen.

L E T T E R CCII:

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. W O R R A L L *.

DEAR JACK,

Gallstown, Sept. 14, 1721.

I ANSWERED your letter long ago, and have little to say at present. I shall be in town by the beginning of next month, altho' a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never saw or heard of so long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from several little rambles I intended; but I row or ride every day, in spite of the rain, in spite of a broken shin, or falling into the lakes, and several other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the *Litchfield* man? Hath he mended his voice, or is he content to sit down with his *Christchurch* preferment? I doubt Mrs. *Brent* will be at a loss about her industry books, for want of a new leaf, with a list drawn of the debtors. I know you are such a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I desire that you would, in a loose sheet of paper, make a survey list, in your bungling manner, as soon as she wants it, and let that serve till I come. Present my service to Mrs. *Worrall*. I wonder how you and she and your heir have spent the summer, and how often you have been at *Dunleary*, and whether you have got her another horse, and whether she hates dying and the country as much as ever. — Desire Mrs. *Brent*, if a messenger goes from hence, to give him my fustian waistcoat, because the mornings grow cold. I have now and then some threatnings with my head; but have never been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray send them inclosed to the post-office. I hear you have let your house to Mrs. *Dopping*, who will be a good tenant, if she lives. I suppose your new house is finished, and if Mrs. *Worrall* does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, because it will do the business better than a boat at *Dalky*. I hope you

* This gentleman was a foundling, and *Swift* used to call him *Melchisedeck*, because *Melchisedeck* is said to have had neither father nor mother: he was a clergyman, a master of arts, a reader, and a vicar of *Swift's* cathedral, and master of the song: he was nearly of the Dean's own standing in the college, had good sense and much humour. His wife was a woman of great sprightliness, good-nature, and generosity; remarkably cleanly, and elegant in her person, in her house, and at her table; the Dean therefore was of his guests, and contracted great intimacy with him.

have

have ordered an account of absent vicars, and that their behaviour has not been so bad as usual during my sickness in town; if so, I have but an ill sub-dean.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

P. S. Tell Mrs. Brent, that, if Loyd agrees, I will but be glad one of his hogheads was left unrack'd.

L E T T E R CCIH.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

Jan. 1, 1721-2.

I RECEIVED your letter of the twenty-ninth of *September*, above a fortnight ago; and should have set you an example, by answering it immediately, (which I do not remember you ever set me) if I had not been obliged to abandon the silence and quiet of this beloved retreat, and to thrust myself into the hurry and rabble of an impertinent town. In less than ten days, which I spent at *Paris*, I was more than ten times on the point of leaving my business there undone; and yet this business was to save four-fifths of four hundred thousand livres, which I have on the town-house; *restes misérables du naufrage de ma fortune*. Luckily I had the fear of you before my eyes; and tho' I cannot hope to deserve your esteem by growing rich, I have endeavoured to avoid your contempt by growing poor. The expression is equivocal; a fault, which our language often betrays those, who scribble hastily, into; but your own conscience will serve for a comment, and fix the sense. Let me thank you for remembering me in your prayers, and for using your credit above so generously in my behalf. To despise riches with *Seneca's* purse, is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philosophy.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?

You are not like *H. Guy**, who, among other excellent pieces of advice gave me this, when I first came to court; to be very moderate and modest

* *Henry Guy*, who had been secretary to the treasury during three successive reigns. He died *February 23, 1710*, and left to *William Pulteney, Esq;* late earl of *Bath*, near forty thousand pounds, with an estate of about five hundred pounds a year; as the latter owns, in his *Answer to one Part of a late infamous Libel, &c.* published in 1731, p. 39.

in my applications for my friends, and very greedy and importunate, when I asked for myself. You call *Tully* names, to revenge *Cato's* quarrel; and to revenge *Tully's*, I am ready to fall foul on *Seneca*. You churchmen have cried him up for a great saint; and, as if you imagined, that to have it believed, he had a month's mind to be a Christian, would reflect some honour on Christianity, you employed one of those pious frauds, so frequently practised in the days of primitive simplicity, to impose on the world, a pretended correspondence between him and the great apostle of the *Gentiles* *. Your partiality in his favour shall bias me no more than the pique, which *Dion Cassius* and others shew against him. Like an equitable judge, I shall only tax him with avarice in his prosperity, adulation in his adversity, and affectation in every state of life. Was I considerable enough to be banished from my country, methinks I would not purchase my restoration, at the expence of writing such a letter to the prince himself, as your Christian Stoic wrote to the emperor's slave, *Polybius* †. Thus I think of the man, and yet I read the author with pleasure; tho' I join in condemning those points, which he introduced into the *Latin* stile; those eternal witticisms, strung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the passions, before he has gone about to convince the judgment; which *Erasmus*, if I remember right, objects to him. He is seldom instructive, but he is perpetually entertaining; and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new lustre. I have lately wrote an excellent treatise in praise of exile ‡. Many of the hints are taken from *Consolatio ad Helviam*, and other parts of his works. The whole is turned on his stile and manner; and there is as much of the spirit of the *portique*, as I could infuse without running too far in the *mirabilia, inopinata, et paradoxa*; which *Tully*, and I think *Seneca* himself, ridicules the school of *Zeno* for. That you may laugh at me in your turn, I own ingeniously, that I began in jest, grew serious at the third or fourth page, and convinced myself, before

* 'It consists of thirteen letters, which seemed to St. *Jerome* and St. *Augustin* to have been genuine. But *Du Pin* (*Nouvelle Bibliotheque des Auteurs Ecclesiastiques*, Tom. I. p. 24. Edit. 1690, quarto) acknowledges, that they contain nothing worthy of the apostle or philosopher, and have not the least resemblance to the style of either. This is likewise the judgment of the most learned among the modern critics.'

† 'Seneca de Consolatione ad Polybium.'

‡ 'It is printed in his works, under the title of *Reflections upon Exile*.'

I had done, of what perhaps I shall never convince any other, that a man of sense and virtue may be unfortunate, but can never be unhappy. Do not imagine, however, that I have a mind to quarrel with *Aristippus*: he is still my favourite among the philosophers; and, if I find some faults in him, they are few and venial.

You do me much honour, in saying, that I put you in mind of lord *Digby**; but say it to no one else, for fear of passing for partial in your parallels, which has done *Plutarch* more hurt than it has done good to his *Grecian* heroes. I had forgot, or I never knew, the remarkable passage, which you mention. Great virtue, unjustly persecuted, may hold such language, and will be heard with applause, with general applause I mean, not universal. There was at *Athens* a wretch, who spit in the face of *Aristides*, as he marched firm, calm, and almost gay, to execution. Perhaps there was not another man among the *Athenians*, capable of the same vile action. And for the honour of my country, I will believe, that there are few men in *England*, besides lord *Oxford*, capable of hearing that strain of eloquence, without admiration. There is a sort of kindred in souls, and they are divided into more families than we are apt to imagine. *Digby* and *Harley* are absolute strangers to one another. Touch an unison, and all the unisons will give the same sound; but you may thrum a lute till your fingers are sore, and you will draw no sound out of a Jew's harp.

I thank you for correcting my inscriptions, and I thank you still more for promising to gather up mottos for me, and to write often to me. I am as little given to beg correspondents, as you are to beg pictures; but since I cannot live with you, I would fain hear from you. To grow old with good sense, and a good friend, was the wish of *Thales*; I add, with good health: to enjoy but one and an half of these three, is hard. I have heard of *Prior's* death †, and of his epitaph ‡; and have seen a strange

* ‘ George lord *Digby*, afterwards earl of *Bristol*. Dr. *Swift*, in a letter to lord *Bolingbroke*, dated *April* 5, 1729, and printed in his works, styles lord *Digby* the prototype of lord *Bolingbroke*.’

† ‘ He died *Sept.* 18, 1721.’

‡ ‘ In the following triplet, written by himself.

“ To me 'tis given to die; to you 'tis given
 “ To live. Alas! one moment sets us even.
 “ Mark how impartial is the will of heaven!”

}

book, writ by a grave and eloquent doctor *, about the duke of *Buckinghamshire*. People, who talk much in that moment, can have, as I believe, but one of these two principles, fear, or vanity. It is therefore much better to hold one's tongue. I am sorry, that the first of these persons, our old acquaintance *Matt*. lived so poor as you represent him. I thought that a certain lord †, whose marriage with a certain heiress was the ultimate end of a certain administration, had put him above want. *Prior* might justly enough have addressed himself to his young patron, as our friend *Aristippus* did to *Dionysius*; You have money, which I want. I have wit and knowledge, which you want. I long to see your travels ‡; for, take it as you will, I do not retract what I said. I will undertake to find, in two pages of your *bagatelles*, more good sense, useful knowledge, and true religion, than you can shew me in the works of nineteen in twenty of the profound divines and philosophers of the age.

I am obliged to return to *Paris* in a month or six weeks time, and from thence will send you my picture. Would to heaven I could send you as like a picture of my mind: you would find yourself, in that draught, the object of the truest esteem and the sincerest friendship.

L E T T E R CCIV.

Dr. S N A P E to Dr. S W I F T.

REVEREND SIR,

Windfor, April 23, 1722.

I TAKE the opportunity of two of our choir going over to try their fortune in your country, at once to return my thanks for a very obliging letter you favoured me with some years ago, and your kind interpretation of my endeavours at that time to assert the cause of our establishment

Bishop *Atterbury*, in a letter to Mr. *Pope*, dated *Sept. 27, 1721*, says; "I will take care to make good, in every respect, what I said to him when living, particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was dean of *Westminster*."

* *Richard Fiddes*, D. D. published in 1721, in octavo, *A Letter in answer to one from a Free-thinker; occasioned by the late Duke of Buckinghamshire's Epitaph; wherein certain Passages in it, that have been thought exceptionable, are vindicated; and the Doctrine of the Soul's Immortality asserted, &c.* This was followed by *A second Letter*, published the same year.

† *Edward lord Harley*, who married, in *October 1713*, the lady *Henrietta Cavendish Holles*, only daughter and heir of *John duke of Newcastle*.

‡ *Gulliver's.*

against

against a prelate*, who was undermining it: and also to recommend to your favour the bearer, Mr. *Elford*, who, upon the encouragement of your worthy primate, is going to settle at *Armagh*. I cannot pretend to say, he has the same compass of voice with his late brother, whom the good queen so much admired; but I will venture to say, he has a greater compass of understanding; and, upon the whole, that he is a good choir-man. The other, that bears him company, was a very useful chorester to us. His voice, since its breaking, is somewhat harsh, but I believe will grow mellow. If you find either of them for your purpose, especially the bearer, when you have a vacancy in your church, I shall be much obliged to you for any favour you are pleased to shew him, and be ready to approve myself, on any occasion, reverend Sir, your most obedient and affectionate servant,

A. S N A P E.

L E T T E R CCV.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

London, Dec. 22, 1722.

AFTER every post-day, for these eight or nine years, I have been troubled with an uneasiness of spirit, and, at last, I have resolved to get rid of it, and write to you. I don't deserve you should think so well of me as I really deserve; for I have not professed to you, that I love you as much as ever I did: but you are the only person of my acquaintance almost, that does not know it. Whoever I see, that comes from *Ireland*, the first question I ask is after your health; of which I had the pleasure to hear very lately from Mr. *Berkeley*. I think of you very often: no-body wishes you better, or longs more to see you. Duke *Disney*, who knows more news than any man alive, told me I should certainly meet you at the *Bath* this season: but I had one comfort in being disappointed, that you did not want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a cholic, that I have been often troubled with of late; but have not found all the benefit I expected.

* 'Bishop Hoadly.'

I lodge, at present, in *Burlington-house*, and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me; and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me some knowledge of them; so that I can say, that it is not in their power to disappoint me. You find I talk to you of myself; I wish you would reply to me in the same manner. I hope, though you have not heard of me so long, I have not lost my credit with you; but that you will think of me in the same manner, as when you espoused my cause so warmly; which my gratitude never can forget. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged, and sincere humble servant, J. G A Y.

P. S. Mr. *Pope*, upon reading over this letter, desired me to tell you, that he has been just in the same sentiments with me, in regard to you; and shall never forget his obligations to you.

L E T T E R CCVI.

Dr. S W I F T to the Duke of G R A F T O N.

MY LORD,

Dublin, Jan. 24, 1722-3.

I RECEIVED lately from the dean of *Downe* a favourable message from your grace, relating to a clergyman, who married my near relation, and whose estate is much incumbered by a long suit at law. I return my most humble acknowledgments for your grace's favourable answer. I can assure your grace, that in those times, when I was thought to have some credit with persons in power, I never used it to my own interest, and very rarely for that of others, unless where it was for the public advantage; neither shall I ever be a troublesome or common petitioner to your grace. I am sorry the archbishop of *Dublin* * should interpose in petty matters, when he has justly so much weight in things of greater moment. How shall we, the humblest of your addressers, make our way to the smallest mark of your favour? I desired your secretary, Mr. *Hopkins*, (whom I have long known) to deal plainly with me, as with a man forgotten, and out of the world, and, if he thought my request unreasonable, I would drop it. This he failed to do; and therefore I here com-

* 'Dr. King.'

plain of him to your grace, and will do so to himself, because I have long done with court answers.

I heartily wish your grace full success in all your great and good endeavours for the service of your country, and particularly of this kingdom; and am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

L E T T E R CCVII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

London, Feb. 3, 1722-3.

YOU made me happy in answering my last letter in so kind a manner, which, to common appearance, I did not deserve; but I believe you guessed my thoughts, and knew, that I had not forgot you, and that I always loved you. When I found, that my book was not sent to you by *Tooke*, *Jervais* undertook it, and gave it to Mr. *Maxwell*, who married a niece of Mr. *Meredith's*. I am surprized you have heard nothing of it; but *Jervais* has promised me to write about it, so that I hope you will have it delivered to you soon. Mr. *Congreve* I see often: he always mentions you with the strongest expressions of esteem and friendship. He labours still under the same afflictions, as to his sight and gout; but, in his intervals of health, he has not lost any thing of his chearful temper. I passed all the last season with him at the *Bath*, and I have great reason to value myself upon his friendship; for I am sure he sincerely wishes me well. We pleased ourselves with the thoughts of seeing you there; but duke *Disney*, who knows more intelligence than anybody besides, chanced to give us a wrong information. If you had been there, the duke promised, upon my giving him notice, to make you a visit. He often talks of you, and wishes to see you.

I was two or three days ago at Dr. *Arbutnot's*, who told me, he wrote you three letters, but had received no answer. He charged me to send you his advice, which is, to come to *England* and see your friends. This, he affirms (abstracted from the desire he has to see you) to be very good for your health. He thinks, that your going to *Spa*, and drinking the waters there, would be of great service to you, if you have resolution enough to take
the

the journey. But he would have you try *England* first. I like the prescription very much, but I own, I have a self-interest in it; for your taking this journey would certainly do me a great deal of good. *Pope* has just now embarked himself in another great undertaking as an author; for, of late, he has talked only as a gardiner. He has engaged to translate the *Odyssy* in three years, I believe rather out of a prospect of gain than inclination; for I am persuaded he bore his part in the loss of the *South-sea*. He lives mostly at *Twickenham*, and amuses himself in his house and garden. I supp'd about a fortnight ago with lord *Bathurst* and *Lewis*, at Dr. *Arbutnot*'s. Whenever your old acquaintance meet, they never fail of expressing their want of you. I wish you would come, and be convinced, that what I tell you is true.

As for the reigning amusement of the town, it is intirely music; real fiddles, bass viols, and hautboys; not poetical harps, lyres and reeds. There's nobody allowed to say, *I sing*, but an eunuch, or an *Italian* woman. Every body is grown now as great a judge of music, as they were, in your time, of poetry; and folks, that could not distinguish one tune from another, now daily dispute about the different styles of *Handel*, *Bononcini*, and *Attilio*. People have now forgot *Homer*, and *Virgil*, and *Cæsar*; or, at least, they have lost their ranks. For in *London* and *Westminster*, in all polite conversations, *Senesino* is daily voted to be the greatest man that ever lived.

I am obliged to you for your advice, as I have been formerly for your assistance, in introducing me into business. I shall this year be a commissioner of the state-lottery, which will be worth to me a hundred and fifty pounds. And I am not without hopes, that I have friends, that will think of some better and more certain provision for me. You see I talk to you of myself, as a thing of consequence to you. I judge by myself; for to hear of your health and happiness, will always be one of my greatest satisfactions. Every one, that I have named in the letter, give their service to you. I beg you to give mine, Mr. *Pope*'s, and Mr. *Kent*'s*, to Mr. *Ford*. I am, dear Sir, your most faithful and most humble servant,

J. G A Y.

* A celebrated engraver, to whom *Pope*, speaking of *Esher*, a seat of the late Mr. *Pelham*'s, pays a most elegant compliment:

“Where *Kent* and nature vie for *Pelham*'s love.”

L E T T E R CCVIII.

Dr. A R B U T H N O T to Dr. S W I F T,

D E A R S I R,

Indorsed,

" Received Nov. 17, 1723."

I HAVE as good a right to invade your solitude as lord *B*——, *Gay*, or *Pope*, and you see I make use of it. I know you wish us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that; you shall have a sheet of paper every post till you come to yourself. By a paragraph in your's to Mr. *Pope*, I find you are in the case of the man, who held the whole night by a broom brush, and found when daylight appeared, he was within two inches of the ground. You don't seem to know how well you stand with our great folks. I myself have been at a great man's table, and have heard, out of the mouths of violent *Irish* whigs, the whole table-talk turn upon your commendation. If it had not been upon the general topic of your good qualities, and the good you did, I should have grown jealous of you. My intention in this is not to expostulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes any body, that has the misfortune to be troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myself, if I had a mind, and I will propose a cure for you, that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late sent several patients in that case to the *Spa*, to drink there of the *Geronster water*, which will not carry from the spot. It has succeeded marvellously with them all. There was indeed one, who relapsed a little this last summer, because he would not take my advice, and return to his course, that had been too short the year before. But, because the instances of eminent men are most conspicuous, lord *Whitworth*, our plenipotentiary, had this disease, (which, by the way, is a little disqualifying for that employment :) he was so bad, that he was often forced to catch hold of any thing to keep him from falling. I know he has recovered by the use of that water, to so great a degree, that he can ride, walk, or do any thing as formerly. I leave this to your consideration. Your friends here wish to see you, and none more than myself; but I really don't advise you to such a journey to gratify them or myself; but I am almost confident, it would do you a great deal of good. The *dragon* is just the old man, when he

is

is roused. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities just as of old. Lord *B*—— is much improved in knowledge, manner, and every thing else. The shaver * is an honest friendly man as before: he has a good deal to do to smother his *Welsh* fire, which, you know, he has in a greater degree than some would imagine. He posts himself a good part of the year in some warm house, wins the ladies money at ombre, and convinces them, that they are highly obliged to him. Lord and lady *M*—— †, Mr. *Hill*, and Mrs. *Hill*, often remember you with affection.

As for your humble servant, with a great stone in his right kidney, and a family of men and women to provide for, he is as chearful as ever in public affairs. He has kept, as *Tacitus* says, *Medium iter inter vile servitium et abruptam contumaciam*. He never rails at a great man, but to his face; which, I can assure you, he has had both the opportunity and licence to do. He has some few weak friends, and fewer enemies: if any, he is low enough to be rather despised than pushed at by them. I am faithfully, dear Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

L E T T E R CCIX.

Duchess of ORMOND to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Dec. 9, 1723.

I FIND by your's of the 6th of *November*, which I did not receive till last night, that you have been so good as to remember your poor relation here. But as your three last never came to hand, I think it very happy, that you have kept your liberty thus long; for I can't account for my not receiving them any other way, than that they were stopped in the post-office, and interpreted, as most innocent things are, to mean something very distant from the intention of the writer or actor.

I am surprized at the account you give me of that part of *Ireland* you have been in: for the best I expect from that grateful country is to be

* ‘*Erasmus Lewis*, Esq; who in Dr. *Swift*'s imitation of *Horace*, Ep. vii. B. 1. is so called:’
“This *Lewis* is an errant shaver.”

† *Masbam*.

forgotten

forgotten by the inhabitants. For to remember with any kindness one under the frowns of the court, is not a gift the *Irish* are endowed with. I am very sorry to hear you have got the spleen, where a man of your sense must every day meet with things ridiculous enough to make you laugh; but I am afraid, the jests are too low to do so. Change of air is the best thing in the world for your distemper. And if not to cure yourself, at least, have so much goodness for your friends here, as to come and cure us; for it is a distemper we over-run with. I am sure your company would go a great way towards my recovery; for I assure you, nobody has a greater value for you than I have, and hope I shall have the good fortune to see you before I die.

I have no sort of correspondence with the person you have not seen, and wonder at nothing they do, or do not do.

I will let your brother * and mine know, that you remembered him, in my letter. He is as good a man as lives.

I am afraid you will wish you had not encouraged my scribbling to you, when you find I am still such an insipid correspondent; but with that, which I hope will make some amends, am with great sincerity and respect, your most faithful friend and humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

L E T T E R CCX. †

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

Dec. 25, 1723.

N EVER letter came more opportunely than your last. The gout had made me a second visit, and several persons were congratulating with me on the good effect of the waters, which had determined my former illness to a distemper so desirable. My toe pained me; these compliments tired me; and I would have taken my fever again to give the gout to all the company. At that instant your letter was delivered to me. It cleared

* 'In the society of sixteen, *Charles* lord *Butler* of *Weston*, and earl of *Arran*, brother to the duke of *Ormond*, on whose attainder he was elected chancellor of the university of *Oxford*.'

† 'This letter appears to have been written from *France*, though lord *Bolingbroke* had come over to *England* in the latter end of *June* this year, in order to plead his pardon, which had passed the seals on the 28th of *May*.'

my brow, diverted my ill humour, and at last made me forget my pain. I told the persons, who were sitting round my bed, and who testified some surprize at so sudden a change, that this powerful epistle came from *Ireland*. At which, to say the truth, I did not observe, that their surprize diminished. But the dullest fellow among them, who was a priest, (for that happens to be the case sometimes in this country) told the others, that *Ireland* formerly had been called *Insula sanctorum*: that by the acquaintance he had at the *Irish* college, he made no doubt of her deserving still the same appellation: and that they might be sure, that the three pages were filled with *matiere d'edification et matiere de consolation*, which he hoped I would be so good as to communicate to them. A learned *Rosycrucian* of my acquaintance, who is a fool of as much knowledge and as much wit as ever I knew in my life, smiled at the doctor's simplicity; observed, that the effect was too sudden for a cause so heavy in its operations; said a great many extravagant things about natural and theurgic magic; and informed us, that though the sages, who deal in occult sciences, have been laughed out of some countries, and driven out of others, yet there are, to his knowledge, many of them in *Ireland*. I stopped these gueffers, and others, who were perhaps ready, by assuring them, that my correspondent was neither a saint nor a conjuror. They asked me, what he was then? I answered, that they should know it from yourself; and opening your letter, I read to them in *French* the character, which you draw of yourself. Particular parts of it were approved or condemned by every one, as every one's own habits induced them to judge; but they all agreed, that my correspondent stood in need of more sleep, more victuals, less ale, and better company. I defended you the best I could; and, bad as the cause was, I found means to have the last word, which in disputes you know is the capital point. The truth is, however, that I convinced nobody, not even the weakest of the company, that is, myself.

I flatter my friendship for you with the hopes, that you are really in the case, in which you say, that our friend *Pope* seems to be; and that you do not know your own character. Or did you mean to amuse yourself, like that famous painter, who, instead of copying nature, tried in one of his designs, how far it was possible to depart from his original? Whatever your intention was, I will not be brought in among those friends,

friends, whose misfortunes have given them an habitual sourness. I declare to you once for all, that I am not unhappy, and that I never shall be so, unless I sink under some physical evil. Retrench therefore the proportion of peevishness, which you set to my account. You might for several other reasons retrench the proportions, which you set to the account of others, and so leave yourself without peevishness, or without excuse. I lament, and have always lamented, your being placed in *Ireland*; but you are worse than peevish, you are unjust, when you say, that it was either not in the power or will of a ministry to place you in *England*. Write *minister*, friend *Jonathan*, and scrape out the words, *either, power, or*; after which the passage will run as well, and be conformable to the truth of things. I know but one man * who had power at that time, and that wretched man had neither the will nor the skill to make a good use of it.

We talk of characters; match me that, if you can, among all the odd phenomena, which have appeared in the moral world. I have not a *Tacitus* by me; but I believe, that I remember your quotation, and as a mark that I hit right, I make no comment upon it. As you describe your public spirit, it seems to me to be a disease, as well as your peevishness. Your proposals for reforming the state are admirable; and your schemes concise. With respect to your humble servant, you judge better than you did in a letter I received from you about four years ago. You seemed at that time not so afraid of the nightingale's falling into the serpent's mouth. This reflection made me recollect, that I writ you at that time a long epistle in metre. After rummaging among my papers, I found it, and send it with my letter: it will serve to entertain you the first fast-day. I depend on the fidelity of your friendship, that it shall fall under no eye but your own. Adieu.

I read in *English*, (for she understands it) to a certain lady, the passage of your letter, which relates to her. The *Latin* I most generously concealed. She desires you to receive the compliments of one, who is so far from being equal to fifty others of her sex, that she never found herself equal to any one of them. She says, that she has neither youth nor beauty, but that she hopes on the long and intimate acquaintance she has

* Lord Oxford.

had with you, when you meet, if that ever happens, to cast such a mist before your eyes, that you shall not perceive she wants either of them.

L E T T E R CCXI.

Lord C——— * to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Arlington-street, June 20, 1724.

TO begin by confessing myself in the wrong, will, I hope, be some proof to you, that none of the stations, which I have gone through, have hitherto had the effects upon me, which you apprehend. If a month's silence has been turned to my disadvantage in your esteem, it has at least had this good effect, that I am convinced by the kindness of your reproaches, as well as by the goodness of your advice, that you still retain some part of your former friendship for me, of which I am the more confident from the agreeable freedom with which you express yourself: and I shall not forfeit my pretensions to the continuance of it, by doing any thing, that shall give you occasion to think, that I am insensible of it.

But to come to the point: your first letter is dated 28th *May*, your second the 9th of *June*. By the date of this you will see, that the interval of silence may be accounted for by a few excursions, which I have made into the country: therefore I desire you will put the most favourable sense.

The principal affair you mention is under examination †; and till that is over, I am not informed sufficiently to make any other judgment of the matter, than that, which I am naturally led to make, by the general aversion, which appears to it in the whole nation.

I hope the nation will not suffer by my being in this great station; and if I can contribute to its prosperity, I shall think it the honour and hap-

* Lord C——— was then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. In the letter, to which this is an answer, the Dean complained, that a former letter had been a month unanswered. For both these letters of the Dean see the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*, in 1765.

† 'Probably that of Mr. *Wood's* patent for coining halfpence and farthings for *Ireland*, which was referred to the lords of the privy council of *England*, who, on the 24th of *July*, 1724, drew up a report, justifying the patentee.'

pinefs of my life. I defire you to believe what I fay, and particularly when I profefs myfelf to be with great truth, Sir, your moft faithful and affectionate humble fervant,

C.

L E T T E R CCXII.

Lord C——— to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Arlington-ftreet, Aug. 4, 1724.

YOUR claim to be the laft writer is what I can never allow: that is the privilege of ill writers. And I am refolved to give you compleat fatisfaction by leaving it with you, whether I fhall be the laft writer or not. Methinks I fee you throw this letter upon your table in the height of fpleen, becaufe it may have interrupted fome of your more agreeable thoughts. But then, in return, you may have the comfort of not answering it, and fo convince my lord lieutenant, that you value him lefs now than you did ten years ago. I don't know but this might become a free fpeaker and a philofopher. Whatever you may think of it, I fhall not be tefty, but endeavour to fhew, that I am not altogether infenfible of the force of that genius, which hath outfhone moft of this age, and when you will difplay it again, can convince us, that its luftre and ftrength are ftill the fame.

Once more I commit myfelf to your censure, and am, Sir, with great refpect, your moft affectionate humble fervant,

C.*

L E T T E R CCXIII.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to D. S W I F T.

Sept. 12, 1724.

IT is neither ficknefs, nor journies, nor ill humours, nor age, nor vexation, nor ftupidity, which has hindered me from answering fooner your letter of the month of *June*; but a very prudent confideration, and one of the greateft ftains of policy I ever exercifed in my life. Should I

* See the letter, to which this is an answer, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

answer you in a month, you might think yourself obliged to answer me in six; and, scared at the fore fatigue of writing twice a year to an absent friend, you might (for ought either you or I can tell) stop short, and not write at all. Now this would disappoint all my projects; for, to confess the truth, I have been drawing you in these several years, and by my past success, I begin to hope, that in about ten more, I may establish a right of hearing from you once a quarter. The gout neither clears my head, nor warms my imagination, and I am ashamed to own to you, how near the truth I kept in the description of what passed by my bedside in the reading of your letter. The scene was really such as I painted it; and the company was much better than you seem to think it. When I, who pass a great part, very much the greatest of my life alone, fall forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myself by the conversation I find there; and still farther from caring one jot of what passes there. In short, I am no longer the bubble you knew me; and therefore, when I mingle in society, it is purely for my amusement. If mankind divert me (and I defy them to give me your distemper, the spleen) it is all I expect or ask of them. By this sincere confession you may perceive, that your great masters of reason are not for my turn; their thorough bass benumbs my faculties. I seek the fiddle or the flute, something to raise, or something to calm my spirits agreeably; gay flights, or soothing images. I do not dislike a fellow, whose imagination runs away with him, and who has wit enough to be half mad; nor him, who atones for a scanty imagination by an ample fund of oddnesses and singularity. If good sense and great knowledge prevail a little too much in any character, I desire there may be at least some latent ridicule, which may be called forth upon occasion, and render the person a tolerable companion. By this sketch you may judge of my acquaintance. The dead friends, with whom I pass my time, you know. The living ones are of the same sort, and therefore few.

I pass over that part of your letter, which is a kind of an elegy on a departed minister*; and I promise you solemnly neither to mention him, nor think of him more, till I come to do him justice in an history of the

* The earl of Oxford, who died in June, 1724.

first twenty years of this century, which I believe I shall write, if I live three or four years longer. But I must take a little more notice of the paragraph which follows. The verses I sent you are very bad, because they are not very good: *mediocribus esse poetis non dii non homines, &c.* I did not send them to be admired; and you would do them too much honour, if you criticized them. *Pope* took the best party; for he said not one word to me about them. All I desire of you is to consider them as a proof, that you have never been out of my thoughts, though you have been so long out of my sight; and, if I remember you upon paper for the future, it shall be in prose.

I must, on this occasion set you right, as to an opinion, which I should be very sorry to have you entertain concerning me. The term *esprit fort*, in *English* free-thinker, is, according to my observation, usually applied to them, whom I look upon to be the pests of society; because their endeavours are directed to loosen the bands of it; and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man, when it would be well if he was checked by half a score others. Nay, they go farther. Revealed religion is a lofty and pompous structure, erected close to the humble and plain building of natural religion. Some have objected to you, who are the architects *et les concierges* (we want that word in *English*) of the former, to you who build, or at least repair the house, and who shew the rooms, that, to strengthen some parts of your own building, you shake and even sap the foundation of the other. And between you and I, Mr. Dean, this charge may be justified in several instances; but still your intention is not to demolish: whereas the *esprit fort*, or the free-thinker, is so set upon pulling down your house about your ears, that if he was let alone, he would destroy the other for being so near it, and mingle both in one common ruin. I therefore not only disown, but detest this character. If indeed by *esprit fort*, or free-thinker, you only mean a man, who makes a free use of his reason, who searches after truth without passion or prejudice, and adheres inviolably to it, you mean a wise and honest man, and such an one as I labour to be. The faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, true and false, which we call reason, or common sense, which is given to every man by our bountiful Creator, and which most men lose by neglect, is the light of the mind, and ought to
guide

guide all operations of it. To abandon this rule, and to guide our thoughts by any other, is full as absurd, as it would be, if you should put out your eyes, and borrow even the best staff, that ever was in the family of the staffs, when you set out upon one of your dirty journies. Such free-thinkers as these I am sure you cannot, even in your apostolical capacity, disapprove: for since the truth of the divine revelation of Christianity is as evident, as matters of fact, on the belief of which so much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of justice, these free-thinkers must needs be Christians on the best foundation; on that which St. Paul himself established, I think it was St. Paul, *omnia probate, quod bonum est, tenete*.

But you have a further security from these free-thinkers, I do not say a better, and it is this: the persons I am describing think for themselves, and to themselves. Should they unhappily not be convinced by your arguments, yet they will certainly think it their duty not to disturb the peace of the world by opposing you*. The peace and happiness of mankind is the great aim of these free-thinkers; and, therefore, as those among them, who remain incredulous, will not oppose you, so those, whom reason, enlightened by grace, has made believers, may be sorry, and may express their sorrow, as I have done, to see religion perverted to purposes

* Notwithstanding the declarations made by lord *Bolingbroke* in this letter, he left his writings against religion to Mr. *Mallet*, with a view to their being published, as appears by his will; and with a positive and direct injunction to publish them, as appears by a letter from Mr. *Mallet* to lord *Hyde*, viscount *Cornbury*, now in the *British Museum*. We have therefore his lordship's own authority to say, that he was one of the pests of society, even if the opinions, which he has advanced against religion, are true; for his endeavour is certainly directed to loosen the band of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man. Expressly to direct the publication of writings, which, he believed, would subvert the morals and the happiness of society, at a time when he could derive no private advantage from the mischief, was perhaps an act of wickedness more purely diabolical, than any hitherto upon record in the history of any age or nation. *Mallet* had a pecuniary temptation to assassinate the morals and happiness of his country at *Bolingbroke's* instigation: his crime therefore is not equally a proof of natural depravity, though it is impossible to suppose he had less conviction of the mischief he was doing; and it is also impossible to suppose, that he could seriously think any obligation to print *Bolingbroke's* infidelity, in consequence of his injunction, equivalent to the obligation he was under to suppress it, arising from the duty, which, as a man, he owed to human nature.

The paragraph in lord *Bolingbroke's* will, by which his writings are bequeathed to *Mallet*, the letter, which lord *Cornbury* wrote to *Mallet*, upon hearing he was about to publish the letters, including those on Sacred history, and *Mallet's* answer, are, for the reader's satisfaction, printed at the end of this collection. Lord *Cornbury's* letter is a monument, that will do more honour to his memory, than all that mere wit or valour has achieved since the world began.

so contrary to her true intention, and first design. Can a good Christian behold the ministers of the meek and humble Jesus exercising an insolent and cruel usurpation over their brethren? Or the messengers of peace and good news setting all mankind together by the ears? Or that religion, which breathes charity and universal benevolence, spilling more blood, upon reflection and by system, than the most barbarous heathen ever did in the heat of action, and fury of conquest? Can he behold all this without an holy indignation, and not be criminal? Nay, when he turns his eyes from those tragical scenes, and considers the ordinary tenour of things, do you not think he will be shocked to observe metaphysics substituted to the theory, and ceremony to the practice of morality?

I make no doubt but you are by this time abundantly convinced of my orthodoxy, and that you will name me no more in the same breath with *Spinoza*, whose system of one infinite substance I despise and abhor, as I have a right to do, because I am able to shew why I despise and abhor it.

You desire me to return home, and you promise me, in that case, to come to *London*, loaden with your travels. I am sorry to tell you, that *London* is, in my apprehension, as little likely as *Dublin* to be our place of rendezvous. The reasons for this apprehension I pass over; but I cannot agree to what you advance with the air of a maxim, that exile is the greatest punishment to men of virtue, because virtue consists in loving our country. Examine the nature of this love, from whence it arises, how it is nourished, what the bounds and measures of it are; and after that, you will discover, how far it is virtue, and where it becomes simplicity, prejudice, folly, and even enthusiasm. A virtuous man in exile may properly enough be stiled unfortunate; but he cannot be called unhappy. You remember the reason, which Brutus gave, because, wherever he goes, he carries his virtue with him. There is a certain bulky volume, which grows daily, and the title of which must, I think, be *Noctes Gallicæ*. There you may perhaps one day or other see a dissertation upon this subject: and to return you threatening for threatening, you shall be forced to read it out, though you yawn from the first to the last page.

The word *Ireland* was struck out of the paper you mention; that is, to satisfy your curiosity, and to kindle it anew, I will tell you, that this anecdote, which I know not how you came by, is neither the only one, nor the most considerable one of the same kind. The person you are so inquisitive about *, returns into *England* the latter end of *October*. She has so great a mind to see you, that I am not sure she will not undertake a journey to *Dublin*. It is not so far from *London* to *Dublin*, as from *Spain* to *Padua*; and you are as well worth seeing as *Livy*. But I had much rather you would leave the humid climate, and the dull company, in which, according to your account, a man might grow old between twenty and thirty. Set your foot on the continent; I dare promise, that you will, in a fortnight, have gone back the ten years you lament so much, and be returned to that age, at which I left you. With what pleasure should I hear you *inter vina fugam Stellæ mœrere protervæ*? Adieu.

L E T T E R CCXIV.

L' Abbé des FONTAINES* à Monsieur SWIFT.

A Paris, le 4 Juillet, 1725.

J'AI l'honneur, monsieur, de vous envoyer la 2de edition de votre ouvrage, que j'ai traduit en *François*. Je vous aurois envoyé la premiere, si je n'avois pas été obligé, pour des raisons, que je ne puis vous dire, d'inferer dans la preface un endroit, dont vous n'auriez pas eu lieu d'être content, ce que j'ai mis assurément malgré moi. Comme le livre s'est débité sans contradiction, ces raisons ne subsistent plus, et j'ai aussitôt supprimé cet endroit dans la 2de edition, comme vous verrez. J'ai aussi corrigé l'endroit de monsieur *Carteret*, sur lequel j'avois eu de faux memoires. Vous trouverez, monsieur, en beaucoup d'endroits une traduction peu fidele; mais tout ce qui plaît en *Angleterre*, n'a pas ici le meme agré-

* His lordship's second wife, a *French* lady.

† *Peter Francis Guyet des Fontaines*, born at *Roan* in *Normandy*, 29 *June*, 1685. He entered into the society of the *Jesuits* in 1700; but quitted it sixteen years after. He lived for some years with the cardinal *d'Auvergne*, and died at *Paris*, 16 *December*, 1745, being well known for several works, and particularly for his *Observations sur les ecrites modernes*, in a great number of volumes.

ment;

ment ; soit parce que les mœurs sont différentes, soit parceque que les allusions et les allegories, qui sont sensibles dans une pays, ne les sont pas dans une aûtre ; soit enfin parce que le goût des deux nations n'est pas le même. J'ai voulu donner aux *François* un livre, qui fut a leur usage : voila ce qui m'a rendu traducteur libre et peu fidele. J'ai meme pris la liberté d'ajouter, selon que vôtre imagination est echauffoit la mienne. C'est à vous seul, monsieur, que je suis redevable de l'honneur, que me fait cette traduction, qui à été débitée icy' avec une rapidité etonnante, et donc il y'a deja trois editions. Je suis penetré d'une si grande estime pour vous, et je vous suis si obligé, qui si la suppression, que j'ai faite, ne vous satisfait pas entierement, je ferai volontiers encore d'avantage pour effacer jusqu'au souvenir de cet endroit de la preface : au surplus je vous supplie, monsieur, de vouloir bien faire attention à la justice, que je vous ai rendu dans la même preface.

On se flatte, monsieur, qu'on aura bien tôt l'honneur de vous posseder ici. Tous vos amis vous attendent avec impatience. On ne parle ici que de vôtre arrivée ; et tout *Paris* souhaite de vous voir. Ne deferrés pas nôtre satisfaction : vous verrez un peuple, qui vous estime infinement. En attendant je vous demande, monsieur, l'honneur de vôtre amitié, et vous prie d'etre persuadé, que personne ne vous honore plus que moi, et n'est avec plus de consideration et d'estime, vôtre tres humble, et tres obeissant serviteur,

L'Abbé des F O N T A I N E S.

Mr. *Arbutnot* a bien voulu se charger de vous faire tenir cette lettre avec l'exemplaire, que j'al l'honneur de vous envoyer.

L E T T E R CCXV.

R E P O N S E de Monsieur S W I F T.

IL y a plus d'un mois que j'ay recûe vôtre lettre du 4 de *Juillet*, monsieur ; mais l'exemplaire de 2de edition de vôtre ouvrage ne m'a pas été encore remis. J'ay lû la preface de la premiere ; et vous me permettrez de vous dire, que j'ay été fort surpris d'y voir, qu'en me donnant pour patrie un pais, dans lequel je suis né, vous ayez trouvé a propos de m'attribuer un livre, qui porte le nom de son auteur, qui a eu le malheur de

deplaïre a quelques uns de nos ministres, et qui je n'ay jamais avoué. Cette plainte, qui je fais de vôtre conduite a mon egard, ne m'empêche pas de vous rendre justice. Les traducteurs donnent pour la plupart des louanges excessives aux ouvrages, qu'ils traduisent, et s'imaginent peut etre, que leur reputation depend en quelque façon de celles des auteurs, qu'ils ont choisis. Mais vous avez senti vos forces, qui vous mettent au dessus de pareilles precautions. Capable de corriger un mauvais livre, entreprise plus difficile, que celle d'en composer un bon, vous n'avez pas craint de donner au public la traduction d'un ouvrage, que vous assurez etre plein de pollifoneries, de sottises, de puerilites, &c. Nous convenons icy, que le goût des nations n'est pas toujours le meme. Mais nous sommes portés a croire, que le bon goût est même le par tout, ou il y a des gens d'esprit, de jugement et de scavoir. Si donc les livres du sieur *Gulliver* ne sont calcules que pour les isles *Britanniques*, ce voyageur doit passer pour un tres pitoyable ecrivain. Les memes vices et les memes follies regnent par tout ; du moins, dans tous les pais civilisés de l'*Europe* : et l'auteur, qui n'ecrit que pour une ville, une province, un royaume ou meme un siecle, merite si peu d'etre traduit, qu'il ne merite pas d'etre lû.

Les partisans de ce *Gulliver*, qui ne laissent pas d'etre en fort grand nombre chez nous, soutiennent, que son livre durera autant que notre language, parce qu'il netire pas son merite de certaines modes ou manieres de penser et de parler, mais d'une suite d'observations sur les imperfections, les follies, et les vices de l'homme.

Vous juges bien, que les gens, dont je viens de vous parler, n'approvent pas fort votre critique, et vous serez sans doute surpris de scavoir, qu'ils regardent ce chirurgien de vaisseau, comme un auteur grave, qui ne sort jamais de son serieux, qui n'emprunte aucun fard, qui ne se pique point d'avoir de l'esprit, et qui se contente de communiquer au public dans une narration simple et naïve les aventures, qui lui sont arrivées, et les choses, qu'il a vû ou entendu dire pendant ses voyages.

Quant a l'article qui regarde my lord *Carteret*, sans m'informer d'ou vous tirez vos memoires, je vous diray, que vous n'avez ecrit que la moitié de la verité ; et que ce *Drapier* où réel ou supposé a sauvé l'*Irlande*, en mettant toute la nation contre un projet, qui devoit enrichir au depense du public un certain nombre de particuliers.

Plusieurs accidens, qui sont arrivé, m'empêcheront de faire le voyage de France presentement, et je ne suis plus assez jeune pour me flatter de retrouver une autre occasion. Je sçais, que j'ay perdû beaucoup, et je suis tres sensible a cette perte. L'unique consolation, qui me reste, c'est de songer, que j'en supporteray mieux la pais, au quel la fortune m'a condamné. Je suis, &c.

L E T T E R . CCXVI.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

London, July 24, 1725.

MR. Ford will tell you how I do, and what I do. Tired with suspense, the only insupportable misfortune of life, I desired, after nine years of autumnal promises and vernal excuses, a decision; and very little cared what that decision was, provided it left me a liberty to settle abroad, or put me on a foot of living agreeably at home. The wisdom of the nation has thought fit, instead of granting so reasonable a request, to pass an act, which fixing my fortune unalterably to this country, fixes my person here also: and those, who had the least mind to see me in *England*, have made it impossible for me to live any where else. Here I am then, two-thirds restored, my person safe, (unless I meet hereafter with harder treatment than even that of Sir *Walter Raleigh*) and my estate, with all the other property I have acquired, or may acquire, secured to me. But the attainder is kept carefully and prudently in force, lest so corrupt a member should come again into the house of lords, and his bad leaven should sour that sweet, untainted mass. Thus much I thought I might say about my private affairs to an old friend, without diverting him too long from his labours to promote the advantage of the church and state of *Ireland*; or, from his travels into those countries of giants and pigmies, from whence he imports a cargo * I value at an higher rate than that of the richest galeon. Ford brought the dean of

* This is very obscure: *Gulliver* was not then published. Perhaps *Berkeley* brought *Bolingbroke* a copy of the MS. *Former*, I suppose, is *Swift*, called an old friend: other is *Berkeley*; but the nominative case is so remote, that *former* and *other* scarce make the sense intelligible. This letter is dated in 1725; *Gulliver's* travels were first published in 1726.

Derry

Derry * to see me. Unfortunately for me, I was then out of town; and the journey of the former into *Ireland* will perhaps defer for some time my making acquaintance with the other; which I am sorry for. I would not by any means lose the opportunity of knowing a man, who can espouse in good earnest the system of father *Malebranche*, and who is fond of going a missionary into the *West Indies* †. My zeal for the propagation of the Gospel will hardly carry me so far; but my spleen against *Europe* has, more than once, made me think of buying the dominion of *Burmudas*, and spending the remainder of my days as far as possible from those people, with whom I have past the first and greatest part of my life. Health and every other natural comfort of life is to be had there, better than here. As to imaginary and artificial pleasures, we are philosophers enough to despise them. What say you? Will you leave your *Hibernian* flock to some other shepherd, and transplant yourself with me into the middle of the *Atlantic* ocean? We will form a society more reasonable, and more useful, than that of Dr. *Berkeley's* college: and I promise you solemnly, as supreme magistrate, not to suffer the currency of *Wood's* halfpence: nay, the coiner of them shall be hanged, if he presumes to set his foot on our island.

Let me hear how you are, and what you do; and if you really have any latent kindness still at the bottom of your heart for me, say something very kind to me, for I don't dislike being cajoled. If your heart tells you nothing, say nothing, that I may take the hint, and wean myself from you by degrees. Whether I shall compass it or no, God knows:

* Dr. *Berkeley*.

† Dr. *Berkeley* formed a design of fixing an university in *Burmudas*, for the improvement of our colonies, and the education of *Indians*, to be employed as missionaries among their countrymen. For this college he obtained a charter, in which he was appointed president, and a certain number of fellows, selected by himself, were incorporated; but the design miscarried for want of money. The system of *Malebranche* here referred to, was, "that our ideas are distinct from our understanding, and that we see all things in God." In other words, that material objects are not the causes of our ideas. *Berkeley*, in the early part of his life, wrote a dissertation against the existence of material beings, and external objects, with such subtilty, that *Whiston* acknowledged himself unable to confute it, and recommended the task to Dr. *Clarke*. The Doctor however did not perform it; and the dissertation remains unanswered to this time, except what has been attempted by *Baxter* in his treatise on the soul.

Bayle says, that *Malebranche's* system was only that of *Democritus*, amended and unfolded.

See a farther account of Dr. *Berkeley*, in a letter from *Swift* to lord *Carteret*, dated Sept. 3, 1724, lately published in two posthumous volumes by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

but,

But, surely this is the properest place in the world to renounce friendship in, or to forget obligations. Mr. *Ford* says, he will be with us again by the beginning of the winter. Your *star* * will probably hinder you from taking the same journey. Adieu, dear Dean. I had something more to say to you, almost as important as what I have said already, but company comes in upon me, and relieves you.

L E T T E R CCXVII.

Dr. S W I F T to the Rev. Mr. W O R R A L L.

Quilca, July 12, 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not any body, except yourself, who would have been at so much trouble to assist me, and who could have so good success, which I take as kindly as if you had saved me from utter ruin. Although I have witnesses that I acted with indifferency enough, when I was sure I was not worth a groat, besides my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account (except this last quarter) and if I lose it, it is a trifle in comparison of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr. *Pratt* hath acted very generously, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewise good witnesses to swear, that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And so repeating my thanks to you, but not able to express them as I ought, I shall say no more on this subject, only that you may enquire where the money may be safely put out at six pounds *per cent*. I beg pardon that I did not compute the interest of Sir *William Fownes*'s money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds.—All of consequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds.

I gave over all hopes of my hay, as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather. But *Charles Grattan*, the critic, says the cooks are too large, considering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know best.

* Mrs. *Johnson*, the lady whom he celebrated by the name of *Stella*.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Johnson* says you are an ill manager; for you have lost me above three hundred apples, and only saved me twelve hundred pounds.

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the —— from the wall-fruit*. You have got so ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuse; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it should cost me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you please, as it must likewise be new dunged, as good husbandry requires; friend *Ellis* will assist you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of *Sherriff* and *White*, and all you have done for me with Mr. *Pratt*, signifies nothing, if I must lose ten pounds.

I had your letter about Mrs. *Johnson*'s money, and she thanks you for your care; and says, considering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney; for all money matters I am the greatest cully alive.

Little good may do you with your favourable weather; we have had but five good days these twelve weeks.

The ladies are pretty well; but Mrs. *Johnson*, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day; she is now much better. They both present their humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, and so do I, and am ever yours, &c.

Jo. who brings you this, desired me to lend him twenty pounds, which I very prudently refused; but said, if he would leave the worth of it in soap and candles in the deanry-house, Mrs. *Brent* viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him twenty pounds, and place it to my account.

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray desire Mrs. *Brent* to have ready a hoghead of bottles packed up as usual, of the same wine with the last she sent, and the next carrier shall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs. *Brent* take out what candles or soap are necessary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that *Jo.*

* In *Naboth's* vineyard.

may have them ; I mean out of those boxes which he is to leave at the deanry for my security for the twenty pounds, which he is to receive from you.

L E T T E R CCXVIII.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. W O R R A L L.

Quilca, Aug. 27, 1725.

I WAS heartily sorry to hear you had got the gout, being a disease you have so little pretence to ; for you have been all your life a great walker, and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your disease, since it was not by your vices ; yet I do not love to think I was an instrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to shew your activity in leaping down a ditch, hurt your foot in such a manner, as to end in your present disease.

I have not yet heard of Mr. *Webb*, and if he should come here, I can do nothing with him ; for I shall not take my own judgment, but leave it to some able lawyer to judge and recommend the security ; for now it is time for me to learn some worldly wisdom.

I thank you for the purchase you have made of *Bristow* beer ; it will soon pay for itself, by saving me many a bottle of wine ; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafness hath left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a visit from it soon ; and it is somewhat less vexatious here in the country, because none are about me but those who are used to it.

Mrs. *Worrall's* observation is like herself ; she is an absolute corrupted city lady, and does not know the pleasures of the country, even of this place, with all its millions of inconveniencies. But Mrs. *Dingley* is of her opinion, and would rather live in a *Dublin* cellar, than a country palace.

I would fain have a shed thrown up in the farthest corner of *Naboth's* vineyard, towards the lower end of *Shebbs's* garden, till I can find leisure and courage to build a better in the center of the field. Can it be done ?

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the summer, and it will have some very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave *Jack Grattan* the papers corrected, and I think half spoiled, by the cowardly caution of him and others. He promised to transcribe them time enough, and my desire is they may be ready to be published upon the first day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you, that it may be sent unknown (as usual) to some printer, with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me, that I have got a sop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we must have that grievance, &c. forced on us.

My intention is to return about the beginning of *October*, if my occasions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be seen how the parliament will act. Them who talk with me, think they will be slaves as usual, and led where the government pleases.

My humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*. The ladies present theirs to you both.

J. S W I F T.

L E T T E R CCXIX.

Dr. S W I F T to the Rev. Mr. W O R R A L L.

Quilca, Aug. 31, 1725.

I HAVE yours of the 28th. I am still to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I shall not want the silver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of *October*, unless extreme good weather shall invite me to continue.

Since *Wood's* patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I suppose you, and *Jack Grattan*, and *Sherridan* will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer, I would have it taken back, and the press broke, and let her be satisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the Drapier.

Mrs. *Johnson* does not understand what you mean by her stamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but supposes it is some jest.

The ladies are well; all our services to Mrs. *Worrall*. Mrs. *Dingley* at last discovered the meaning of the stamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needless.

Pray

Pray pay *Jo. Beaumont* four pounds for a horse I bought from him, and place it to my account.

J. S.

When *Jo.* brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him six pounds, eight shillings.

L E T T E R CCXX.

Dr. A R B U T H N O T to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

London, Oct. 17, 1725.

I HAVE the vanity to think, that a few friends have a real concern for me, and are uneasy when I am in distress; in consequence of which, I ought to communicate with them the joy of my recovery. I did not want a most kind paragraph in your letter to Mr. *Pope*, to convince me, that you are of the number; and I know, that I give you a sensible pleasure in telling you, that I think myself at this time almost perfectly recovered of a most unusual and dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; such a one, that had it been in the hands of a surgeon, in an outward and fleshy part, I should not have been well these three months. Duke *Disney*, our old friend, is in a fair way to recover of such another. There have been several of them occasioned, as I reckon, by the cold and wet season. People have told me of new *impostures* (as they called them) every day. Poor Sir *William Wyndham* is an *imposture*: I hope the *Bath*, where he is going, will do him good. The hopes of seeing once more the dean of *St. Patrick's*, revives my spirits. I cannot help imagining some of your old club met together like mariners after a storm. For God's sake do not tantalize your friends any more. I can prove by twenty unanswerable arguments, that it is absolutely necessary, that you should come over to *England*; that it would be committing the greatest absurdity that ever was, not to do it the next approaching winter. I believe, indeed, it is just possible to save your soul without it, and that is all. As for your book * (of which I have framed to myself such an idea, that I

* *Gulliver's travels*.

am persuaded, there is no doing any good upon mankind without it) I will set the letters myself, rather than that it should not be published. But before you put the finishing hand to it, it is really necessary to be acquainted with some new improvements of mankind, that have appeared of late, and are daily appearing. Mankind has an inexhaustible source of invention in the way of folly and madness. I have only one fear, that when you come over, you will be so much coveted and taken up by the ministry; that, unless your friends meet you at their tables, they will have none of your company. This is really no joke; I am quite in earnest. Your deafness is so necessary a thing, that I almost begin to think it an affectation. I remember you used to reckon dinners. I know of near half a year's dinners, where you are already bespoke. It is worth your while to come to see your old friend *Lewis*, who is wiser than ever he was, the best of husbands. I am sure I can say from my own experience, that he is the best of friends. He was so to me, when he had little hope I should ever live to thank him.

You must acquaint me before you take journey, that we may provide a convenient lodging for you amongst your friends. I am called away this moment, and have only time to add, that I love and long to see you, and am most sincerely, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

J O. A R B U T H N O T.

L E T T E R CCXXI.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. W O R R A L L.

London, April 16, 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ several times to the ladies, and shall soon do so again. I send you inclosed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at sea; you will be so kind to get it out of the custom-house. Mr. *Medlicot* will make it easy, if there should be any difficulties. My humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, and the ladies and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me; I can say no more. I hope you are all well.

I got no voice at *Oxford*; but am endeavouring for one here.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R CCXXII.

Dr. A R B U T H N O T to Dr. S W I F T*.

D E A R S I R,

Indorsed, " 1726."

I HAVE been at your lodgings this morning, but you was out early. Her royal highness begs the honour of a visit from you on *Thursday* night at seven o'clock. You are to be attended by, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

J O. A R B U T H N O T.

I hope you will not engage yourself at that hour ;
but I shall see you before that time.

Tuesday, 3 o'clock.

L E T T E R CCXXIII.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. W O R R A L L.

Twickenham, July 15, 1726.

I WISH you would send me a common bill in form upon any banker for one hundred pounds, and I will wait for it, and in the mean time borrow where I can. What you tell me of Mrs. *Johnson*, I have long expected, with great oppression and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to *Ireland*, and have been ever since my constant companions ; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed, upon the score of every good quality, that can possibly recommend a human creature. I have these two months seen through Mrs. *Dingley's* disguises †. And, indeed, ever since I left you, my heart hath been so sunk, that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again ; but

* Then in *London*. The Dean went thither in the beginning of *April*, 1726 ; and this invitation was made by her royal highness, afterwards queen *Caroline*, soon after ; but is uncertain on what day.

† Probably endeavouring to conceal Mrs. *Johnson's* danger, in tenderness to the Dean.

drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away. I must tell you, as a friend, that if you have reason to believe Mrs. *Johnson* cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming to *Ireland*; and, in that case, I would expect of you, in the beginning of *September*, to renew my licence for another half year; which time I will spend in some retirement far from *London*, till I can be in a disposition of appearing, after an accident, that must be so fatal to my quiet. I wish it could be brought about, that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister, during their lives, and afterwards to Dr. *Stephens's* hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there, as she designs. Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends, that, upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some airy healthy part, and not in the deanry; which besides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in. This I leave to your discretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive. Pray write to me every week, that I may know what steps to take; for I am determined not to go to *Ireland*, to find her just dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me so familiar with those terrible words, applied to such a dear friend. Let her know, I have bought her a repeating gold watch, for her ease in winter nights. I designed to have surprised her with it; but now I would have her know it, that she may see how my thoughts are always to make her easy. I am of opinion, that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable. On the back of *Brereton's* note there was written the account of Mrs. *Johnson's* sickness. Pray, in your next, avoid that mistake, and leave the backside blank. When you have read this letter twice, and retain what I desire, pray burn it; and let all I have said lie only in your own breast. Pray write every week. I have (till I know further) fixed on *August* the fifteenth to set out for *Ireland*.

Ireland. I shall continue or alter my measures according to your letters. Adieu.

Pray tell Mr. *Dobbs*, of the college, that I received his letter; but cannot possibly answer it, which I certainly would, if I had materials. As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to *Maule*, as I am told; and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to those in power hath been directly contrary, since I came here. I had rather have good news from you than *Canterbury*, though it were given me upon my own terms.

L E T T E R CCXXIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to the Three Yahoos of *Twickenham*,
JONATHAN, ALEXANDER, JOHN*.

MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF PARNASSUS,

THOUGH you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing; yet I resolve to believe the contrary. I persuade myself, that you have sent at least fifteen times within this fortnight to † *Dawley* farm, and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you therefore from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you; and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure, which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure, and give you further proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewise inform you, that I shall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week; by which time I hope that *Jonathan's* imagination of business will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science, *la bagatelle*. Adieu, *Jonathan*, *Alexander*, *John*! Mirth be with you.

From the banks of the *Severne*, July 23, 1726.

* *John Gay*.

† The country residence of lord *Bolingbroke*, near *Cranford* in *Middlesex*.

L E T T E R CCXXV.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. W O R R A L L.

London, Aug. 6, 1726.

AT the time that I had your letter, with the bill, (for which I thank you) I received another from Dr. *Sheridan*, both full of the melancholy account of our friend. The doctor advises me to go over at the time I intended, which I now design to do, and to set out on *Monday* the fifteenth from hence. However, if any accident should happen to me, that you do not find me come over on the first of *September*, I would have you renew my licence of absence from the second of *September*, which will be the day that my half year will be out; and since it is not likely, that you can answer this, so as to reach me before I leave *London*, I desire you will write to me, directed to Mrs. *Kenab*, in *Chester*, where I design to set up, and shall hardly be there in less than a fortnight from this time; and if I should then hear our friend was no more, I might probably be absent a month or two in some parts of *Derbyshire*, or *Wales*. However, you need not renew the licence till the first of *September*; and, if I come not, I will write to you from *Chester*. This unhappy affair is the greatest trial I ever had; and I think you are unhappy in having conversed so much with that person under such circumstances. Tell Dr. *Sheridan*, I had his letter; but care not to answer it. I wish you would give me your opinion, at *Chester*, whether I shall come over or no. I shall be there, God willing, on *Thursday*, the eighteenth instant. This is enough to say, in my present situation. I am, &c.

My humble service and thanks to Mrs. *Worrall*, for the care
of our friend, which I shall never forget.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCXXVI.

Dr. S W I F T to the Rev. Mr. W O R R A L L.

August 15, 1726.

THIS is *Saturday*, and on *Monday* I set out for *Ireland*. I desired you would send me a letter to *Chester*. I suppose I shall be in *Dublin* with moderate fortune in ten or eleven days hence; for I will go by *Holyhead*. I shall stay two days at *Chester*, unless I can contrive to have my box sent after me. I hope I shall be with you by the end of *August*; but however, if I am not with you by the second of *September*, which is the time that my licence is out, I desire you will get me a new one; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it signifies nothing. I expect to be very miserable when I come; but I shall be prepared for it. I desired you would write to me to *Chester*, which I hope you will do; and pray hinder Dr. *Sheridan* from writing to me any more.

This is all I have to say to you at present.

I am, &c.

J. S W I F T.

L E T T E R CCXXVII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

London, Sept. 3, 1726.

I RECEIVED the favour of your kind letter at my lord *Chetwyn's*; and though you had so much goodness, as to forbid my answering it at that time; yet I should be inexcusable, now I have perfectly recovered my health and strength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illness. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to assure you, that, even among your old friends, you have not many, who have a juster regard for your merit than I have. I could wish, that those, who are more able to serve you than I am, had the same desire of doing it. And yet

methinks, now I consider it, and reflect who they are, I should be sorry they had the merit of doing so right a thing. As well as I wish you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by those that I don't like. Mr. *Pope* tells me, that we shall see you in spring. When we meet again, I flatter myself we shall not part so soon; and I am in hopes you will allow me a longer share of your company than you did. All I can say to engage you to come a little oftener to my house, is, to promise, that you shall not have one dish of meat at my table so disguised, but you shall easily know what it is. You shall have a cup of your own for small beer and wine mixed together; you shall have no women at table, if you don't like them, and no men, but such as like you. I wished mightily to be in *London* before you left it, having something, which I would willingly have communicated you, that I do not think so discreet to trust to a letter. Do not let your expectations be raised, as if it was a matter of any great consequence: it is not that, though I should be mighty glad you knew it, and perhaps I may soon find a way of letting you do so.

Our parliament, they now say, is not to meet till after *Christmas*, the chief business of it being to give money. It may be proper the ministers should know, a little before it meets, how much farther they have run the nation in debt, that they may prudently conceal or provide what they think fit. I am told, that many among us begin to grumble, that *England* should be obliged to support the charge of a very expensive war, whilst all the other powers of *Europe* are in peace. But I will enter no farther into public matters, taking it for granted, that a letter directed to you, and franked by me, cannot fail of raising the curiosity of some of our vigilant ministers, and that they will open it; though we know it is not customary for them so to do. Mrs. *Pulteney* is very much your humble servant, and I am, with great truth, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

LET-

L E T T E R CCXXVIII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

London, Sept. 16, 1726.

SINCE I wrote last, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in *Oxfordshire* with the duke and duchess of *Queensberry*, and at *Petersham*, and wheresoever they would carry me; but as they will go to *Wiltshire* without me, on *Tuesday* next, for two or three months, I believe I shall then have finished my travels for this year, and shall not go farther from *London*, than now and then to *Twickenham*. I saw Mr. *Pope* on *Sunday*, who hath lately escaped a very great danger; but is very much wounded across his right-hand. Coming home in the dark, about a week ago, alone in my lord *Bolingbroke's* coach from *Dawley*, he was overturned, where a bridge has been broken down, near *Whitton*, about a mile from his own house. He was thrown into the river, with the glasses of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his perriwig in water. The footman broke the glass to draw him out; by which, he thinks he received the cut across his hand. He was afraid he should have lost the use of his little finger, and the next to it; but the surgeon, whom he sent for last *Sunday* from *London* to examine it, told him, that his fingers were safe, that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health, and very good spirits, and the wound in a fair way of being soon healed*. The instructions you sent me to communicate to the doctor about the finger, I transcribed from your own letter, and sent to him; for, at that time, he was going every other day to *Windsor Park* to visit Mr. *Congreve*, who hath been extremely ill, but is now recovered. I dined and supped on *Monday* last with lord and lady *Bolingbroke*, at lord *Berkeley's*, at *Cranford*, and returned to *London*, with the duke and duchess of *Queensberry*, on *Tuesday* by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great respect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wishes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on *Monday* next, but

* See lord *Bolingbroke's* account of this accident, in his letter, dated *September 22d*, 1726.

my week of attendance will be the first in *October*. I am obliged to follow the engravers to make them dispatch my plates for the fables; for without it, I find they proceed but very slowly. I take your advice in this, as I wish to do in all things, and frequently revise my work, in order to finish it as well as I can. Mr. *Pulteney* takes the letter you sent him in the kindest manner; and I believe he is, except a few excursions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair, that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but Mr. *Pope* will follow your instructions. I have not seen Mrs. *Howard* a great while, which you know must be a great mortification and self-denial; but in my case, it is particularly unhappy, that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the same time: if I could, while you are there, one of them should be always *Dublin*. But, after all, it is a silly thing to be with a friend by halves, so that I will give up all thoughts of bringing this project to perfection, if you will contrive, that we shall meet again soon. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and affectionate friend, and servant,

J. G A Y.

L E T T E R CCXXIX.

Dr. A R B U T H N O T to Dr. S W I F T.

London, Sept. 20, 1726.

I HAVE been balancing, dear Sir, these three days, whether I should write to you first. Laying aside the superiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: then, I considered, that this was done in the public news, with all the formalities of reception of a lord lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of *Ireland*; but, said I, what if my friend should dispute this? Then I considered, that letters were always introduced at first from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. I short, my affection, and the pleasure of corresponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and, since you most disdainfully, and barbarously confined me to two lines a month, I was resolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a sort of a compliment, to be supposed capable of saying any thing in

two lines. The *Gascoyne* asked only to speak one word to the *French* king, which the king confining him to, he brought a paper, and said, *signez*, and not a word more. Your negotiation with the singing man is in the hands of my daughter *Nancy*, who, I can assure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you: she has wrote about it. Mr. *Pope* has been in hazard of his life by drowning: coming late, two weeks ago, from lord *Bolingbroke's* in his coach and fix, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it; and the glass being up, which he could not break, nor get down, he was very near drowned; for, the footman was stuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to his assistance. He had that in common with *Horace*, that it was occasioned by the trunk of a tree; but it was *trunco rheda illapsa, neque Faunus iectum dextra levabat*; for he was wounded in the left hand, but, thank God, without any danger; but by the cutting of a large vessel, lost a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs. *Howard*, who has a most intolerable pain in one side of her head. I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, her royal highness. She insisted upon your wit, and good conversation. I told her royal highness, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere, honest man, and speaking the truth, when others were afraid to speak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the duchess of *Marlborough's*, with Mr. *Congreve*, who has been like to die with a fever, and the gout in his stomach; but he is now better, and like to do well. My brother was like to be cast away going to *France*: there was a ship lost just by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with most sincere affection, to an ungrateful man as you are, that minds every body more than me, except what concerns my interest. My dear friend, farewell.

L E T -

L E T T E R CCXXX.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

London, Sept. 22, 1726.

A BOOKSELLER, who says he is in a few days going to *Dublin*, calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you, though I have nothing to say more by this conveyance, than I should have by that of the post; though I have lately clubbed with *Pope* to make up a most elegant epistle to you in prose and verse; and though I wrote the other day the first paragraph of that Chedder * letter, which is preparing for you. The only excuse then, which I can plead for writing now, is, that the letters will cost you nothing. Have you heard of the accident which befel poor *Pope* in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank steep, an hole on one side, and a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In short, he overturned, the fall was broke by the water; but the glasses were up, and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glass, and pulled him out through the window. His right-hand was severely cut; but the surgeon thinks him in no danger of losing the use of his fingers: however, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the shoulder downwards, which might create a suspicion, that some of the glass remains still in the flesh. *St. Andre* says, there is none. If so, these pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him across the water to see Mrs. *Howard*, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Just as I am writing, I hear, that doctor *Arbutnot* says, that *Pope's* pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wound. He suffers very much; I will endeavour to see him to-morrow. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford

* A Chedder letter, is a letter written by the contribution of several friends, each furnishing a paragraph. The name is borrowed from that of a large and excellent cheese made at *Chedder* in *Somersetshire*, where all the dairies contribute to make the cheese, which is thus made of new milk, or fresh cream; of which, one dairy not furnishing a sufficient quantity, the common practice is, to make cheese of milk or cream that has been set by, till a proper quantity is procured, and then part of it at least is stale.

to write. I would say something to you of myself, if I had any good to say; but I am much in the same way in which you left me, eternally busy about trifles, disagreeable in themselves, but rendered supportable by their end; which is, to enable me to bury myself from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable sepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next spring, and shall be glad to see you at my funeral. Adieu.

LETTER CCXXXI.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Whitehall, Oct. 22, 1726.

BEFORE I say one word to you, give me leave to say something of the other gentleman's affair. The letter was sent; and the answer was, that every thing was finished and concluded according to orders, and that it would be publicly known to be so in a very few days; so that, I think, there can be no occasion for his writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr. *Pope*, was not received till eleven or twelve days after date; and the post-office, we suppose, have very vigilant officers; for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter. I wish, I could tell you, that the cutting of the tendons of two of his fingers was a joke; but it is really so: the wound is quite healed; his hand is still weak, and the two fingers drop downwards, as I told you before*; but, I hope, it will be very little troublesome or detrimental to him. In answer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter. If you will examine it once again, you will find some lines of Mrs. *Howard*, and some of Mr. *Pulteney*, which you have not taken the least notice of. The receipt of the veal is of Monsieur *Davaux*, Mr. *Pulteney*'s cook; and it hath been approved of at one of our *Twickenham* entertainments. The difficulty of the saucepan, I believe you will find, is owing to a negligence in perusing the manuscript; for, if I remember right, it is there called a stew-pan. Your earthen vessel, pro-

* In the preceding letter he says, no tendon is cut: he must therefore refer to a letter not in this collection, if his memory did not fail him.

vided it is close stopped, I allow to be a good *succedaneum*. As to the boiling chickens in a wooden bowl, I shall be quite ashamed to consult Mrs. *Howard* upon your account, who thinks herself intirely neglected by you, in not writing to her, as you promised: however, let her take it as she will, to serve a friend, I'll venture to ask it of her. The prince and his family come to settle in town to-morrow. That Mr. *Pulteney* expected an answer to his letter, and would be extremely pleased to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with expectation for above a fortnight.

I have of late been very much out of order with a slight fever, which I am not yet quite free from. It was occasioned by a cold, which my attendance at the *Guild-Hall* improved. I have not a friend, who has got any thing under my administration, but the duchess of *Queensberry*, who hath had a benefit of a thousand pounds. Your mentioning Mr. *Rollinson* * so kindly will, I know, give him much pleasure; for he always talks of you with great regard, and the strongest terms of friendship. He hath been of late ill of a fever, but is recovered so as to go abroad and take the air.

If the engravers keep their word with me, I shall be able to publish my fables soon after *Christmas*. The doctor's book † is intirely printed off, and will be very soon published. I believe you'll expect, that I should give you some account how I have spent my time since you left me. I have attended my distressed friend at *Twickenham*, and been his *amanuensis*, which you know is no idle charge. I have read about half *Virgil*, and half *Spencer's Fairy-Queen*. I still despise court preferments, so that I lose no time upon attendance on great men; and still can find amusement enough without quadrille, which here is the universal employment of life.

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, so that I determined not to stir out of my lodgings till I had answered your letter: and, I think, I shall very probably hear more of the matter (which I mention in the first paragraph of this letter) as soon as I go abroad; for I expect it every day.

* A great friend of lord *Bolingbroke*, Dr. *Swift*, and Mr. *Pope*. He married the widow of John earl of *Winchelsea*.

† *Arbutnot's* tables of antient coins, &c.

We have no news as yet of Mr. *Stopford*: Mr. *Rollinson* told me he shall know of his arrival, and will send me word. Lord *Bolingbroke* hath been to make a visit to Sir *William Wyndham*. I hear he is returned, but I have not seen him. If I had been in a better state of health, and Mrs. *Howard** were not to come to town to-morrow, I would have gone to Mr. *Pope*'s to-day, to have dined with him there on *Monday*.

You ask me how to address to lord *B*——, when you are disposed to write to him. If you mean lord *Burlington*, he is not yet returned from *France*, but is expected every day. If you mean lord *Bathurst*, he is in *Gloucestershire*, and makes but a very short stay; so that if you direct to one of them in *St. James's-square*, or to the other at *Burlington-house*, in *Piccadilly*, your letter will find them. I will make your compliments to lord *Chesterfield* and Mr. *Pulteney*; and I beg you, in return, to make mine to Mr. *Ford*. Next week I shall have a new coat, and new buttons, for the birth-day, though I don't know, but a turn-coat might have been more for my advantage. Your's most sincerely and affectionately.

P. S. I hear that lord *Bolingbroke* will be in town, at his house in *Pall-mall*, next week.

As we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking of it, accept of the following receipt for stewing veal †.

Take a knuckle of veal;
 You may buy it, or steal.
 In a few pieces cut it:
 In a stewing-pan put it.
 Salt, pepper, and mace
 Must season this knuckle;
 Then ‡ what's join'd to a place,
 With other herbs muckle;
 That, which killed king || *Will*:
 And what never § stands still.

* Afterwards countess of *Suffolk*, from whom *Gay* at this time had expectations.

† This is supposed to be the receipt of Mr. *Pulteney*'s cook, mentioned in the preceding part of this letter, verified.

‡ Vulgo, salary. || Supposed sorrel. § This is by Dr. *Bentley* thought to be time, or thyme.

Some * sprigs of that bed
 Where children are bred,
 Which much you will mend, if
 Both spinnage and endive,
 And lettice, and beet,
 With marygold meet.
 Put no water at all;
 For it maketh things small,
 Which, lest it should happen,
 A clofe cover clap on.
 Put this pot of † *Wood's* mettle
 In a hot boiling kettle,
 And there let it be
 (Mark the doctrine I teach)
 About—let me see,—
 Thrice as long as you preach ‡ :
 So skimming the fat off,
 Say grace with your hat off.
 O, then! with what rapture
 Will it fill dean and chapter!

L E T T E R CCXXXII.

Dr. A R B U T H N O T to Dr. S W I F T.

London, Nov. 8, 1726.

I TAKE it mighty kindly, that a man of your high post, dear Sir, was pleased to write me so long a letter. I look upon the captain *Tom* of a great nation to be a much greater man than the governor of it.

I am sorry your commiffion about your finger has not been executed fooner. It is not *Nanny's* fault, who has spoke feveral times to Dr. *Pepusch* about it, and wrote three or four letters, and received for answer,

* Parsley. Vide *Chamberlayne*.

† Copper.

‡ 'Which we suppose to be near four hours.'

that

that he would write for the young fellow; but still, nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myself.

Your books shall be sent as directed: they have been printed above a month; but I cannot get my subscriber's names*. I will make over all my profits to you for the property of *Gulliver's travels*; which, I believe, will have as great a run as *John Bunyan*. *Gulliver* is a happy man, that, at his age, can write such a merry book.

I made my lord archbishop's † compliments to her royal highness, who returns his grace her thanks; at the same time, Mrs. *Howard* read your letter to herself. The princess immediately seized on your plaid ‡ for her own use, and has ordered the young princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her, she was reading *Gulliver*, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince; which she laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projectors is the least brilliant. *Lewis* || grumbles a little at it, and says, he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like *Barnevelt* § in time. I gave your service to lady *Harvey*. She is in a little sort of a miss about a ballad, that was wrote on her, to the tune of *Molly Mogg*, and sent to her, in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres; which the authors, Mr. *Pulteney* and lord *Chesterfield*, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

There has been a comical paper about quadrille ¶ describing it in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies, meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy, and two of a swarthy complexion, talking of their a——es, &c. The riddle is carried on in pretty strong terms, it was not found out a

* 'To a work, in 4to, intitled, *Tables of ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, explained and exemplified in several Dissertations.*'

† 'Probably, archbishop King of Dublin.'

‡ The Dean sent a present of some silk plaids from *Ireland*, for the princess of *Wales*, and the young princesses.

|| 'Erasmus Lewis, Esq;'

§ This refers to a pamphlet, intitled, *A Key to the Lock: Or, a Treatise proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late Poem, intitled, The Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion.* By *Esdras Barnevelt*, Apothecary. The second edition of this piece was published 1715, 8vo.

¶ Written by Mr. *Congreve*.

long time. The ladies, imagining it to be a real thing, began to guess who were of the party. A great minister was for hanging the author. In short, it has made very good sport.

Gay has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered : so is Mr. Pope. We shall meet at lord *Bolingbroke's* on *Thursday*, in town, at dinner, and remember you. *Gulliver* is in every body's hands. Lord *Scarborough*, who is no inventor of stories, told me, that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him, that he was very well acquainted with *Gulliver*; but that the printer had mistaken, that he lived in *Wapping*, and not at *Rotherhithe*. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to search for *Lilliput*.

We expect war here. The city of *London* are all crying out for it, that they shall be undone without it, there being now a total stoppage of all trade. I think one of the best courses will be, to rig out a privateer for the *West Indies*. Will you be concerned? We will build her at *Bermudas*, and get Mr. Dean *Berkeley* * to be our manager.

I had the honour to see lord *Oxford*, who asked kindly for you, and said he would write to you. If the project goes on of printing some papers, he has promised to give copies of some things, which I believe cannot be found elsewhere. My brother *Robert* has been very ill of a rheumatism. Wishing you all health and happiness, and not daring to write my paper on the other side, I must remain, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

J O. A R B U T H N O T.

L E T T E R CCXXXIII.

Mrs. H O W A R D to Dr. S W I F T.

Nov. 1726.

I DID not expect, that the sight of my ring would produce the effects it has. I was in such a hurry to shew your plaid to the princess, that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely,

* He formed a design of fixing an university in the *Bermudas*. See note on *Bolingbroke's* letter dated *July 24, 1725*.

and

and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design ; but as this is not proper for the public, you are desired to send over, for the same princess's use, the height of the *Brobdingnag* dwarf multiplied by $2\frac{1}{2}$. The young princesses must be taken care of ; theirs must be in three shares : for a short method, you may draw a line of 20 feet, and upon that, by two circles, form an equilateral triangle ; then measuring each side, you will find the proper quantity and proper division. If you want a more particular or better rule, I refer you to the academy of *Legado* *. I am of opinion many of this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly necessary, that care be taken of disposing of the purple, the yellow and white silks ; and though the greens are for the princesses, the officers are very vigilant ; so take care they are not seized. Don't forget to be observant how you dispose of the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the chequer might be best managed.

The princess will take care, that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you till you return to *England* ; but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels †, and therefore advises your keeping close till they arrive. Here are several *Lilliputian* mathematicians, so that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Don't forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have arisen here, whether the *Big-Endians* and *Lesser-Endians* ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either buttered or poached ? Or whether this part of cookery was ever known in *Lilliput* ? I cannot conclude without telling you, that our island is in great joy ; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo ; and another has brought forth four perfect black ‡ rabbits. May we not hope, and, with some probability, expect, that, in time, our female yahoos will produce a race of *Houyhnhnms* ? I am, Sir, your humble servant,

S I E V E Y A H O O §.

* See *Gulliver's travels*.

† See *Gulliver's travels*, where high and low heels are made the distinction of political parties.

‡ This alludes to a famous impostor, *Mary Tofts*, of *Godalmin*, in *Surry*, called the rabbit-woman, who, in *Nov. 1756*, pretended to be delivered of living rabbits, and imposed, among others, upon *St. Andrée*, a physician, who was her advocate, I think, in print.

§ *Sieve Yahoo* is a name given by *Swift*, in his *Gulliver's travels*, to a court lady.

L E T T E R CCXXXIV.

The Earl of PETERBOROW to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Nov. 29, 1726.

I WAS endeavouring to give an answer to yours in a new dialect, which most of us are very fond of. I depended much upon a lady, who had a good ear, and a pliant tongue, in hopes she might have taught me to draw sounds out of consonants. But she, being a professed friend to the *Italian* speech and vowels, would give me no assistance, and so I am forced to write to you in the *Yaboo* language.

The new one in fashion is much studied, and great pains taken about the pronunciation. Every body (since a new turn) approves of it; but the women seem most satisfied, who declare for few words and horse-performance. It suffices to let you know, that there is a neighing duetto appointed for the next opera.

Strange distempers rage in the nation, which your friend the * Doctor takes no care of. In some, the imagination is struck with the apprehension of swelling to a giant, or dwindling to a pigmy. Others expect an oration equal to any of *Cicero's* from an eloquent barb, and some take the braying of an ass for the emperor's speech in favour of the *Vienna* alliance. The knowledge of the ancient world is of no use; men have lost their titles; continents and islands have got new names, just upon the appearance of a certain book †. Women bring forth rabbits ‡; and every man, whose wife has conceived, expects an heir with four legs. It was concluded not long ago, that such confusion could be only brought about by the black art, and by the spells of a notorious scribbling § magician, who was generally suspected, and was to be recommended to the mercy of the inquisition. Indictments were upon the anvil, a charge of sorcery preparing, and *Merlin's* friends were afraid, that the exasperated pettifoggers

* Probably *Arbuthnot*.

† *Gulliver's travels*.

‡ ' *Mary Tofts* pretended to do this; but being brought up to town, and well watched, the imposture was detected.'

§ The Dean.

would

would persuade the jury to bring in *billa vera*. For they pretended to bring in certain proofs of his appearance in several shapes, at one time a drapier*; at another a *Wapping* surgeon†, sometimes a nardac, sometimes a reverend divine. Nay more, that he could raise the dead; that he had brought philosophers, heroes, and poets, in the same caravan from the other world; and, after a few questions, had sent them all to play at quadrille in a flying island of his own.

This was the scene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizzard. But what mutations amongst the *Lilliputians*! The greatest lady in the nation resolves to send a pair of shoes without heels to captain *Gulliver*: she takes *vi et armis* the plaid from the lady it was sent to, which is soon to appear upon her royal person; and now, who but captain *Gulliver*? The captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet live to see him a bishop. Verily, verily, I believe he never was in such imminent danger of preferment. Sir, your affectionate tar.

L E T T E R CCXXXV.

Earl of PETERBOROW to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

ONE of your *Irish* heroes, that, from the extremity of our *English* land, came to destroy the wicked brazen project‡, desires to meet you on *Monday* next at *Parson's-Green*. If you are not engaged, I will send my coach for you.

Sir *Robert Walpole*, any morning, except *Tuesday* and *Thursday* (which are his public days) about nine o'clock, will be glad to see you, at his *London* house. On *Monday*, if I see you, I will give you a fuller account. Your affectionate servant,

P E T E R B O R O W.

Saturday evening.

* In the drapier's letters against *Wood's* halfpence.

† *Lemuel Gulliver*.

‡ *Wood's* halfpence.

L E T T E R CCXXXVI.

Lady B O L I N G B R O K E * to Dr. S W I F T.

de Dawleo ce premier Fevrier, 1726-7.

ON m'a dit, monsieur, que vous vous plaignes de n'avoir point reçu de mes lettres. Vous avez tort : je vous traite comme les divinités, qui tiennent compte aux hommes de leurs intentions. Il y a dix ans, que j'ay celle de vous écrire ; avant que d'avoir l'honneur de vous connoître l'idée, que je me faisois de votre gravité, me retenoit : depuis que j'ay eu celui de voir votre reverence, je ne me suis pas trouvée assez d'imagination pour l'hazarder. Un certain monsieur *de Gulliver* avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination si éteinte par l'air de *Londres*, et par des conversations dont je n'entend que le bruit, je voulû me saisir de ce moment pour vous écrire mais je tombois malade, et je l'ay toujours esté depuis trois mois. Je profite donc, monsieur, de premier retour de ma santé de vous remercier de vos reproches, dont je suis très flattée, et pour vous dire un mot de mon ami monsieur *Gulliver*. J'apprend avec une grande satisfaction, qu'il vient d'être traduit en *François*, et comme mon séjour en *Angleterre* a beaucoup redoublé mon amitié pour mon pays et pour mes compatriotes, je suis ravi qu'ils puissent participer au plaisir, que m'a fait ce bon monsieur, et profiter de ses découvertes. Je ne désespere pas que 12 vaisseaux que la *France* vient d'armer ne puissent être destinés, à une ambassade chez messieurs les *Houyhnhnms*. En ce cas je vous proposerai, que nous fassions ce voyage. En attendant je sçay bon gré à un ouvrier de votre nation, qui pour instruire les dames, les quelles comme vous sçavez, monsieur, (font icy un grand usage) de leurs éventails, en a fait faire ou toutes les aventures de notre veridique voyageur sont peintes. Vous jugez bien quelle part il va avoir dans leur conversation. Cela fera à la vérité beaucoup de tort à la pluie et au beau temps, qui en remplissoient une partie, et en mon particulier je serai privée des *very cold* et *very warm*, qui sont les peu mots, que j'en-

* ' Second wife of lord viscount *Bolingbroke*, born in *France*. She had been second wife of the marquis *de Villette*, chef d'escadre, nephew or cousin to madame *de Maintenon*. See *Voltaire Siècle de Louis XIV.* tom. II. She died *March* 18, 1749. Lord *Bolingbroke* survived her, dying *December* 15, 1751, aged 78.'

tende.

tende. Je conte de vous envoyer de ces éventails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un merite avec les dames d'*Irlande*, si tant est que vous en ayez besoin ; ce qui je ne crois pas, du moins si elles pensent comme les *Françoises*. Le seigneur de *Dawley*, Mr. *Pope*, et moy sommes icy occupés a boire, manger, dormir, ou ne ainsaire priant Dieu qu'a rien, si soit de vou. Revenez ce printems nous revoir, monsieur, attend vôtre retour avec impatience pour tuer le boeuf le plus pesant, et le cochon le plus gros, qui soit dans ma ferme : l'un et l'autre seront servis en entier sur le table de vôtre reverence, craint qu'elle n'aucun mon cuisinier deguifement. Vous brillieres parmy nous du moins autant que parmy vos Chanoins, et nous ne ferons pas moins empressé a vous plaire. Je le disputerai a tout autre, etant plus que personne du monde vôtre tres humble and tres obeissante servante.

L E T T E R CCXXXVII.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

Feb. 17, 1726-7.

THIS opportunity of writing to you I cannot neglect, though I shall have less to say to you than I should have by another conveyance, Mr. *Stopford* being fully informed of all that passes in this boisterous climate of ours, and carrying with him a cargo of our weekly productions. You will find anger on one side, and rage on the other ; satire on one side, and defamation on the other. Ah ! *ou est Grillon ?* You suffer much where you are, as you tell me, in an old letter of yours, which I have before me ; but you suffer with the hopes of passing next summer between *Dawley* and *Twickenham* ; and these hopes, you flatter us, are enough to support your spirits. Remember this solemn renewal of your engagements. Remember, that though you are a Dean, you are not great enough to despise the reproach of breaking your word. Your deafness must not be a hackney excuse to you, as it was to *Oxford*. What matter, if you are deaf ? what matter, if you cannot hear what we say ? You are not dumb, and we shall hear you, and that's enough. My wife writes to you herself, and sends you some fans just arrived from *Lilliput*, which you will dispose of to the

present *Stella*, whoever she be. Adieu, dear friend; I cannot in conscience keep you any longer from enjoying Mr. *Stopford*'s conversation. I am hurrying myself here, that I may get a day or two for *Dawley*, where I hope, that you will find me established at your return. There I hope to finish my days in ease, without sloth; and believe I shall seldom visit *London*, unless it be to divert myself now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two. Once more adieu; no man loves you better than your faithful.

L E T T E R CCXXXVIII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Whitehall, Feb. 18, 1726-7.

I BELIEVE it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr. *Pope* hath taken all I have to say, and put it into a long letter, which is sent too by Mr. *Stopford*: but however, I could not omit this occasion for thanking you for his acquaintance. I don't know whether I ought to thank you or not, considering I have lost him so soon, though he hath given me some hopes of seeing him in the summer. He will give you an account of our negotiations together; and I may now glory in my success, since I could contribute to his. We dined together to-day at the Doctor's, who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr. *Stopford* gave us, that we are like to see you soon. My fables are printed; but I cannot get my plates finished, which hinders the publication. I expect nothing, and am like to get nothing. It is needless to write, for Mr. *Stopford* can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter. Mrs. *Howard* desires me to make her compliments; she hath been in an ill state of health all this winter, but I hope is somewhat better. I have been very much out of order myself for the most part of the winter: upon my being let blood last week, my cough and my head-ach are much better. Mrs. *Blount* always asks after you. I refused supping at *Burlington* house, in regard to my health; and this morning I walked two hours in the park. The contempt of the world grows upon me, and I now begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with less

than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I shall bring myself into that state, which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with so little, lest my good friends should censure me for indolence, and the want of a laudable ambition. So that it will be absolutely necessary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How solicitous is mankind to please others? Pray give my sincere service to Mr. Ford. Dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

J. G A Y.

L E T T E R CCXXXIX.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

May 18, 1727.

I LIVED on *Tuesday* with you and *Pope*. Yesterday another of my friends found his way to this retreat*, and I shall pass this day alone. Would to God my whole life could be divided in the same manner; two thirds to friendship, one third to myself, and not a moment of it to the world.

In the epistle, a part of which you shewed me, mention is made of the author of three *Occasional Letters*†, a person intirely unknown. I would have you insinuate there, that the only reason *Walpole* can have had to ascribe them to a particular person, is the authority of one of his spies, who wriggles himself into the company of those, who neither love, esteem, nor fear the minister, that he may report, not what he hears, (since no man speaks with any freedom before him) but what he guesses.

I was interrupted yesterday when I least expected it; and I am going to-day to *London*, where I hear that my wife is not very well. Let me know how Mrs. *Pope* does.

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have slipped out of my memory. Do not forget the sixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the min——

* ‘*Dawley*.’

† Printed in his lordship's works. They were first published in *Feb.* 1726.

character transferred into the administration. Adieu, I am very faithfully yours, my dear and reverend Dean. I embrace *Pope*.

Friday morning.

L E T T E R CCXL.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

Saturday, at *Pope's*, June 24, 1727.

I AM going to *London*, and intend to carry this letter, which I will give you, if I see you, and leave for you, if I do not see you.

There would not be common sense in your going into *France* at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit, which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity for quitting *Ireland* for *England* is, I believe, fairly before you*. To hanker after a court is fit for men with blue ribbands, pompous titles, and overgrown estates. It is below either you or me; one of whom never made his fortune, and the other's turned rotten at the very moment it grew ripe. But, without hankering, without assuming a suppliant dependant's air, you may spend in *England* all the time you can be absent from *Ireland*, & *faire la guerre à l'oeil*. There has not been so much inactivity as you imagine; but I cannot answer for contingencies. Adieu.

If you can call on me to-morrow morning, in your way to church, about ten o'clock, you will find me just returning to *Cranford* from the *Pall-mall*.

I shall return again to *London* on *Monday* evening.

* See a letter from Dr. *Swift* to Dr. *Sheridan*, dated *June 24, 1727*. vol. xii. p. 213. edit. 8vo, 1755.

L E T T E R CCXLI.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

Cranford, Tuesday.

I HAVE so severe a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes, that I dare hardly stir abroad. You will be ready to say, Physician, cure thyself; and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yesterday, fourteen ounces of blood; and such an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than steel, bitters, waters and drops. I wish *John Gay* success in his pursuit; but I think he has some qualities, which will keep him down in the world. Good God! what is man? polished, civilized, learned man! A liberal education fits him for slavery; and the pains he has taken gives him the noble pretension of dangling away life in an ante-chamber, or of employing real talents to serve those, who have none; or, which is worse than all the rest, of making his reason and his knowledge serve all the purposes of other mens follies and vices. You say not a word to me about the public, of whom I think as seldom as possible. I consider myself as a man with some little satisfaction, and with some use; but I have no pleasure in thinking I am an *Englishman*; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpose, to act like one. *Serpit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum semel cœpit, labitur. Plures enim discunt quemadmodum hæc fiant, quam quemadmodum his resistatur.* Adieu.

Let me know how you do. If your landlord * is returned, my kindest services to him.

* Mr. Pope, the Dean being at *Twickenham*.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R CCXLII.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

Indorsed,

Sunday, "on going to France about June, 1727."

YOU may be sure of letters from me to people, who will receive you with all the honours due to so great a traveller, and so exact an author. I am obliged to stay in the country to-morrow, by some business relating to my poor farm, which I would willingly make a rich one; and for which purpose a person is with me, who comes from *Suffork* on my summons.

On *Tuesday*, by seven in the evening, I will certainly be in the *Pall-mall*, and there you shall have, if you meet me, and not otherwise, both my letters and instructions, which will be of use to you.

Raillery apart: since you do go into *France*, I shall be glad to talk with you before your departure; and I fancy you would not leave *England* without embracing the man in *England*, who loves you best. Adieu. My best services attend all with you.

L E T T E R CCXLIII.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

Tuesday.

I RETURN you the papers, which I have read twice over since you was here. They are extremely well; but the *Craftsman* has not only advertised the public, that he intended to turn news-writer, he has begun, and for some weeks continued to appear under that new character. This consideration inclines me to think, that another turn might be given to the introduction; and perhaps this would naturally call for a fourth letter from the *Occasional Writer*, to account for his silence, to prosecute your argument, to state the present disputes about political affairs; and, in short, to revive and animate the paper war. When we meet next, I will explain

plain myself better than I can do by a letter writ in haste, with mowers and haymakers about me. Adieu. Let *Pope* share my embraces with you.

L E T T E R CCXLIV.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

Thursday.

L O R D B. is so ill, and so much alone, the common fate of those who are out of power, that I have not left him one day since my return from *London*. Let me know how you are. Say something very kind from me to *Pope*. Toss *John Gay* over the water to *Richmond*, if he is with you. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCXLV.

Mr. P U L T E N E Y to Mr. P O P E.

I A M obliged to you all for your complement, and, when the Dean is well enough, I hope to see you in town. You will probably find me a much happier man than when you saw me last; for I flatter myself, that in an hour or two I shall be once more blessed with a son. Mrs. *Pulteney* is now in labour: if she does well, and brings me a boy, I shall not care one sixpence how much longer Sir *Robert* governs *England*, or *Horace* governs *France*. I am ever yours,
W. P.

Eleven o'clock, Tuesday morning.

L E T T E R CCXLVI.

Mrs. H O W A R D to Dr. S W I F T.

Aug. 1727.

I W R I T E to you to please myself. I hear you are melancholy because you have a bad head, and deaf ears. These are two misfortunes I have laboured under these many years, and yet was never peevish with myself or the world. Have I more philosophy and resolution than you?
Or

Or am I so stupid I don't feel the evil? Is this meant in a good-natured view? Or do I mean, that I please myself, when I insult over you? Answer these queries in writing, if poison or other methods don't enable you soon to appear in person. Though I make use of your own word poison, give me leave to tell you, it is nonsense; and I desire you will take more care, for the time to come, how you endeavour to impose upon my understanding, by making no use of your own. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCXLVII.

Mrs. H O W A R D to Dr. S W I F T.

Sept. 1727.

I DID desire you to write me a love-letter; but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I had rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your head-ach, or any other complaint you have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life. So that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise insist upon your taking no resolution to leave *England* till I see you; which must be here, for the most disagreeable reason in the world, and the most shocking: I dare not go to you. Believe no body, that talks to you of the queen, without you are sure the person likes both the queen and you. I have been a slave twenty years, without ever receiving a reason for any one thing I ever was obliged to do; and I have now a mind to take the pleasure, once in my life, of absolute power; which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one question why I have given them.

L E T -

L E T T E R CCXLVIII.

Chevalier R A M S A Y * to Dr. S W I F T.

R E V E R E N D S I R,

Paris, Aug. 1, 1727.

MR. *Hooke* having acquainted me with what goodness and patience you have been pleased to examine a performance of mine †, I take this occasion to make my acknowledgments. Nothing could flatter me more sensibly than your approbation. To acquire the esteem of persons of your merit is the principal advantage I could wish for by becoming an author, and more than I could flatter myself with. I should be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way useful to you in this part of the world, where, I assure you, your reputation is as well established as in your own country. I am with the utmost regard and esteem, reverend Sir, your most humble, and most obliged, obedient servant,

A. R A M S A Y.

L E T T E R CCXLIX.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. W O R R A L L.

London, Sept. 12, 1727.

I H A V E not wrote to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not necessary. By Dr. *Sheridan's* frequent letters, I am every post expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years, that nature may leave me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. *Brent*, that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minimè decet, uti manifestum est: habeo enim malignos,*

* * *Andrew Michael Ramsay*, knight of *St. Lazarus* in *France*, and doctor of laws of the university of *Oxford*. He was born in *Scotland* 9th of *June*, 1686, and educated a Protestant, but converted to the church of *Rome* in 1709, by *Fenelon* archbishop of *Cambray*, whose life he published. In 1724, he was sent for to *Rome* by the Pretender, in order to be tutor to his two sons; but the divisions and jealousies of that court induced him to desire leave to return to *France*, where he was appointed governor of the duke of *Chateau-Thierry*, and afterwards of the prince of *Turenne*. He died *May* 6, 1743, at *St. Germain-en-laie*, at the age of fifty-seven. He is well known for his *Travels of Cyrus*, his *Life of Marshal Turenne*, &c.

† The *Travels of Cyrus*.

qui finistré hoc interpretabuntur, si eveniat (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur. I am in such a condition of health, that I cannot possibly travel. Dr. *Sheridan*, to whom I wrote this last post, will be more particular, and spare my weak disordered head. Pray answer all calls of money in your power to Mrs. *Dingley*, and desire her to ask it. I cannot come back at the time of my licence, I am afraid. Therefore the second or third day before it expires, which will be the beginning of *October*, (you will find by the date of the last) take out a new one for another half year; and let the same clause be in (of leave to go to *Great Britain*, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health) for very probably, if this unfortunate event should happen of the loss of our friend (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better) I will go to *France*, if my health will permit me to forget myself *. I leave my whole little affairs with you; I hate to think of them. If Mr. *Deacon*, or alderman *Pearson*, come to pay rent, take it on account, unless they bring you their last acquittance to direct you. But *Deacon* owes me seventy-five pounds, and interest, upon his bond; so that you are to take care, of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs *Worrall* have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am sincerely yours.

You need not trouble yourself to write, till you have business; for it is uncertain where I shall be.

L E T T E R CCL.

Dr. S W I F T to Mrs. H O W A R D †.

M A D A M,

Sept. 1727.

THIS cruel disorder of deafness, attended with giddiness, still confines me. I have been debating with myself, that having a home in

* Soon after the date of this letter the Dean went to *Ireland*; and Mrs. *Johnson*, after languishing about two months, died on the 28th of *January*, 1727. in the 44th year of her age.

† This lady, who was sister to *John*, late earl of *Buckinghamshire*, went, in the prime of her youth, to the court of *Hanover*, with her husband, the hon. *Charles Howard*, and became of the bedchamber to the electoral princess, afterwards princess of *Wales*, and then queen *Caroline*. Upon the death of queen *Anne*, she came over with her mistress, and was reckoned the greatest favourite at *Leicester-house*. Some time after the accession of *George II.* her husband became earl of *Suffolk*, by the death of his elder brother *Edward*, earl of *Suffolk*; and in a few years she retired

Dublin not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return thither, while my sickness will allow me to travel. I am therefore setting out for *Ireland*; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troublesome companion.

I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favour me so far, as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow, that my disorder was of such a nature, as to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours *. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCLI.

Dr. A R B U T H N O T to Dr. S W I F T.

London, Nov. 30, 1727.

I HAVE heard, dear Sir, with great pleasure, of your safe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the best expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the inclosed comes from; and, I hope, will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except myself. Either you have not done me justice, or they have not done you; for I have not heard from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters. If my curiosity wanted only to be gratified, I don't stand in need of a letter from yourself, to inform me what you are doing; for there are people about court, who can tell me every thing, that you do or say; so that you had best take care of your conduct. You see of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aside, I must ask you, if you have any interest? Or, do you think, that I could have, or procure any

retired from court. She survived her first husband (by whom she had one son *Henry*, who succeeded his father, and died without issue) and being countess dowager of *Suffolk*, married the hon. Mr. *George Berkeley*, brother to lady *Betty Germain*, in the year 1735. See lady *B. G.*'s letter, dated *July 12, 1735*.

* His opinion of this lady, and sense of her majesty's favours, are expressed very differently in other places: it is therefore to be presumed, they were changed by some events subsequent to this letter, though I think he was never afterwards in *England*. See verses on his own death, and the letters of lady *B. G.* in this collection, *Nov. 7, and Feb. 1732*.

with my lord lieutenant, to advance a relation of mine, one captain *Innes*, I think in colonel *Wilson's* regiment, and now in *Limerick*? He is an exceeding worthy man, but has stuck long in a low post, for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I shall proceed in this matter.

I was yesterday with all your friends at *St. James's*. There is certainly a fatality upon poor *Gay*. As for hopes of preferment there by favour, he has laid it aside. He has made a pretty good bargain (that is, a *Smithfield* one) for a little place in the custom-house, which was to bring him in about a hundred a year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to *Gay*. When every thing was concluded, the man repented, and said, he would not part with his place. I have begged *Gay* not to buy an annuity upon my life; I am sure I should not live a week. I long to hear of the safe arrival of Dr. *Delaney*. Pray, give my humble service to him.

As for news, it was wrote from *Spain*, to me, from my brother in *France*, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the ministry know nothing of it. Nay, some told me, that the answer was rather surly. Lord *Townshend* is very ill; but I think, by the description of his case, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the back-stairs yesterday, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, &c. The first part of the discourse was about you, Mr. *Pope*, *Curl*, and myself. My family are well: they, and my brother in *France*, and one that is here, all give their service to you. If you had been so lucky as to have gone to *Paris* last summer, you would have had health, honour, and diversion in abundance; for I will promise, you would have recovered of the spleen. I shall add no more, but my kindest wishes, and that I am, with the greatest affection and respect, yours, &c.

L E T T E R CCLII.

Monfieur V O L T A I R E to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

In London, at the White Peruke, Covent-Garden, Dec. 14, 1727.

YOU will be surprized in receiving an * *English* essay from a *French* traveller. Pray, forgive an admirer of you, who owes to your writings

* An essay on the civil wars of *France*, which he made the foundation of his *Henriade*, an heroic

the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the rash attempt of writing in *English*.

You will see by the advertisement, that I have some designs upon you, and that I must mention you, for the honour of your country, and for the improvement of mine. Do not forbid me to grace my relation with your name. Let me indulge the satisfaction of talking of you, as posterity will do.

In the mean time, can I make bold to intreat you to make some use of your interest in *Ireland*, about some subscriptions for the *Henriade*; which is almost ready, and does not come out yet for want of a little help? The subscriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am, with the highest esteem, and the utmost gratitude, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

V O L T A I R E.

L E T T E R CCLIII.

Monfieur V O L T A I R E to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

I SENT the other day a cargo of *French* dullness to my lord lieutenant. My lady *Bolingbroke* has taken upon herself to send you one copy of the *Henriade*. She is desirous to do that honour to my book; and, I hope, the merit of being presented to you by her hands will be a commendation to it. However, if she has not done it already, I desire you to take one of the cargo, which is now at my lord lieutenant's. I wish you a good hearing; if you have got it, you want nothing. I have not seen Mr. *Pope* this winter; but I have seen the third volume of the miscellanea; and the more I read your works, the more I am ashamed of mine. I am, with respect, esteem, and gratitude, Sir, your most humble obedient servant,

V O L T A I R E.

heroic poem, since well known. He had been imprisoned in the *Bastile*, in *Paris*, but being released about the year 1725, he came to *England*, and solicited subscriptions for his poem. In about a year and an half, he had made himself master of our language; and, in 1727, when this letter was written, he published the essay here mentioned, with an essay on the epic poetry of the *European* nations, from *Homer* to *Milton*.

L E T -

L E T T E R CCLIV.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Whitehall, Feb. 15, 1727-8.

I HAVE deferred writing to you from time to time, till I could give you an account of the *Beggar's Opera*. It is acted at the play-house in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* with such success, that the play-house hath been crouded every night. To-night is the fifteenth time of acting; and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer. I have ordered *Motte* * to send the play to you the first opportunity. I made no interest, either for approbation, or money; nor hath any body been pressed to take tickets for my benefit: notwithstanding which, I think, I shall make an addition to my fortune of between six and seven hundred pounds. I know this account will give you pleasure, as I have pushed through this precarious affair without servility or flattery.

As to any favours from great men, I am in the same state you left me; but I am a great deal happier, as I have no expectations. The duchess of *Queensberry* hath signalized her friendship to me upon this occasion, in such a conspicuous manner, that I hope (for her sake) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uses, and suffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouths †. Lord *Cobham* says, that I should have printed it in *Italian* over-against the *English*, that the ladies might have understood what they read. The outlandish (as they now call it) opera hath been so thin of late, that some have called that the *Beggar's Opera*; and, if the run continues, I fear, I shall have remonstrances drawn up against me by the royal academy of music. As none of us have heard from you of late, every one of us are in concern about your health: I beg we may hear from you soon. By my constant attendance on this affair, I have almost worried myself into an ill state of health; but I intend in five or six days to go to our country-seat, at *Twickenham*, for a little air. Mr.

* ' Benjamin, the bookseller.'

† See the letter of November 9, 1729.

Pope

Pope is very seldom in town. Mrs. *Howard* frequently asks after you, and desires her compliments to you. Mr. *George Arbuthnot*, the Doctor's brother, is married to Mrs. *Peggy Robinson*.

I would write more, but as to-night is for my benefit, I am in a hurry to go out about business. I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant,

J. G A Y.

L E T T E R CCLV.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

March 20, 1727-8.

I AM extremely sorry, that your disorder is returned; but as you have a medicine, which hath twice removed it, I hope by this time you have again found the good effects of it. I have seen Dr. *Delaney* at my lodgings; but, as I have been for a few days with Mr. *Pulteney* at *Cashioberry*, I have not yet returned his visit. I went with him to wait upon lord *Bathurst*, and lord *Bolingbroke*; both of whom desire me to make you their compliments. Lady *Bolingbroke* was very much out of order; and, with my lord, is now at *Dawley*: she expects a letter from you. Mrs. *Howard* would gladly have the receipt you have found so much benefit by: she is happier than I have seen her, ever since you have left us, for she is free as to her conjugal affairs, by articles of agreement. The *Beggar's Opera* hath been acted now thirty-six times, and was as full the last night as the first; and as yet, there is not the least probability of a thin audience: though there is a discourse about the town, that the doctors of the royal academy of music design to solicit against its being played on the outlandish opera days, as it is now called. On the benefit-day of one of the actresses last week, one of the players falling sick, they were obliged to give out another play, or dismiss the audience. A play was given out, but the audience called out for the *Beggar's Opera*; and they were forced to play it, or the audience would not have staid.

I have got by all this success, between seven and eight hundred pounds; and *Rich*, deducting the whole charge of the house, hath cleared already

near four thousand pounds. In about a month I am going to *Bath* with the duchess of *Marlborough*, and Mr. *Congreve*; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the court. The duchess of *Queensberry* is in *Wiltshire*, where she hath had the small-pox in so favourable a way, that she had not above seven or eight on her face: she is now perfectly recovered. There is a metzotinto print published to-day of *Polly*, the heroine of the *Beggar's Opera**; who was before unknown, and is now in so high vogue, that I am in doubt, whether her fame does not surpass that of the opera itself. I would not have talked so much on this subject, or upon any thing that regards myself, but to you: as I know you interest yourself so sincerely in every thing that concerns me, I believe you would have blamed me, if I had said less.

I saw Dr. *Arbutnot* last night with Mr. *Lewis*, at Sir *William Wyndham's*, who, if he had not the gout, would have answered your letter you sent him a year and a half ago. He said this to me a week since, but he is now pretty well again, and so may forget to write; for which reason, I ought to do him justice, and tell you, that I think him a sincere well-wisher of yours. I have not seen Mr. *Pope* lately, but have heard, that both he and Mrs. † *Pope* are very well. I intend to see him at *Twickenham* on *Sunday* next. I have not drank out the *Gutheridge* cyder yet; but I have not so much as a single pint of port in my cellar. I have bought two pair of sheets against your coming to town, so that we need not send any more to *Jervais* upon that account. I really miss you every day; and I would be content, that you should have a whole window to yourself, and half another, to have you again. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately.

You have half a year's interest due at *Lady-day*, and now it is *March* the 20th, 1727-8.

* Miss *Fenton*.

† Mr. *Pope's* mother.

L E T T E R CCLVI.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. W O R R A L L.

Market-Hill, Jan. 4, 1728.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf and giddy; but however, I would certainly come to town not only for my visitation, but because in these circumstances, and in winter, I had rather be at home. But it is now *Saturday* night, and that beast *Sheridan* is not yet come, although it has been thawing since *Monday*. If I do not come, you know what to do.

My humble service to our friends, as usual.

L E T T E R CCLVII.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. W O R R A L L.

Market-Hill, Jan. 13, 1728-9.

I JUST received your letter, and should never have done, if I returned you thanks so often as I ought for your care and kindness; both my disorders still continue; however, I desire that Mrs. *Brent* may make things ready, for my raggedness will soon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are so kind to speak loud enough for me to hear them; and my deafness is not so extream as you have known, when I have fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. *Worrall*.

I send you inclosed the fruit of my illness, to make an *Intelligencer*; I desire you will inclose it in a letter to Mrs. *Harding*, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and desire her to shew it to the author of the *Intelligencer*, and to print it if he thinks fit. There is a letter, you will find, that is to be prefixed before the verses, which letter is grounded on a report, and if that report be false, the former part of the letter will be unseasonable, but the latter will not, and therefore the *Intelligencer* must be desired to alter it accordingly.

It should be sent soon, to come time enough for the next *Intelligencer*.

Pray, in your letter to Mrs. *Harding*, desire her to make her people be more correct, and that the *Intelligencer* himself may look over it, for that every body who reads those papers, are very much offended with the continual nonsense made by her printers.

I am yours,

D. S W I F T.

L E T T E R CCLVIII.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. W O R R A L L.

Market-Hill, Jan. 18, 1728-9.

I HAVE yours of the 14th instant, but you had not then received my last, in which was inclosed a paper for the *Intelligencer*, which I hope you have disposed of as desired. My disorder still continues the same for this fortnight past, and am neither better nor worse. However, I resolve to return on the first mending of the weather; these three last days there being as violent a storm as I have known, which still continues: we have been told my lord *Martcaffell* is dead at *Drogheda*, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is so tender, and affects so much vigour and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

I had a letter two days ago, which cost me six shillings and four-pence; it consisted of the probate of a will in *Leicestershire*, and of two inclosed letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her; but when I went to *London*, she married an inn-keeper in *Loughborow*, in that county, by whom she had several children. The old mother died, and left all that she had to her daughter aforesaid, separate from her husband. This woman (my mistress with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one daughter, *Ann* by name. This *Ann*, for it must be she, about seven
years

years ago writ to me from *London*, to tell me she was daughter of *Betty Jones*, for that was my mistress's name, till she was married to one *Perkins*, inn-keeper, at the *George* in *Loughborow*, as I said before. The subject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an *Irishman*, who pretended to be barrack-master-general of *Ireland*, and desired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, to enquire about this *Irishman*. I answered, that I knew him not, but supposed he was a cheat; I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, to let me know, that her daughter *Ann Giles*, married an *Irishman*, one *Giles*, and was now come over to *Ireland* to pick up some debts due to her husband, which she could not get, that the young widow (for her husband *Giles* is dead) hath a mind to settle in *Ireland*, and to desire I would lend her daughter *Giles* three guineas, which her mother will pay me when I draw upon her in *England*, and Mrs. *Giles* writes me a letter to that purpose. She intends to take a shop, and will borrow the money from Mrs. *Brent*, (whose name she hath learned) and pay me as others do. I was at first determined to desire you would, from me, make her a present of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother used to call cousin. She hath sent me an attested copy of her mother's will, which, as I told you, cost me six shillings and four-pence. But I am in much doubt; for by her mother's letters, she is her heiress, and the grandmother left *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, the mother of this woman in *Dublin*, all she had, as a separate maintenance from her husband (who proved a rogue) to the value of five hundred pounds. Now, I cannot conceive why she would let her only daughter and heiress come to *Ireland*, without giving her money to bear her charges here, and put her in some way. The woman's name is *Ann Giles*, she lodges at one Mrs. *Wilmot's*, the first house in *Molesworth-court*, on the right hand, in *Fishamble-street*. I have told you this long story, to desire you will send for the woman, this *Ann Giles*, and examine her strictly, to find if she be the real daughter of *Elizabeth Jones*, alias *Perkins*, or no, and how her mother, who is so well able, came to send her in so miserable a condition to *Ireland*. The errand is so romantic, that I know not what to say to it. I would be ready to sacrifice five pounds, on old acquaintance, to help the woman; I suspect her mother's

letters to be counterfeit, for I remember she spells like a kitchen maid. And so I end this worthy business.

My bookseller, Mr. *Motte*, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr. *Hyde*; there are some accounts between them, and *Hyde* is in his debt. He hath desired me to speak to Mr. *Hyde*'s executors to state the account, that Mr. *Motte* may be in a way to recover the balance. I wish you would step to Mr. *Hyde*'s house, and enquire how that matter stands, and how Mr. *Motte* is to be paid. I suppose Mr. *Hyde* died in good circumstances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors suffering by his death.

I inclose a letter to Mr. *Motte*, which you will be so kind to send to the post-office.

I desire, likewise, that you will make Mrs. *Brent* buy a bottle of usquebaugh, and leave it with the woman who keeps Sir *Arthur Acheson*'s house in *Capel-street*, and desire her to deliver it to captain *Creighton*, who lodges at the *Pyed Horse*, in *Capel-street*, and is to bring down other things to my lady *Acheson*.

My most humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, Mrs. *Dingley*, and love to Mrs. *Brent*.

I wish you all a happy new year.

L E T T E R CCLIX.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Bath, May 16, 1728.

I HAVE been at the *Bath* about ten days, and I have played at no game but once, and that at backgammon with Mr. *Lewis*, who is very much your humble servant. Lord and lady *Bolingbroke* are here; I think she is better: they stay, as I guess, about a fortnight longer. They both desired me to make their compliments; as does Mr. *Congreve**, who is in a very ill state of health, but somewhat better since he came here. I do not know how long I shall stay here, because I am now, as I have been

* 'He died 19th January, 1728-9.'

all my life, at the disposal of others. I drink the waters, and am in hopes to lay in a stock of health; some of which I wish to communicate to you. Dr. *Delaney* told me you had been upon a journey, and I really fancy, taking horse is as good as taking the waters: I hope you have found benefit by it. The *Beggar's Opera* is acted here; but our *Polly* hath got no fame, though the actors have got money. I have sent by Dr. *Delaney* the opera, *Polly Peachum* and captain *Macbeath*. I would have sent you my own head (which is now engraving) to make up the gang, but it is not yet finished. I suppose you must have heard, that I had the honour to have had a sermon preached against my works by a court-chaplain*, which I look upon as no small addition to my fame. Direct to me here when you write; and the sooner that is, the sooner you'll make me happy.

L E T T E R CCLX.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Bath, July 6, 1728.

THE last news I have heard of you, was from Mr. *Lancelot*, who was at this place with lord *Suffex*, who gave me hopes of seeing you the latter end of this summer. I wish you may keep that resolution, and take the *Bath* in your way to town. You in all probability will find here some, or most of those you like to see. Dr. *Arbutnot* wrote to me to-day from *Tunbridge*, where he is now for the recovery of his health, having had several relapses of a fever: he tells me he is much better, and that in *August* he intends to come hither. Mr. *Congreve* and I often talk of you, and wish you health, and every good thing; but often, out of self-interest, we wish you with us. In five or six days, I set out upon an excursion to *Herefordshire*, to lady *Scudamore's*, but shall return here the beginning of *August*. I wish you could meet me at *Gutheridge*. The *Bath* did not agree with lady *Bolingbroke*. Since she went to *Dawley*, by her own inclination, without the advice of physicians, she hath taken to a milk-diet, and writes me an account of prodigious good effects in the recovery

* ' Dr. *Thomas Herring*, then preacher to the society of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and afterwards archbishop of *Canterbury*. Dr. *Swift*, in the *Intelligencer*, N^o III. published in *Ireland*, speaks with great asperity of Dr. *Herring*, on account of his sermon against the *Beggar's Opera*.

of her appetite and spirits. The weather is extremely hot, the place is very empty. I have an inclination to study, but the heat makes it impossible. The d—— of —— * I hear hath run away with *Polly Peachum*, having settled 400 *l.* a year upon her during pleasure; and, upon disagreement, 200 *l.* a year. Mr. *Pope* is in a state of persecution for the *Dunciad*: I wish to be witness of his fortitude, but he writes but seldom. It would be a consolation to me to hear from you. My portrait metzotinto is published from Mr. *Howard's* painting; I wish to send you one, but I fancy I could get a better impression at *London*. I have ten thousand things to talk to you, but few to write; yet defer writing to you no longer, knowing you interest yourself in every thing, that concerns me, so much, that I make you happy, as you will me, if you can tell me you are in good health; which I wish to hear every morning as soon as I awake. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately.

L E T T E R CCLXI.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. W O R R A L L.

Sept. 28, 1728.

I HAD all the letters given me by my servant: so tell Mrs. *Brent* † and Dr. *Sheridan*; and I thank you for the great care you had in the commissions I troubled you with. We have a design upon *Sheridan*. He sent us in print a ballad upon *Ballyspellin*, in which he has employed all the rhimes he could find to that word; but we have found fifteen more, and employed them in abusing his ballad, and *Ballyspellin* too. I here send you a copy, and desire you will get it printed privately, and published ‡. I am ever yours, &c.

L E T T E R CCLXII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

London, Dec. 2, 1728.

I THINK this is my fourth letter; I am sure it is the third, without any answer. If I had any assurance of your health, I should have been

* The duke of *Bolton*, who afterwards married Miss *Fenton*.

† His housekeeper.

‡ The verses are printed in vol. xiv, *Swift's works*, 8vo edit.

more easy. I should have wrote to you upon this subject above a month ago, had it not been for a report, that you were upon the road in your way to *England*: which I fear now was without foundation. Lord and lady *Bolingbroke* are in town: she hath been lately very ill, but is now somewhat better. I have had a very severe attack of a fever, which, by the care of our friend Dr. *Arbutnot*, hath, I hope, almost left me. I have been confined about ten days, but never to my bed, so that I hope soon to get abroad about my business; that is, the care of the second part of the *Beggar's Opera*, which was almost ready for rehearsal; but *Rich* received the duke of *Grafton's* commands (upon an information, that he was rehearsing a play improper to be represented) not to rehearse any new play whatever, till his grace hath seen it. What will become of it, I know not; but I am sure, I have written nothing, that can be legally suppressed, unless the setting vices in general in an odious light, and virtue in an amiable one, may give offence. I passed five or six months this year at the *Bath* with the duchess of *Marlborough*; and then, in the view of taking care of myself, writ this piece. If it goes on, in case of success, I have taken care to make better bargains for myself: I tell you this, because I know you are so good as to interest yourself so warmly in my affairs, that it is what you would want to know. I saw Mr. *Pope* on *Friday*, who, as to his health, is just as you left him. Dr. *Arbutnot* particularly desires his compliments; and Mrs. *Howard* often asks after you. Prince *Frederick* is expected over this week. I hope to go abroad in two or three days. I wish I could meet you either abroad, or at home.

L E T T E R CCLXIII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

March 18, 1728-9.

I HAVE writ to you several times; and having heard nothing from you, makes me fear my letters are miscarried. Mr. *Pope's* letter hath taken off my concern in some degree; but I hope good weather will intirely re-establish you in your health. I am but just recovered from the severest fit of sickness, that ever any body had, who escaped death. I was several times given up by the physicians, and every body that attended me; and,
upon

upon my recovery, was judged to be in so ill a condition, that I should be miserable for the remainder of my life : but, contrary to all expectation, I am perfectly recovered, and have no remainder of the distempers, that attacked me, which were at the same time, fever, asthma, and pleurisy. I am now in the duke of *Queensberry's* house, and have been so ever since I left *Hampstead*; where I was carried at a time, that it was thought I could not live a day. Since my coming to town, I have been very little abroad, the weather has been so severe.

I must acquaint you, (because I know it will please you) that during my sickness I had many of the kindest proofs of friendship, particularly from the duke and duchess of *Queensberry*, who, if I had been their nearest relation, and nearest friend, could not have treated me with more constant attendance then ; and they continue the same to me now.

You must undoubtedly have heard, that the duchess took up my defence with the king and queen, in the cause of my play, and that she hath been forbid the court for interesting herself to increase my fortune, by the publication of it, without being acted. The duke too hath given up his employments (which he would have done, if the duchess had not met with this treatment) upon account of ill usage from the ministers ; but this hastened him in what he had determined. The play is now almost printed, with the music, words, and basses, engraved on thirty-one copper-plates, which, by my friends assistance, hath a probability to turn greatly to my advantage. The duchess of *Marlborough* hath given me a hundred pounds for one copy ; and others have contributed very handsomely ; but, as my account is not yet settled, I cannot tell you particulars.

For writing in the cause of virtue, and against the fashionable vices, I am looked upon at present as the most obnoxious person almost in *England*. Mr. *Pulteney* tells me, I have got the start of him. Mr. *Pope* tells me, that I am dead, and that this obnoxiousness is the reward for my inoffensiveness in my former life. I wish I had a book ready to send you : but, I believe, I shall not be able to compleat the work till the latter end of next week. Your money is still in lord *Bathurst's* hands ; but, I believe, I shall receive it soon : I wish to receive your orders how to dispose of it. I am impatient to finish my work, for I want the country air ; not that I am ill, but to recover my strength ; and I cannot leave the
work

work till it is finished. While I am writing this, I am in the room next to our dining-room, with sheets all round it, and two people from the binder folding sheets. I print the book at my own expence, in quarto, which is to be sold for six shillings, with the music. You see I do not want industry; and, I hope you will allow, that I have not the worst oeconomy. Mrs. *Howard* hath declared herself strongly, both to the king and queen, as my advocate. The duchess of *Queensberry* is allowed to have shewn more spirit, more honour, and more goodness, than was thought possible in our times; I should have added too, more understanding and good sense. You see my fortune (as I hope my virtue will) increases by oppression. I go to no courts; I drink no wine; and am calumniated, even by ministers of state, and yet am in good spirits. Most of the courtiers, though otherwise my friends, refused to contribute to my undertaking. But the city and the people of *England* take my part very warmly; and, I am told, the best of the citizens will give me proofs of it by their contributions.

I could talk to you a great deal more, but I am afraid I shall write too much for you, and for myself. I have not writ so much together since my sickness. I cannot omit telling you, that Dr. *Arbutnot*'s attendance and care of me shewed him the best of friends. Dr. *Hollings*, though intirely a stranger to me, was joined with him, and used me in the kindest and most handsome manner. Mr. and Mrs. *Pulteney* were greatly concerned for me, visited me, and shewed me the strongest proofs of friendship. When I see you I will tell you of others, as of Mr. *Pope*, Mrs. *Blount*, Mr. and Mrs. *Rollinson*, lord and lady *Bolingbroke*, &c. I think they are all your friends and wellwishers. I hope you will love them the better upon my account; but do not forget Mr. *Lewis*, nor lord *Bathurst*, Sir *William Wyndham*, and lord *Gower*, and lord *Oxford*, among the number.

L E T T E R CCLXIV.

Dr. A R B U T H N O T to Dr. S W I F T.

London, March 19, 1728-9.

THIS is the second or third time, dear Sir, that I have wrote to you without hearing a word of you, or from you; only, in general, that you are very much out of order; sometimes of your two old complaints, the

vertigo and deafness, which I am very sorry for. The gentleman, who carries this, hath come better off than I did imagine: I used my little interest as far as it would go, in his affair. He will be able to give you some account of your friends, many of whom have been in great distress this winter for *John Gay*. I may say, without vanity, his life, under God, is due to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant: for a physician, who had not been passionately his friend, could not have saved him. I had, besides my personal concern for him, other motives of my care. He is now become a public person, a little *Sacheverell*; and I took the same pleasure in saving him, as *Radcliffe* did in preserving my lord chief justice *Holt's* wife, whom he attended out of spite to the husband, who wished her dead.

The inoffensive *John Gay* is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of *Europe*, the terror of the ministers, the chief author of the *Craftsman*, and all the seditious pamphlets, which have been published against the government. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the court banished from it for his sake; another great lady in danger of being *chassé* likewise; about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward, like the antient *circumcelliones* in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom upon his account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him, since he became so conspicuous. *Will. Pulteney* hangs his head, to see himself so much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play; but, I really believe, he would get more by shewing his person: and, I can assure you, this is the very identical *John Gay*, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in *Whitehall* two years ago. I have been diverting myself with making an extract out of a history, which will be printed in the year 1948. I wish I had your assistance to go through with it; for I can assure you, it riseth to a very solemn piece of burlesque.

As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite so desperate as you might imagine; for Mr. *Pope* is as high in favour, as I am afraid the rest are out of it. The king, upon the perusal of the last edition of his *Dunciad*, declared he was a very honest man. I did not know till this moment, that I had so good an opportunity to send you a letter; and
now

now I know it, am called away, and am obliged to end with my best wishes and respects, being most sincerely yours, &c.

L E T T E R CCLXV.

Chevalier R A M S A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

London, April 10, 1729.

ONE of the greatest pleasures I proposed to myself in a journey to *England*, was that of seeing you at *London*; and it is a very sensible mortification to me to find myself disappointed in so agreeable an expectation. It is now many years since I had the highest esteem of your genius and writings; and when I was very young, I found, in some of them, certain ideas, that prepared me for relishing those principles of universal religion, which I have since endeavoured to unfold in *Cyrus*. I could not let our common friend Mr. *Lesley** go back to *Ireland*, without seizing the opportunity of acknowledging the obliging zeal you have shewn to make my work esteemed. Such marks of friendship do me a great deal of honour, as well as pleasure, and I hope I have a thorough sense of them. As I have much enlarged my book, I am going to publish a new edition by subscription. I have given an hundred copies of the proposals to our friend, and flatter myself, that I may count upon the continuation of your friendship. I am, with great respect, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

A. R A M S A Y.

L E T T E R CCLXVI.

Dr. A R B U T H N O T to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

London, May 8, 1729.

I HAVE wrote three times to Mr. Dean of *St. Patrick's*, without receiving so much as an acknowledgment of the receipt of my letters. At the same time, I hear of other letters, which his acquaintances receive from him. I believe I should hardly have brought myself to have written this, were it not to serve you, and a friend at the same time.

* Son of the reverend Mr. *Charles Lesley*, the famous Non-juror.

I recommended one Mr. *Mason*, son of *Mason*, gentleman of the queen's chapel, a bary-tone voice, for the vacancy of a singer in your cathedral. This letter was wrote from *Bath* last *September*. The same *Mason* informs me, that there is another vacancy : therefore I renew my request. I believe you will hardly get a better : he has a pleasant mellow voice, and has sung several times in the king's chapel this winter, to the satisfaction of the audience. I beg at least your answer to this. Your friends in town, such as I know, are well. Mr. *Pope* is happy again, in having his mother recovered. Mr. *Gay* is gone to *Scotland* with the duke of *Queensberry*. He has about twenty lawsuits with booksellers for pirating his book. The king goes soon to *Hanover*. These are all the news I know. I hope you don't imagine I am so little concerned about your health, as not to desire to be informed of the state of it from yourself. I have been tolerably well this winter, I thank God. My brother *Robin* is here, and longs, as well as I, to know how you do. This, with my best wishes and respects, from, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

J O. A R B U T H N O T.

L E T T E R CCLXVII.

Dr. A R B U T H N O T to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

London, June 9, 1729.

THIS is given you by Mr. *Mason*, whom I believe you will find answering the character I gave of him, which really was not partial ; for I am not so much as acquainted with his father or himself. I explained every thing to him according to the tenor of the letter which I received from you some time ago, and for which I most heartily thank you. Let him now speak for himself. I have been enquiring about a counter-tenor ; but have, as yet, no intelligence of any.

I am really sensibly touched with the account you give of *Ireland*. It is not quite so bad here ; but really bad enough : at the same time, we are told, that we are in great plenty and happiness.

Your friends, whom you mention in yours, are well. Mr. *Gay* is returned from *Scotland*, and has recovered his strength by his journey. Mr. *Pope* is well ; he had got an injunction in chancery against the printers, who had pirated his *Dunciad* : it was dissolved again, because the
printer

printer could not prove any property, nor did the author appear. That is not Mr. *Gay's* case; for he has owned his book. Mr. *Pulteney* gives you his service. They are all better than myself; for I am now so bad of a constant convulsion in my heart, that I am like to expire sometimes. We have no news, that I know of. I am apt to believe, that, in a little time, this matter of the provisional treaty will be on or off. The young man waits for my letter. I shall trouble you no more at present, but remain, with my best wishes, and most sincere affection, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

J. O. ARBUTHNOT.

L E T T E R CCLXVIII.

Lady CATHARINE JONES * to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Chelsea, June 11, 1729.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter of the 22d of *May*, and own my obligation to Mr. Dean for the information of the decay of my grandfather's † monument in the cathedral church of *St. Patrick*.

Mr. *French*, the present receiver of my father's estate, will be, some time next month, in that kingdom, whom I have ordered to wait upon you for your direction in that affair; in which, when he has informed me of the expence, I shall immediately give directions to have it done, agreeably to the desire of the dean and chapter, as well as the duty done to the memory of my grandfather, without adding further trouble to Mr. Dean, from his most humble and obedient servant,

CATHARINE JONES.

* ‘ Daughter of *Richard* earl of *Ranelagh*, who had been paymaster-general and governor of *Chelsea* hospital, and great-niece to Mr. *Boyle*, being one of the grand-daughters of his sister, *Catharine* countess of *Ranelagh*.’

† A monument erected to the memory of archbishop *Jones*, and his son, lord viscount *Ranelagh*. It was then in a ruinous condition; but repaired by the order of this lady.

L E T T E R CCLXIX.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Aug. 30, 1729, N. S.

I TOOK a letter of yours from *Pope*, and brought it with me to this place, that I might answer at least a part of it. I begin to-day: when I shall finish I know not; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The waters I have been persuaded to drink, and those, which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The afternoons are spent in airings or visits, and we go to bed with the chicken*.

L E T T E R CCLXX.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

Middleton Stoney, Nov. 9, 1729.

I HAVE long known you to be my friend upon several occasions, and particularly by your reproofs and admonitions. There is one thing, which you have often put me in mind of, the over-running you with an answer before you had spoken. You find I am not a bit the better for it; for I still write and write on, without having a word of an answer. I have heard of you once by Mr. *Pope*: let Mr. *Pope* hear of you the next time by me. By this way of treating me, I mean, by your not letting me know, that you remember me, you are very partial to me, I should have said, very just to me. You seem to think, that I do not want to be put in mind of you, which is very true; for I think of you very often, and as often wish to be with you. I have been in *Oxfordshire* with the duke of *Queensberry* for these three months, and have had very little correspondence with any of our friends. I have employed my time in new-writing a damned play, which I wrote several years ago, called *The wife of Bath*†. As it is approved or disapproved of by my friends, when I come to town,

* The remainder of this letter, dated *Brussels*, Sept. 27, is printed in Mr. *Pope's* works, Vol. IX.

† This comedy was the first he wrote, and was unsuccessfully performed at the theatre in *Drury-Lane*, in the year 1713. It was altered by the author, and revived several years after [1729-30] at the theatre in *Lincoln's-inn-fields*, and damned a second time, although the author's reputation was then at its height, from the uncommon success of his *Beggar's Opera*.

I shall either have it acted, or let it alone, if my ** brethren do not take offence at it. The ridicule turns upon superstition, and I have avoided the very words bribery and corruption. Folly indeed is a word, that I have ventured to make use of; but that is a term, that never gave fools offence. It is a common saying, that he is wise, that knows himself. What hath happened of late, I think, is a proof, that it is not limited to the wise.

My lord *Bathurst* is still our cashier: when I see him, I intend to settle our accounts, and repay myself the five pounds of the two hundred I owe you. Next week I believe I shall be in town; not at *Whitehall*, for those lodgings were judged not convenient for me, and were disposed of. Direct to me to the duke of *Queensberry's*, in *Burlington-gardens*, near *Piccadilly*. You have often twitted me in the teeth for hankering after the court. In that you mistook me; for I know by experience, that there is no dependance, that can be sure, but a dependance upon one's self. I will take care of the little fortune I have got. I know you will take this resolution kindly, and you see my inclinations will make me write to you, whether you will write to me or no. I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely and most affectionately,

J. G A Y.

P. S. To the lady I live with I owe my life and fortune: think of her with respect; value and esteem her as I do; and never more despise a fork with three prongs. I wish too you would not eat from the point of your knife*. She hath so much goodness, virtue, and generosity, that, if you knew her, you would have a pleasure in obeying her as I do. She often wishes she had known you.

L E T T E R CCLXXI.

Lord B——— to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R D E A N,

Feb. 12, 1729-30.

I HAVE this moment received a letter from you; but it is the first I can call a letter: the other scraps were only to direct me to convey your correspondence to others, and I thought I answered them best by obeying

* See the letter of Feb 15, 1727-8.

your

your commands. But now you have deigned to send me one in form, with a proper beginning and ending, I will not wait even for a post-day; but I have taken pen and ink immediately to tell you, how much I think myself obliged to you, and how sincerely I am —

Well, I might end here, if I would; but I can't part with you so soon; and I must let you know, that as to your money affairs, though I have paid off *John Gay*, I still keep the 200 *l.* for which I have given him a note. I have paid him interest to this time for it, which he must account to you for. Now you must imagine, that a man, who has nine children to feed, can't long afford *alienos pascere nummos*; but I have four or five, that are very fit for the table*. I only wait for the lord mayor's day to dispose of the largest; and I shall be sure of getting off the youngest, whenever a certain great man † makes another entertainment at *Chelsea*. Now you see, though I am your debtor, I am not without my proper ways and means to raise a supply answerable to your demand. I must own to you, that I should not have thought of this method of raising money; but that you seemed to point it out to me. For just at the time that scheme came out, which pretended to be calculated only for *Ireland*, you gave me a hint in one of the envelopes [*anglice covers*] that you wished I might provide for my numerous family; and in this last you harp upon the same string. I did immediately propose it to lady *Bathurst* as your advice, particularly for her last boy, which was born the plumpest, finest thing, that could be seen; but she fell in a passion, and bid me send you word, that she would not follow your direction, but that she would breed him up to be a parson, and he should live upon the fat of the land; or a lawyer, and then, instead of being eat himself, he should devour others. You know women in passion never mind what they say; but, as she is a very reasonable woman, I have almost brought her over now to your opinion; and having convinced her, that as matters stood, we could not possibly maintain all the nine, she does begin to think it reasonable the youngest should raise

* This alludes to a tract of the Dean's, intituled, "A modest proposal for preventing the children of poor people in *Ireland* from being a burden to their parents or country, and for making them beneficial to the public." The Dean had proposed many useful schemes, which having been neglected, he satirically and humourously proposes to fatten and eat the children of the poor, as the only remaining expedient to prevent misery to themselves, and render them of some benefit to the public.

† 'Sir Robert Walpole.'

fortunes for the eldest. And upon that foot a man may perform family duty with more courage and zeal; for if he should happen to get twins, the felling of one might provide for the other. Or if, by any accident, whilst his wife lies-in with one child, he should get a second upon the body of another woman, he might dispose of the fattest of the two, and that would help to breed up the other. The more I think upon this scheme, the more reasonable it appears to me; and it ought by no means to be confined to *Ireland*; for in all probability we shall, in a very little time, be altogether as poor here as you are there. I believe indeed we shall carry it farther, and not confine our luxury only to the eating of children; for I happened to peep the other day into a large assembly * not far from *Westminster-hall*, and I found them roasting a great fat fellow †. For my own part, I had not the least inclination to a slice of him; but, if I guessed it right, four in five of the company had a devilish mind to be at him. You begin now to wish I had ended, when I might have done it so conveniently. Well, adieu.

L E T T E R CCLXXII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

London, March 3, 1729-30.

I FIND you are determined not to write to me, according to our old stipulation. Had I not been every post for some time in expectation to have heard from you, I should have wrote to you before, to let you know the present state of your affairs. Let me know what I shall do with the interest-money I have received. What I have done for you, I did for myself, which will be always the way of my transacting any thing for you. My old vamped play got me no money; for it had no success. I am going very soon into *Wiltshire* with the duke of *Queensberry*, with intention to stay there till the winter. Since I had that severe fit of sickness, I find my health requires it; for I cannot bear the town as I could formerly. I hope another summer's air, and exercise, will reinstate me. I continue to drink nothing but water, so that you can't require any poetry from me.

* 'The parliament.'

† 'Sir Robert Walpole.'

I have been very seldom abroad since I came to town, and not once at court. This is no restraint upon me, for I am grown old enough to wish for retirement. I saw Mr. *Pope*, a day or two ago, in good spirits, and with good wishes for you. We always talk of you; the Doctor does the same. I have left off all great folk but our own family. Perhaps you will think all great folks little enough to leave off us, in our present situation. I don't hate the world, but I laugh at it; for none but fools can be in earnest about a trifle. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately.

Direct for me at the D—— of Q——, in *Burlington-gardens*.

L E T T E R CCLXXIII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

March 31, 1730.

I EXPECT, in about a fortnight, to set out for *Wiltshire*, and am as impatient as you seem to be to have me get on horseback. I thought proper to give you this intelligence, because Mr. *Lewis* told me last *Sunday*, that he was, within a day or two, to set out for the *Bath*; so that very soon you are like to have neither of your cashiers in town. Continue to direct for me at this house: the letters will be sent to me, wherever I am. My ambition, at present, is levelled to the same point, that you direct me to; for I am every day building villakins, and have given over that of castles. If I were to undertake it in my present circumstance, I should, in the most thrifty scheme, soon be straitened; and I hate to be in debt; for I can't bear to pawn five pounds worth of my liberty to a taylor or a butcher. I grant you, this is not having the true spirit of modern nobility; but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education. I have made your compliments to Mr. P——, who is very much your humble servant. I have not seen the Doctor, and am not like to see his *Rouen* brother very soon; for he is gone to *China*. Mr. *Pope* told me, he had acquainted the Doctor with the misfortune of the four hermitage. My lord *Oxford* told me, he at present could match yours, and from the same person. The Doctor was touched with your disappointment, and hath promised to represent this affair to his brother, at his return from *China*. I assure you, for all your gibes, that I wish you heartily good wine, though I can drink none myself. When lord *Bolingbroke* is in town, he lodges at Mr.

Chetwynd's,

Cherwynd's, in *Dover-street*. I do not know how to direct to him in the country. I have been extremely taken up of late in settling a steward's account. I am endeavouring to do all the justice and service I can to a friend; so I am sure you will think I am well employed upon this occasion. I now and then have seen *Jo. Taylor*, who says he hath a demand upon you for rent, you having taken his house in the country, and he being determined not to let it to any body else; and he thinks it but reasonable, that you should either come and live in it, or pay your rent. I neither ride nor walk; but I design to do both this month, and to become a laudable practitioner.

The duchess wishes she had seen you, and thinks you were in the wrong to hide yourself, and peep through the window, that day she came to Mr. *Pope's*. The duke too is obliged to you for your good opinion, and is your humble servant. If I were to write, I am afraid I should incur the displeasure of my superiors. I can't for my life think so well of them, as they themselves think they deserve. If you have a very great mind to please the duchess, and at the same time to please me, I wish you would write a letter to her, to send to her brother, lord *Cornbury*, to advise him in his travels; for, she says, she would take your advice rather than mine; and she remembers, that you told her in the park, that you loved and honoured her family. You always insisted upon a lady's making advances to you; I do not know whether you will think this declaration sufficient. Then too, when you were in *England*, she writ a letter to you, and I have been often blamed since for not delivering it.

The day the pension bill was thrown out of the house of lords, lord *Bathurst* spoke with great applause. I have not time to go to Mr. *Pope's*: in a day or two very probably I shall see him, and acquaint him about the usquebaugh. I will not embezzle your interest-money; though, by looking over your accounts, I see how money may be embezzled. As to my being engaged in an affair of this kind, I say nothing for myself, but that I will do all I can: for the rest I leave *Jo. Taylor* to speak for me. To-day I dine with alderman *Barber*, the present sheriff, who holds his feast in the city. Does not *Charteris's* misfortunes * grieve you? For that

* 'He was condemned at the *Old Bailey*, Feb. 27, 1729-30, for a rape.'

great man is like to save his life, and lose some of his money. A very hard case!

P. S. I am just now come from the alderman's feast, who had a very fine dinner, and a very fine appearance of company.

The post is just going away.

L E T T E R CCLXXIV.

Lord B———— to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R D E A N,

June 30, 1730.

I RECEIVED a letter from you some time ago, which gave me infinite pleasure; and I was going to return you an answer immediately: but when I sat down to write, I found my thoughts rolled upon the trifles, which fill the scene of life in that busy, senseless place, where I then was*; and though I had nothing to do there, at least nothing worth doing, and time lay upon my hands, I was resolved to defer writing to you, till I could clear my head from that rubbish, which every one must contract in that place. I cannot but fancy, if one of our heads were dissected after passing a winter's campaign there, it would appear just like a pamphlet shop; you'd see a collection of treatises, a bundle of farces, a parcel of encomiums, another of satires, speeches, novels, sermons, bawdy songs, addresses, epigrams, proclamations, poems, divinity, lectures, quack-bills, historical accounts, tables, and God knows what.

The moment I got down here, I found myself quite clear from all those affairs: but really, the hurry of business, which came upon me after a state of idleness for six months, must excuse me to you. Here I am absolute monarch of a circle of above a mile round, at least one hundred acres of ground, which (to speak in the stile of one of your countrymen) is very populous in cattle, fish, and fowl.

To enjoy this power, which I relish extremely, and regulate this dominion, which I prefer to any other, has taken up my time from morning to night. There are *Yahoos* in the neighbourhood; but having read in history, that the southern part of *Britain* was long defended against the *Picts* by a wall, I have fortified my territories all round. That wise peo-

* *London.*

ple the *Chinese*, you know, did the same thing to defend themselves against the *Tartars*. Now, I think on it, as this letter is to be sent to you, it will certainly be opened; and I shall have some observations made upon it, because I am within three miles of a certain castle. Therefore, I do hereby declare, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, so far: and furthermore, I think myself in honour bound to acknowledge, that under our present just and prudent ministry, I do not fear the least molestation from that quarter. Neither are the fortifications afore-mentioned in anywise designed to keep them out; for I am well satisfied they can break through much stronger fences than these, if they should have a mind to it. Observe how naturally power and dominion are attended with fear and precaution. When I am in the herd, I have as little of it about me as any body; but now that I am in the midst of my own dominions, I think of nothing but preserving them, and grow fearful, lest a certain great man should take a fancy to them, and transport them into *Norfolk* *, to place them in an island in one of his new-made fish-ponds. Or, if you take this for too proud a thought, I will only suppose it to be hung out under a great bow-window.

In either case I must confess to you, that I don't like it. In the first place, I am not sure his new-made ground may hold good: in the latter case, I have some reason to doubt the foundations of his house are not so solid, as he may imagine. Now, therefore, I am not so much in the wrong, as you may conceive, to desire, that my territory may remain where it is: for, though I know you could urge many arguments to shew the advantages I might reap by being so near him, yet I hold it as a maxim, that he who is contented with what he has, ought not to risque that, even though he should have a chance to augment it in any proportion. I learned this from our friend *Erasmus*; and the corrupt notions, that money is power, and therefore every man ought to get as much as he can, in order to create more power to himself, have no weight with me.

But now, to begin my letter to you, I have received four bottles of usquebaugh, and sent three of them to Mr. *Pope*; so that I have detained only one for myself. I don't believe, such an instance of honesty, punctuality, disinterestedness, and self-denial, can be given in this age. The

* 'To *Houghton*, the seat of Sir *Robert Walpole*.'

whole being in my power, I have withheld but the quarter part. I expect, if ever I come to be a great man, you will write a vindication of me, whether I am aspersed or not. Till then, I remain your most faithful and most obedient servant.

L E T T E R CCLXXV.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, July 4, 1730.

YOU tell me, that I have put myself out of the way of all my old acquaintance, so that unless I hear from you, I can know nothing of you. Is it not barbarous then to leave me so long without writing one word to me? If you can't write to me for my sake, methinks you might write for your own. How do you know what is become of your money? If you had drawn upon me, when I expected it, you might have had your money, for I was then in town; but I am now at *Amesbury*, at the duke of *Queensberry's*. The duchess sends you her services. I wish you were here: I fancy you would like her and the place. You might fancy yourself at home; for we have a cathedral near us, where you might find a bishop of the same name*. You might ride upon the downs, and write conjectures upon *Stonehenge*. We are but five and twenty miles from the *Bath*; and I was told this very evening by general *Dormer*, (who is here) that he heard somewhere or other, that you had some intentions of coming there the latter season. I wish any thing would bring us together, but your want of health. I have left off wine and writing; for I really think, that man must be a bold writer, who trusts to wit without it. I took your advice; and some time ago took to love, and made some advances to the lady, you sent me to in *Soho*, but I met no return; so I have given up all thoughts of it, and have now no pursuit or amusement. A state of indolence is what I don't like; 'tis what I would not chuse. I am not thinking of a court, or preferment; for I think the lady I live with is my friend, so that I am at the height of my ambition. You have often told me, there is a time of life, that every one wishes for some settlement of his

* 'Dr. *Benjamin Hoadly*, bishop of *Salisbury*, whose brother, Dr. *John Hoadly* succeeded archbishop *King* in the see of *Dublin*, Jan. 19, 1729-30.'

own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fancy it will hardly ever be my lot; so that I will endeavour to pass away life as agreeably as I can, the way I am. I often wish to be with you, or you with me; and I believe you think I say true. I am determined to write to you, though those dirty fellows of the post-office do read my letters; for since I saw you, I am grown of that consequence to be obnoxious to the men I despise; so that it is very probable in their hearts they think me an honest man. I have heard from Mr. *Pope* but once since I left *London*: I was sorry I saw him so seldom, but I had business, that kept me from him. I often wish we were together again. If you will not write, come. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately.

L E T T E R CCLXXVI.

Lord B———— to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Cirencester, Sept. 9, 1730.

YOU have taken all the precaution, which a reasonable man could possibly take, to break off an impertinent correspondence, and yet it will not do. One must be more stupid than a *Dutch* burgomaster, not to see through the design of the last letter. “I shew all your letters to our *Irish* wits. One of them is going to write a treatise of *English* bulls and blunders.” And for further security, you add at last, I am going to take a progress, God knows where, and shan’t be back again, God knows when. I have given you a reasonable breathing time; and now, I must at you again. I receive so much pleasure in reading your letters, that according to the usual good nature and justice of mankind, I can dispense with the trouble I give you in reading mine; but if you grow obstinate, and won’t answer, I’ll plague and pester you, and do all I can to vex you. I’ll take your works to pieces, and shew you, that it is all borrowed or stole. Have not you stoln the sweetest of your numbers from *Dryden* and *Waller*? Have not you borrowed thoughts from *Virgil* and *Horace*? At least, I am sure I have seen something like them in those books. As to your prose writings, which they make such a noise about, they are only some little improvements upon the humour you have stole from *Miguel de Cervantes* and *Rabelais*. Well, but the stile,——a great matter indeed, for

for an *Englishman* to value himself upon, that he can write *English*: why, I write *English* too, but it is in another stile.

But I won't forget your political tracts. You may say, that you have ventured your ears at one time, and your neck at another, for the good of your country. Why, that other people have done in another manner, upon less occasion, and are not at all proud of it. You have overturned and supported ministers; you have set kingdoms in a flame by your pen. Pray, what is there in that, but having the knack of hitting the passions of mankind? With that alone, and a little knowledge of ancient and modern history, and seeing a little further into the inside of things than the generality of men, you have made this bustle. There is no wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and don't remember any of those pretty flowers, those just antitheses, which one meets with so frequently in the *French* writers. None of those clever turns upon words, nor those apt quotations out of *Latin* authors, which the writers of the last age amongst us abounded in. None of those pretty similes, which some of our modern authors adorn their works with, that are not only a little like the thing they would illustrate, but are also like twenty other things. In short, as often as I have read any of your tracts, I have been so tired with them, that I have never been easy till I got to the end of them. I have found my brain heated, my imagination fired, just as if I was drunk. A pretty thing indeed for one of your gown to value himself upon, that with sitting still an hour in his study, he has often made three kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other points to maul you upon, if you provoke me; but if you are civil, and good-natured, and will send me a long, a very long letter, in answer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well, adieu. If I had a better pen, I can tell you, that I should not have concluded so soon.

L E T -

L E T T E R CCLXXVII.

Lady B—— G———* to Dr. S W I F T.

London, Sept. 19, 1730.

HAD I not been retired into the country, yours should have been answered long ago. As to your poetess, I am her obliged servant, and must confess the fact is just as you state it. It is very true I was gaming; and upon the dapper youth's delivering me a paper, which I just opened, found they were verses; so flunk them into my pocket, and there truly they were kept exceeding private; for I cannot accuse myself of shewing them to a mortal. But let me assure you, it was not out of modesty, but in great hopes, that the author would have divulged them; which, you know, would have looked decenter than trumpeting my own fame. But it seems unhappily we were both bit, and judged wrong of each other. However, since you desire it, you may be very sure she shall not fail of my entreaties to his grace the duke of *Dorset* for her, though you have not yet let me into the secret what her request is: so till my lord *Carteret* does his part, or that I hear from you again, it will be but a blind sort of a petition. I have not seen his grace this great while, and he is now at *Windsor*, and I chuse rather to speak to him on all accounts, having not so fine a talent at writing. But as you are commonly esteemed by those, who pretend to know you, to have a tolerable share of honesty and brains, I do not question your doing what is right by him; nor his paying you all the civility and kindness you can desire. Nor will I hope their influence ever can make him do otherwise, though he has the unfashionable quality of esteeming his old friends; but however partial to them, yet not to be biased against his own sense and judgment. The consequence of this, I hope, will be your coming to *England*, and meeting often with him,

* This lady was daughter of the earl of *Berkeley*, one of the lords justices of *Ireland* in 1699, with whom Dr. *Swift* went over as chaplain, and private secretary. He lived in his lordship's family at the castle of *Dublin*; and lady *Betty Berkeley* finding a ballad on the game of traffic unfinished upon *Swift's* table, added a stanza of raillery upon him, and left the paper where she found it. This occasioned another ballad of *Swift's*, to the tune of *The Cut-purse*. The ballad on traffic is to be found among the posthumous pieces, vol. vii. and that to the tune of *The Cut-purse* in vol. vi. 1754, 8vo. Lady *Betty Berkeley* married Sir *John Germain* baronet, of *Drayton*, in *Northampton*.

(in lady *Betty's* chamber *) where the happy composition † shall exert her skill in ordering dinner; and I won't mistake oil of amber for the spirit of it, but continue as I ever was, your sincere friend, as well as faithful humble servant.

L E T T E R CCLXXVIII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Amesbury, Nov. 8, 1730.

SO you are determined never to write to me again; but, for all that, you shall not make me hold my tongue. You shall hear from me (the post-office willing) whether you will or no. I see none of the folks you correspond with, so that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you, as I can; which hath been so very little, that I am resolved to make my complaints to you as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the distressed: and in the circumstances I am in, where should I apply, but to my best friend? Mr. *Pope* indeed, upon my frequent enquiries, hath told me, that the letters, which are directed to him, concern me as much as himself: but what you say of yourself, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord *Carteret* was here yesterday, on his return from the *Isle of Wight*, where he had been a shooting, and left seven pheasants with us. He went this morning to the *Bath*, to lady *Carteret*, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you three hours last night, and told me, that you talk of me. I mean, that you are prodigiously in his favour, as he says; and, I believe, that I am in yours; for I know you to be a just and equitable person, and it is but my due. He seemed to take to me, which may proceed from your recommendation; though, indeed, there is another reason for it, for he is now out of employment, and my friends have been generally of that sort: for I take to them, as being naturally inclined to those, who can do no mischief. Pray, do you come to *England* this year? He thinks you do. I wish you would; and so does the duchess

* Alluding to the first line of *Francis Harris's* petition. See vol. vi. of *Swift's* works, edit. 1754, 8vo.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*. This expression alludes to the last verse of a little poem of *Swift*, intitled, a receipt to form a beauty, “and call'd the happy composition *Floyd*.” This lady is mentioned in the ballad on the game of traffic, as being one of the party at lord *Berkeley's*, and at this time lived with lady *Betty*.

of *Queensberry*. What would you have more to induce you? Your money cries, come spend me; and your friends cry, come see me. I have been treated barbarously by you. If you knew how often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr. *Pope* to have a share in it. In short, I don't care to keep any man's money, that serves me so. Love or money I must have; and, if you will not let me have the comfort of the one, I think I must endeavour to get a little comfort by spending some of the other. I must beg, that you will call at *Amesbury*, in your way to *London*; for I have many things to say to you; and I can assure you, you will be welcome to a three-pronged fork. I remember your prescription, and I do ride upon the downs; and, at present, I have no asthma. I have killed five brace of partridges, and four brace and half of quails: and I do not envy either Sir *Robert*, or *Stephen Duck*, who is the favourite poet of the court*. I hear sometimes from Mr. *Pope*, and from scarce any body else. Were I to live ever so long, I believe I should never think of *London*; but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here, I could talk to you, but I would not for you†; you shall have all your share of talk, which was never allowed you at *Twickenham*. You know this was a grievance you often complained of; and so, in revenge, you make me write all, and answer nothing. I beg you to make my compliments to Dr. *Delaney*. I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

J. G A Y.

I ended the letter as above, to go to the duchess, and she told me, I might go down, and come a quarter of an hour hence. I had a design to have asked her to sign the invitation, that I have made you. As I don't know how much she may have to say to you, I think it will be prudent to leave off, that she may not be stinted for want of room. So much I will say, that, whether she signs it, or no, both the duke and duchess would be very glad you would come to *Amesbury*; and you must be persuaded, that I say this without the least private view. For, what is it to me whether you come or not? For I can write to you, you know.

* *Stephen Duck* was a poor thresher, who having written some verses, they were shewed to the late queen, who made him her library-keeper at *Richmond*. He afterwards took orders, and was preferred to a living, but growing melancholy, he at last drowned himself.

† Mr. *Gay* was reserved in his conversation,

P. S. By the Ducheſs of Q—.

I would fain have you come. I can't ſay you'll be welcome; for I don't know you, and perhaps I ſhall not like you; but if I do not, (unleſs you are a very vain perſon) you ſhall know my thoughts as ſoon as I do myſelf.

C. Q.

L E T T E R CCLXXIX.

Dr. A R B U T H N O T to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Indorſed. "November, 1730."

THE paſſage in Mr. *Pope's* letter about your health does not alarm me: both of us have had the diſtemper theſe thirty years. I have found that ſteel, the warm gums, and the *Bath*, all do good in it. Therefore, firſt take the vomit A; then, every day, the quantity of a nutmeg in a morning, of the electuary marked B; with five ſpoonfuls of the tincture marked D. Take the tincture, but not the electuary, in the afternoon. You may take one of the pills marked C, at any time, (when you are troubled with it) or thirty of the drops marked E, in any vehicle, even water. I had a ſervant of my own, that was cured merely with vomiting. There is another medicine not mentioned, which you may try; the pulvis rad. Valerianæ ſylveſtris, about a ſcruple of it twice a day. How came you to take it in your head, that I was queen's phyſician? When I am ſo, you ſhall be a biſhop, or any thing you have a mind to. *Pope* is now the great reigning poetical favourite. Your lord lieutenant * has a mind to be well with you. Lady *Betty Germain* complains you have not wrote to her ſince ſhe wrote to you. I have ſhewed as much civility to Mrs. *Barber* as I could, and ſhe likewise to me. I have no more paper, but what ſerves to tell you, that I am, with great ſincerity, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

J. A R B U T H N O T.

I recommended Dr. *Helſham* to be phyſician to the lord lieutenant. I know not what effect it will have.

* The Duke of *Dorſet*.

A.

℞ Pulv. rad. ipocacoanæ, ʒ.

B.

℞ Conserv. flavedin. aurant. absynth. Rom. ana ʒvi. rubigin. Martis in pollin. redact. ʒiij. syrup. e succo kermes, q. f.

C.

℞ Af. fœtit. ʒij. tinctur. castor. q. f. fiant pilulæ xxiv.

D.

℞ Cortic. Peruviani elect. rubigin. Martis ana ʒj. digere tepide in vini alb. Gallic. ℥ij per 24 horas: postea fiat colatura.

E.

℞ Sp. cor. cerv. sp. lavendul. tinctur. castor. ana ʒij. misce. *

L E T T E R CCLXXX.

The Earl of C——D to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Hague, Dec. 15, 1730.

YO U need not have made any excuses to me for your solicitation: on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person, to whom you have thought it worth your while to apply since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at *Richmond*. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him; but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court-suitors, nor I lie under the imputa-

* As these receipts may possibly be useful to some person troubled with the Dean's complaint of giddiness, Dr. *Arburthnot*'s receipt of bitters, for strengthening the stomach, is added.

Take of zadoary root one drachm; galangal and Roman wormwood, of each two drachms; orange-peel, a drachm; lesser cardamon seeds, two scruples. Infuse all in a quart of boiling spring-water for six-hours: strain it off, and add to it four ounces of greater compound wormwood-water.

tion.

tion of making court-promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office *, I took the resolution of turning out nobody; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places, that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants, that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you, Mr. *Launcelot* shall be my first care. I confess, his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it; but as it is so remote, he won't have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a *Tory*, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation, that should I ever be charged with having preferred a *Tory*, the person, who was the author of my crime, would likewise be the author of my vindication. I am with real esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

C——D.

L E T T E R CCLXXXI.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Dec. 6, 1730.

BOTH your letters, to my great satisfaction, I have received. You were mistaken as to my being in town; for I have been here ever since the beginning of *May*. But the best way is to direct your letters always to the duke's house, in *London*; and they are sent hither by his porter. You say, we deserve envy: I think, we do; for I envy no man, either in town or out of it. We have had some few visitors, and every one of them such, as one would desire to visit. The duchess is a more severe check upon my finances than ever you were; and I submit, as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time, before I could prevail with her to let me allow myself a pair of shoes with two heels; for I had lost

* 'Of lord steward of the king's household, in which he succeeded the duke of *Dorset*, appointed lord lieutenant of *Ireland*.'

one, and the shoes were so decayed, that they were not worth mending. You see by this, that those, who are the most generous of their own, can be the most covetous for others. I hope you will be so good to me, as to use your interest with her, (for, whatever she says, you seem to have some) to indulge me with the extravagance suitable to my fortune.

The lady you mention, that dislikes you, hath no discernment. I really think, you may safely venture to *Amesbury*, though indeed the lady here likes to have her own way as well as you; which may sometimes occasion disputes: and, I tell you before-hand, that I cannot take your part. I think her so often in the right, that you will have great difficulty to persuade me, that she is in the wrong. Then, there is another thing, that I ought to tell you, to deter you from this place; which is, that the lady of the house is not given to shew civility to those she does not like. She speaks her mind, and loves truth. For the uncommonness of the thing, I fancy, your curiosity will prevail over your fear; and you will like to see such a woman. But I say no more, till I know whether her grace will fill up the rest of the paper.

The Duchess of —.

Write I must, particularly now, as I have an opportunity to indulge my predominant passion of contradiction. I do, in the first place, contradict most things Mr. *Gay* says of me, to deter you from coming here; which if you ever do, I hereby assure you, that, unless I like my own way better, you shall have yours; and in all disputes you shall convince me, if you can. But, by what I see of you, this is not a misfortune, that will always happen; for I find you are a great mistaker. For example, you take prudence for imperiousness: 'tis from this first, that I determined not to like one, who is too giddy-headed for me to be certain whether or no I shall ever be acquainted with. I have known people take great delight in building castles in the air; but I should chuse to build friends upon a more solid foundation. I would fain know you; for I often hear more good likeable things than 'tis possible any one can deserve. Pray, come, that I may find out something wrong; for I, and I believe most women, have an inconceivable pleasure to find out any faults, except their own. Mr. *Cibber* is made poet laureat. I am, Sir, as much your humble servant as I can be to any person I don't know,

C. Q.

Mr. *Gay* is very peevish that I spell and write ill; but I don't care: for neither the pen nor I can do better. Besides, I think you have flattered me, and such people ought to be put to trouble.

Mr. G A Y's Postscript.

Now I hope you are pleased, and that you will allow for so small a sum as 200*l.* you have a lumping pennyworth.

L E T T E R CCLXXXII.

Lady E—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Dec. 24, 1730.

SINCE you, with a modest assurance, affirm you understand and practise good manners better than any other person in either kingdom, I wish you would therefore put into very handsome terms my excuse to Dean *Swift*, that I have not answered his letter, that I received before the last. For even prebendary *Head* assured my brother *Harry*, that he, in all form and justice, took place of a colonel, as being major-general in the church; and therefore you need not have called a council to know, whether you or I were to write last; because, as being but a poor courtesy lady, I can pretend to no other place but what other people's goodness gives me. This being settled, I ought not to have writ again; but however, I fear I should have been wrong enough to have desired the correspondence to be kept up, but that I have been ill for a fortnight, and of course lazy, and not in a writing mood.

First, as to Mrs. *Barber*, as I told you before, so I tell you the same again, that, upon your recommendation, I shall be very glad to serve her, though I never did see her; and as I had not your letter till I went from *Tunbridge*, she passed unmarked by me in the crowd; nor have I met with her since. She writ to me to present ——'s poems to the duke and duchess of *Dorset*. I answered her letter, and obeyed her commands. And as to her own, I shall most willingly subscribe; though I am of the opinion, we ladies are not apt to be good poets, especially if we can't spell: but that is by the way of inviolable secret between you and me. So much for this letter. Now to your last epistle, for which it seems I am to give you thanks, for honouring me with your commands. Well, I do

do so, because this gets a proof, that, after so many years acquaintance, there is one, that will take my word; which is a certain sign, that I have not often broke it. Therefore behold the consequence is this; I have given my word to the duke of *Dorset*, that you would not so positively affirm this fact concerning Mrs. *Fox*, without knowing the certain truth, that there is no deceit in this declaration of trust. And though it has been recommended to him, as you say, he never did give any answer to it, nor designed it, till he was fully satisfied of the truth; and even then, I believe, would not have determined to have done it, because it is an easy way of securing a place for ever to a family; and were this to be an example, be it so many pence, or so many pounds, for the future they would be inheritances.

So now, not to shew my power with his grace (in spite of his dependants, who may cast their eyes on it) for that I dare affirm there never will be need of, where justice or good-nature is necessary; but to shew you his dependance on your honour and integrity, he gives me leave to tell you, it shall certainly be done; nor does this at all oblige you to give the thanks you seem so desirous to have; for at any time, whensoever you have any business, service, or request to make to his grace of *Dorset* (whether my proper business or no) till you two are better acquainted with one another's merits, I shall be very glad to shew how sincerely I am your friend and faithful humble servant.

L E T T E R CCLXXXIII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, Feb. 9, 1730.

AMONG the many compliments I have received from my friends on the birth of my son, I assure you none gave me greater pleasure, than the kind letter you honoured me with on the occasion. When you were last in *England*, your stay was so short, that I scarce had time, and very few opportunities, to convince you how great a desire I had to bear some share of your esteem; but, should you return this summer, I hope you will continue longer among us. Lord *Bolingbroke*, lord *Bathurst*, *Pope*, myself, and others of your friends, are got together in a country neighbourhood, which would be much enlivened, if you would come and live among us. Mrs. *Pulteney* joins with me in the invitation, and is much obliged to you

V O L. II.

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for

for remembering her. She bid me tell you, that she is determined to have no more children, unless you will promise to come over, and christen the next. You see how much my happiness, in many respects, depends upon your promise. I have always desired *Pope*, when he wrote to you, to remember my compliments; and I can assure you with the greatest truth, though you have much older acquaintances, that you have not in *England* a friend that loves and honours you more than I do, or can be, with greater sincerity, than I am, your most humble and obedient servant,

W. P U L T E N E Y.

P. S. If any of our pamphlets (with which we abound) are ever sent over to *Ireland*, and you think them worth reading, you will perceive how low they are reduced in point of argument on one side of the question. This has drove certain people to that last resort of calling names. Villain, traitor, seditious rascal, and such ingenious appellations, have frequently been bestowed on a couple of friends of yours. Such usage has made it necessary to return the same polite language; and there has been more *Billingsgate* stuff uttered from the press * within these two months, than ever was known before. Upon this, Dr. *Arbuthnot* has wrote a very humorous treatise †, which he shewed me this morning; wherein he proves, from many learned instances, that this sort of altercation is ancient, elegant, and classical; and that what the world falsely imagines to be polite, is truly *Gothic* and barbarous. He shews how the gods and goddesses used one another; dog, bitch, and whore were pretty common expressions among them: kings, heroes, ambassadors, and orators abused one another much in the same way; and he concludes, that it is a pity this method of abjuration should be lost. His quotations from *Homer*, *Demosthenes*, *Æschines*, and *Tully* are admirable, and the whole is very humorously conducted. I take it for granted he will send it you himself, as soon as it is printed.

* ' Among the pamphlets published within that period, was lord *Harvey's* *Sedition and Defamation displayed*; in a *Letter to the Author of the Craftsman*, published in Jan. 1730-31.'

† ' Probably that published in the *Miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. Arbuthnot*, Vol. I. p. 40. Printed at *Glasgow*, in 1731. The title of the piece is, *A brief Account of Mr. John Gingleut's Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients*.'

L E T T E R CCLXXXIV.

Lady E—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Feb. 23, 1730-31.

NOW were you in vast hopes you should hear no more from me, I being slow in my motions: but don't flatter yourself; you began the correspondence, set my pen a going, and God knows when it will end; for I had it by inheritance from my father, ever to please myself when I could; and though I don't just take the turn my mother did of fasting and praying; yet to be sure that was her pleasure too, or else she would not have been so greedy of it. I don't care to deliver your message this great while to lieutenant *Head*, he having been dead these two years. And though he had, as you say, a head, I loved him very well; but, however, from my dame *Wadgar's* * first impression, I have ever had a natural antipathy to spirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. *Pope*, which I am sorry for, and expect you should come to *England*, in order to improve it. If it was the queen, and not the duke of *Grafton*, that picked out such a laureat †, she deserves his poetry in her praise.

Your friend Mrs. *Barber* has been here. I find she has some request; but neither you nor she has yet let it out to me what it is: for certainly you cannot mean That by subscribing to her book; if so, I shall be mighty unhappy to have you call That a favour. For surely there is nothing so easy as what one can do one's self, nor any thing so heavy as what one must ask other people for; though I don't mean by this, that I shall ever be unwilling, when you require it; yet shall be much happier, when it is in my own power to shew, how sincerely I am my old friend's most faithful humble servant.

Mrs. *Lloyd* is much yours; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

* The deaf housekeeper at lord *Berkeley's*.

† *Colley Cibber*.

L E T T E R CCLXXXV.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

March 20, 1730-31.

I THINK it is above three months since I wrote to you, in partnership with the duchess. About a fortnight since I wrote to you from *Twickenham*, for Mr. *Pope* and myself. He was then disabled from writing, by a severe rheumatic pain in his arm; but is pretty well again, and at present in town. Lord *Oxford*,, lord *Bathurst*, he, and I, dined together yesterday at *Barnes*, with old *Jacob Tonson*, where we drank your health. I am again, by the advice of physicians, grown a moderate wine-drinker, after an abstinence of above two years; and now look upon myself as qualified for society as before.

I formerly sent you a state of the accounts between us. Lord *B*— hath this day paid me your principal and interest. The interest amounted to 12*l.* and I want your directions how to dispose of the principal, which must lie dead, till I receive your orders. I had a scheme of buying two lottery tickets for you, and keeping your principal intire. And as all my good fortune is to come, to shew you that I consult your advantage, I will buy two more for myself, and then you and I will go halves in the ten thousand pounds. That there will be a lottery is certain: the scheme is not yet declared, but I hear it will not be the most advantageous one; for we are to have but 3*l. per cent.*

I solicit for no court favours, so that I propose to buy the tickets at the market price, when they come out, which will not be these two or three months. If you do not like to have your money thus disposed of; or if you like to trust to your own fortune, rather than to share in mine, let me have your orders; and at the same time, tell me what I shall do with the principal sum.

I came to town the 7th of *January* last, with the duke and duchess, about business, for a fortnight. As it depended upon others, we could not get it done till now. Next week we return to *Amesbury*, in *Wiltshire*, for the rest of the year; but the best way is always to direct to me at the duke's, in *Burlington-gardens*, near *Piccadilly*. I am ordered by the duchess

chefs to grow rich in the manner of Sir *John Cutler*. I have nothing, at this present writing, but my frock that was made at *Salisbury*, and a bob perriwig, I persuade myself that it is shilling-weather as seldom as possible; and have found out, that there are few court-visits that are worth a shilling. In short, I am very happy in my present independency. I envy no man; but have the due contempt of voluntary slaves of birth and fortune. I have such a spite against you, that I wish you may long for my company, as I do for yours. Though you never write to me, you cannot make me forget you; so that if it is out of friendship you write so seldom to me, it doth not answer the purpose. Those who you like should remember you, do so whenever I see them. I believe they do it upon their own account; for I know few people who are solicitous to please or flatter me. The duchess sends you her compliments, and so would many more, if they knew of my writing to you.

L E T T E R CCLXXXVI.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

April 11, 1731.

THE fortune of the person you interest yourself in, amounts to at present (all debts paid) above three thousand four hundred pounds; so that, whatever other people think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be happy; that is to say, an independant creature. I have been in expectation, post after post, to have received your directions about the disposal of your money. I left that sum, with 200*l.* of my own, in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, at my coming out of town. If I hear nothing from you, I shall do with it, as I do with my own. I made you a proposal about purchasing lottery tickets, in partnership with myself; that is to say, four tickets between us. This can be done with the overplus, the interest-money I have received; but in this I will do nothing, till I hear from you.

I am now got to my residence at *Amesbury*, getting health, and saving money. Since I have got over the impediment to a writer, water-drinking, if I can persuade myself that I have any wit, and find I have inclination, I intend to write; though, as yet, I have another impediment: for
I have

I have not provided myself with a scheme. Ten to one but I shall have a propensity to write against vice, and who can tell how far that may offend? But an author should consult his genius, rather than his interest, if he cannot reconcile them. Just before I left *London*, I made a visit to Mrs. *Barber*. I wish I could any ways have contributed to her subscription. I have always found myself of no consequence, and am now of less than ever; but I have found out a way, in one respect, of making myself of more consequence, which is by considering other people of less. Those who have given me up, I have given up; and in short, I seek after no friendships, but am content with what I have in the house. They have subscribed, and I proposed it before *Jo. Taylor*, who, upon hearing she was a friend of yours, offered his subscription, and desired his compliments to you. I believe she hath given you an account that she hath some prospect of success from others recommendations to those I know; and I have not been wanting upon all occasions to put in my good word, which I fear avails but little. Two days ago I received a letter from Dr. *Arbutnot*, which gave me but a bad account of Mr. *Pope's* health. I have writ to him; but have not heard from him since I came into the country. If you knew the pleasure you gave me, you would keep your contract of writing more punctually; and especially you would have answered my last letter, as it was a money affair, and you have to do with a man of business.

Your letter was more to the duchess than to me; so I now leave off, to offer her the paper.

Postscript by the Duchess.

It was Mr. *Gay's* fault that I did not write sooner; which if I had, I should hope you would have been here by this time; for I have to tell you, all your articles are agreed to; and that I only love my own way, when I meet not with others whose ways I like better. I am in great hopes that I shall approve of yours; for to tell you the truth, I am at present a little tired of my own. I have not a clear or distinct voice, except when I am angry; but I am a very good nurse, when people don't fancy themselves sick. Mr. *Gay* knows this; and he knows too how to play at back-gammon. Whether the parson of the parish can, I know not; but if he cannot hold his tongue, I can. Pray set out the first fair
wind,

wind, and stay with us as long as ever you please. I cannot name my fixed time, that I shall like to maintain you and your equipage; but, if I don't happen to like you, I know I can so far govern my temper, as to endure you for about five days. So come away directly; at all hazards, you'll be allowed a good breathing time. I shall make no sort of respectful conclusions; for till I know you, I cannot tell what I am to you.

Mr. G A Y's Postscript.

The direction is to the duke of *Queensberry's*, in *Burlington-gardens, Piccadilly*. Now I have told you this, you have no excuse from writing but one, which is coming; get over your law-suit, and receive your money.

The duchess adds, "he shall not write a word more from *Amesbury*, in *Wiltshire*. Your groom was mistaken; for the house is big enough, but the park is too little."

L E T T E R CCLXXXVII.

Lord B——— to Dr. S W I F T.

April 19, 1731.

I NEVER designed to have wrote to you any more, because you bantered and abused me so grossly in your last. To flatter a man, from whom you can get nothing, nor expect any thing, is doing mischief for mischief's sake, and consequently highly immoral. However, I will not carry my resentments so far, as to stand by and see you undone, without giving you both notice and advice. Could any man but you think of trusting *John Gay* with his money? None of his friends would ever trust him with his own, whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the 200*l.* I had of yours; I paid him both principal and interest. I suppose by this time he has lost it. I give you notice, you must look upon it as annihilated.

Now, as I have considered, your deanry brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep servants and horses, and frequently give little neat dinners, which are more expensive than a few splendid entertainments; besides which, you may be said to water your flock with *French* wine, which altogether must consume your substance in a little while; I
have

have thought of putting you in a method, that may retrieve your affairs. In the first place, you must turn off all your servants, and sell your horses (I will find exercise for you). Your whole family must consist of only one sound wholesome wench. She will make your bed, and warm it; besides washing your linen, and mending it, darning your stockings, &c. But to save all expence in house-keeping, you must contrive some way or other, that she should have milk; and I can assure you, it is the opinion of some of the best physicians, that womens milk is the wholesomest food in the world.

Besides, this regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your blood. You will not be such a *boutefeu*, as you have been, and be ready, upon every trifling occasion, to set a whole kingdom in a flame. Had the *Drapier* been a milk-sop, poor *Wood* had not suffered so much in his reputation and fortune. It will allay that fervour of blood, and quiet that hurry of spirits, which breaks out every now and then into poetry, and seems to communicate itself to others of the chapter. You would not then encourage *Delaney* and *Stopford* in their idleness, but let them be as grave as most of their order are with us. I am convinced they will sooner get preferment then, than in the way they now are. And I shall not be out of hopes of seeing you a bishop in time, when you live in that regular way, which I propose. In short, in a few years, you may lay up money enough to buy even the bishopric of *Durham*. For if you keep cows instead of horses, in that high-walled orchard, and cultivate by your own industry a few potatoes in your garden, the maid will live well, and be able to sell more butter and cheese, than will answer her wages. You may preach then upon your temperance with a better grace, than now, that you are known to consume five or six hogheads of wine every year of your life. You will be mild and meek in your conversation, and not frighten parliament-men, and keep even lords-lieutenants in awe. You will then be qualified for that slavery, which the country you live in, and the order you profess, seem to be designed for. It will take off that giddiness in your head, which has disturbed yourself and others. The disputes between Sir *Arthur* * and my lady, will for the future be confined

* Sir *Arthur Acheson*, at whose seat, in a village called *Market-Hill* in *Ireland*, the Dean sometimes made a long visit. The dispute between Sir *Arthur* and my lady, here alluded to, is whether *Hamilton's* barn should be turned into a barrack, or a malt-house? The *Old Thorn*, is that

to prose, and an old thorn may be cut down in peace, and warm the parlour chimney, without heating the heads of poor innocent people, and turning their brains.

You ought to remember what St. *Austin* says, *Poesis est vinum dæmonum*. Consider the life you now lead: you warm all that come near you with your wine and conversation; and the rest of the world, with your pen dipped deep in St. *Austin's vinum dæmonum*.

So far for your soul's health. Now, as to the health of your body; I must inform you, that part of what I prescribe to you, is the same which our great friar *Bacon* prescribed to the pope, who lived in his days. Read his *Cure of old Age, and Preservation of Youth*, chap. the 12th. You used to say, that you found benefit from riding. The *French*, an ingenious people, used the word *chevaucher*, instead of *monter a cheval*, and they look upon it as the same thing in effect.

Now, if you will go on after this, in your old ways, and ruin your health, your fortune, and your reputation, it is no fault of mine. I have pointed out the road, which will lead you to riches and preferment; and that you may have no excuse from entering into this new course of life, upon pretence of doubting, whether you can get a person properly qualified to feed you, and compose your new family, I will recommend you to *John Gay*, who is much better qualified to bring increase from a woman, than from a sum of money. But if he should be lazy, (he is so fat, that there is some reason to doubt him) I will without fail supply you myself, that you may be under no disappointments. *Bracton* says, *Conjunctio maris et fœminæ est jure naturæ*. Vide *Cook* upon *Littleton*. *Calvin's* case 1st vol. *Reports*.

This I send you from my closet at *Richkings* *, where I am at leisure to attend serious affairs; but when one is in town, there are so many things to laugh at, that it is very difficult to compose one's thoughts, even long enough to write a letter of advice to a friend. If I see any man serious in that crowd, I look upon him for a very dull or designing fellow. By the bye, I am of opinion, that folly and cunning are nearer allied than people are aware of. If a fool runs out his fortune, and is undone, we say, the

that cut down at *Market-Hill*, the subject of a little poem written by *Swift*. vol. vii. p. 121, 141. edit. 1754.

* 'A seat of his lordship's, in *Buckinghamshire*.'

poor man has been outwitted. Is it not as reasonable to say of a cunning rascal, who has lived miserably, and died hated and despised, to leave a great fortune behind him, that he has out-witted himself? In short, to be serious about those trifles, which the majority of mankind think of consequence, seems to me to denote folly; and to trifle with those things, which they generally treat ludicrously, may denote knavery. I have observed that, in comedy, the best actor plays the part of the droll, whilst some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst fools only are serious. Adieu.

Continue to be merry and wise; but never turn serious, or cunning.

L E T T E R CCLXXXVIII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, April 27, 1731.

YOURS, without a date, I received two days after my return to this place from *London*, where I stayed only four days. I saw Mr. *Pope*, who is much better: I dined with him at lord *Oxford's*, who never fails drinking your health, and is always very inquisitive after every thing that concerns you. Mr. *Pulteney* had received your letter, and seemed very much pleased with it; and I thought you too very much in the favour of the lady. Sir *William Wyndham*, who you will hear hath buried lady *Catherine*, was at *Dawley* in great affliction. Dr. *Arbutnot* I found in good health and spirits. His neighbour, Mr. *Lewis*, was gone to *Bath*. Mrs. *Patty Blount* I saw two or three times, who will be very much pleased, when she knows you so kindly remember her. I am afraid Mrs. *Howard* will not be so well satisfied with the compliments you send her. I breakfasted twice with her at Mrs. *Blount's*; and she told me, that her indisposition had prevented her answering your letter. This she desired me to tell you, that she would write to you soon; and she desires you will accept of her compliments in the mean time, by me. You should consider circumstances before you censure. It will be too long for a letter to make her apology; but when I see you, I shall convince you, that

you

you mistake her *. This day before I left *London*, I gave orders for buying two *South-Sea* or *India* bonds for you, which carry 4*l.* per cent. and are as easily turned into ready money, as bank-bills; which, by this time, I suppose is done.

Whenever you come to *England*, if you will put that confidence in me, to give me notice, I will meet you at your landing-place, and conduct you hither. You have experience of me as a traveller; and, I promise, I will not drop you on the road for any visit whatever. You tell me of thanks I have not given. I don't know what to say to people who are continually laying one under obligations: my behaviour to you, shall convince you that I am very sensible of them, though I never once mention them. I look upon you as my best friend and counsellor. I long for the time when we shall meet and converse together. I will draw you into no great company, besides those I live with. In short, if you insist upon it, I will give up all great company for yours. These are conditions, that I can hardly think you will insist upon, after your declarations to the duchess, who is more and more impatient to see you: and all my fear is, that you will give up me for her, which, after my ungallant declaration, would be very ungenerous. But we will settle this matter together, when you come to *Amesbury*. After all, I find I have been saying nothing; for speaking of her, I am talking as if I were in my own power. You used to blame me for over-solicitude about myself. I am now grown so rich, that I don't think myself worth thinking on; so that I will promise you never to mention myself, or my own affairs; but you owed it all to the inquisitiveness of your friendship; and ten to one but you will every now and then draw me in to talk of myself again. I sent you a gross state of my fortune already. I have not room to draw it out in particulars. When you come over, the duchess will state it to you. I have left no room for her to write, so that I will say nothing till my letter is gone; but she would not forgive me, if I did not send her compliments.

* See a further defence of this lady, in the letters of lady B—G—, cccx. cccxiv.

L E T T E R CCLXXXIX.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

June 5, 1731.

I FANSY you have comforted yourself a long time with the hopes of hearing no more; but you may return your thanks to a downright fit of the gout in my foot, and as painful a rheumatism that followed immediately after in my arm, which bound me to my good behaviour. So you may perceive I should make a sad nurse to Mr. *Pope*, who finds the effects of age, and a crazy carcase already. However, if it is true what I am informed, that you are coming here soon, I expect you should bring us together; and if he will bear me with patience, I shall hear him with pleasure.

I don't know what number of chaplains the duke of *Dorset* intends to carry over; but as yet, I have heard of but one that he has sent, and he is as worthy, honest, sensible a man as any I know, Mr. *Brandreth*, who I believe was recommended to your acquaintance. I believe you will find by my writing, that it is not quite easy to me, so I will neither tease you, nor trouble myself longer, who am most sincerely your faithful humble servant,

E. G.

L E T T E R CCXC.

Duchess of ——— and Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

The D U C H E S S.

July 18, 1731.

Y O U are my dear friend, I am sure, for you are hard to be found: that you are so, is certainly owing to some evil genius. For if you say true, this is the very properest place you can repair to. There is not a head here upon any of our shoulders, that is not, at sometimes, worse than yours can possibly be at the worst; and not one to compare with yours, when at best, except your friends are your sworn liars. So in one respect, at least, you will find things just as they could be wished. It is farther necessary to assure you, that the duchess is neither healthy nor young; she lives in all the spirits she can, and with as little grandeur as she

she can possibly. She too, as well as you, can scold, and command; but she can be silent, and obey, if she pleases; and then for a good nurse, it is out of dispute, that she must prove an excellent one, who has been so experienced in the infirmities of others, and of her own. As for talking nonsense, provided you do it on purpose, she has no objection: there is some sense in nonsense, when it does not come by chance. In short, I am very sure, that she has set her heart upon seeing you at this place. Here are women enough to attend you, if you should happen not to approve of her. She has not one fine lady belonging to her, or her house. She is impatient to be governed, and is cheerfully determined, that you shall quietly enjoy your own will and pleasure as long as ever you please.

Mr. G A Y.

You shall ride, you shall walk, and she will be glad to follow your example: and this will be doing good at the same time to her and yourself. I had not heard from you so long, that I was in fears about you, and in the utmost impatience for a letter. I had flattered myself, your law-suit was at an end, and that your own money was in your own pocket; and about a month ago, I was every day expecting a summons to *Bristol*. Your money is either getting or losing something; for I have placed it in the funds. For I am grown so much a man of business, that is to say, so covetous, that I cannot bear to let a sum of money lie idle. Your friend Mrs. *Howard*, is now countess of *Suffolk*. I am still so much a dupe, that I think you mistake her. Come to *Amesbury*, and you and I will dispute this matter; and the duchess shall be judge. But I fancy you will object against her; for I will be so fair to you, as to own, that I think she is of my side: but, in short, you shall chuse any impartial referee you please. I have heard from her; Mr. *Pope* hath seen her; I beg you would suspend your judgment till we talk over this affair together; for I fancy, by your letter, you have neither heard from her, or seen her, so that you cannot at present be as good a judge as we are. I'll be a dupe for you at any time, therefore I beg it of you, that you would let me be a dupe in quiet.

As you have had several attacks of the giddiness you at present complain of, and that it hath formerly left you, I will hope, that at this instant you are perfectly well; though my fears were so very great, before I received your letter, that I may probably flatter myself, and think you
better

better than you are. As to my being a manager for the duke, you have been misinformed. Upon the discharge of an unjust steward, he took the administration into his own hands. I own, I was called in to his assistance, when the state of affairs was in the greatest confusion. Like an ancient Roman, I came, put my helping hand to set affairs right, and as soon as it was done, I am retired again as a private man.

The D U C H E S S.

What you imagined you heard her say, was a good deal in her stile: it was a thousand to one she had not said so, but I must do her the justice to say, that she did not, either in thought or word. I am sure she wants to be better acquainted with you, for which she has found out ten thousand reasons, that we'll tell you, if you come.

Mr. G A Y.

By your letter, I cannot guess whether we are like to see you or no. Why might not the *Amesbury* downs make you better?

The D U C H E S S.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. *Gay* tells me, I must write upon his line for fear of taking up too much room. It was his fault, that I omitted my duty in his last letter, for he never told me one word of writing to you, till he had sent away his letter. However, as a mark of my great humility, I shall be ready and glad to ask you pardon upon my knees, as soon as ever you come, though not in fault. I own this is a little mean-spirited, which I hope will not make a bad impression, considering you are the occasion. I submit to all your conditions, so pray, come; for, I have not only promised myself, but Mr. *Gay* also, the satisfaction to hear you talk as much nonsense as you can possibly utter.

Mr. G A Y.

You will read in the *Gazette* of a friend of yours, who hath lately had the dignity of being disgraced*: for he, and every body, except five or

* 'William Pulteney, Esq; who on the 1st of July, 1731, was, by order of king George II. struck out of the list of the privy-council, and put out of all the commissions of the peace.'

fix, look upon it in the same light. I know, were you here, you would congratulate him upon it. I have no scheme at present, either to raise my fame or fortune. I daily reproach myself for my idleness. You know, one cannot write when one will. I think and reject: one day or other, perhaps, I may think on something that may engage me to write. You and I are alike in one particular (I wish to be so in many); I mean, that we hate to write upon other folks hints. I love to have my own scheme, and to treat it in my own way. This, perhaps, may be taking too much upon myself, and I may make a bad choice; but I can always enter into a scheme of my own with more ease and pleasure, than into that of any other body. I long to see you; I long to hear from you; I wish you health; I wish you happiness; and I should be very happy myself to be witness that you enjoyed my wishes.

L E T T E R CCXCI.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

August 2, 1731.

I AM indebted to you, my reverend Dean, for a letter of a very old date: the expectation of seeing you from week to week, which our friend *Gay* made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while; and I have since deferred it by waiting an opportunity of sending my letter by a safe hand. That opportunity presents itself at last, and Mr. *Ecklin* will put this letter into your hands.

You will hear from him, and from others, of the general state of things in this country, into which I returned, and where I am confined for my sins. If I entertained the notion, which by the way I believe to be much older than Popery, or even than Christianity, of making up an account with heaven, and demanding the balance in bliss, or paying it by good works and sufferings of my own, and by the merits and sufferings of others, I should imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life, one way or other, since my return into *England*. One of the circumstances of my situation, which has afflicted me most, and which afflicts me still so, is the absolute inutility I am of to those whom I should be the best pleased to serve. Success in serving my friends would make me amends for the

want

want of it in diserving my enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making such an establishment here as might tempt you to quit *Ireland*. One of them would have succeeded, and would have been agreeable in every respect, if engagements to my lady's kinsman (who did not, I suppose, deserve to be your clerk) had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place, without the consent of those, who would rather have you a dean in *Ireland*, than a parish priest in *England*; and who are glad to keep you, where your sincere friend, my late lord *Oxford*, sent you. A third was wholly in our power; but when I enquired exactly into the value, I found it less than I had believed; the distance from these parts was great; and besides all this, an unexpected and groundless dispute about the right of presentation (but still such a dispute as the law must determine) had arisen. You will please to believe, that I mention these things for no other reason than to shew you, how much those friends deserve you should make them a visit at least, who are so desirous to settle you amongst them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unsuccessful.

I received, some time ago, a letter from Dr. *Delaney*; and very lately Mr. *Pope* sent me some sheets, which seem to contain the substance of two sermons of that gentleman's. The *philosophia prima* is above my reach, and especially when it attempts to prove, that God has done, or does so and so, by attempting to prove, that doing so and so is essential to his attributes, or necessary to his design; and that the not doing so and so would be inconsistent with the former, or repugnant to the latter. I content myself to contemplate what I am sure he has done, and to adore him for it in humble silence. I can demonstrate, that every cavil, which has been brought against the great system of the world, physical and moral, from the days of *Democritus* and *Epicurus* to this day, is absurd; but I dare not pronounce why things are made as they are, state the ends of infinite wisdom, and shew the proportion of the means*.

* Yet this appears to have been the attempt of Mr. *Pope*, in his *Essay on Man*, in which he professes to have adopted lord *Bolingbroke's* principles,

“Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.”

and which lord *Bolingbroke*, in a subsequent part of this very letter, says, was undertaken at his instigation; approving, at the same time, of the first three books, which he had seen and considered.

Dr. *Delaney*, in his letter to me, mentioned some errors in the critical parts of learning, which he hoped he had corrected, by shewing the mistakes, particularly of Sir *John Marsham*, on whose authority those errors were built. Whether I can be of use to him, even in this part, I know not; for having fixed my opinion long ago concerning all ancient history and chronology, by a careful examination into the first principles of them, I have ever since laid that study totally aside. I confess, in the letter I writ lately to the doctor, notwithstanding my great respect for Sir *John Marsham*, that his authority is often precarious, because he leans often on other authorities, which are so. But to you I will confess a little more: I think, nay, I know, that there is no possibility of making any system of that kind, without doing the same thing; and that the defect is in the subject, not in the writer. I have read the writings of some who differ from him; and of others who undertook particularly to refute him. It seems plain to me, that this was the case. All the materials of this sort of learning are disjointed and broken. Time has contributed to render them so, and the unfaithfulness of those, who have transmitted them down to us, particularly of that vile fellow *Eusebius**, has done even more than time itself. By throwing these fragments into a different order, by arbitrary interpretations (and it is often impossible to make any others) in short, by a few plausible guesses for the connexion and application of them, a man may, with tolerable ingenuity, prove almost any thing by them. I tried formerly to prove, in a learned dissertation, by the same set of authorities, that there had been four *Assyrian* monarchies; that there had been but three; that there had been but two; that there had been but one; and that there never had been any. I puzzled myself, and a much nobler man than myself, the friend to whom I lent the manuscript, and who has, I believe, kept it. In short, I am afraid that I shall not be very useful to Dr. *Delaney*, in making remarks on the work he is about. His communication of this work may be useful, and I am sure it will be agreeable to me. If you and he are still in *Ireland*, pray give my best services to him; but say no more than may be proper of all I have writ to you.

* 'The learned bishop of *Cæsarea*, in the fourth century, in his *Chronicon*, published by *Joseph Scaliger*, with notes, at *Leyden*, in 1606, folio, and reprinted at *Amsterdam*, with great additions to the notes, in 1658.'

I know very well the project you mean, and about which you say, that *Pope* and you have often teased me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that a publication of any thing of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be so even now. Besides, call it pride if you will, I shall never make, either to the present age, or to posterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late queen's reign *. But I will apply myself very seriously to the composition of just and true relations of the events of those times, in which both I, and my friends and my enemies must take the merit, or the blame, which an authentic and impartial deduction of facts will assign to us. I will endeavour to write so as no man could write, who had not been a party in those transactions, and as few men would write, who had been concerned in them. I believe I shall go back, in considering the political interests of the principal powers in *Europe*, as far as the *Pyrennean* treaty; but I shall not begin a thread of history till the death of *Charles* the second of *Spain*, and the accession of queen *Anne* to the throne of *England*. Nay, even from that time downwards, I shall render my relations more full, or *piu magra*, the word is father *Paul's*, just as I have, or have not, a stock of authentic materials. These shall regulate my work, and I will neither indulge my own vanity, nor other mens curiosity, in going one step farther than they carry me. You see, my dear *Swift*, that I open a large field to myself: with what success I shall expatiate in it, I know as little, as I know whether I shall live to go through so great a work; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal business of the rest of my life. This advantage, at least, I shall reap from it, a great advantage it will be, my attention will be diverted from the present scene. I shall grieve less at those things which I cannot mend; I shall dignify my retreat; and shall wind up the labours of my life in serving the cause of truth.

You say, you could easily shew, by comparing my letters for twenty years past, how the whole system of my philosophy changes by the several gradations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my

* This probably alludes to a tract called *Letters on the Spirits of Patriotism*, &c. of which lord *Bolingbroke* permitted a few copies to be taken, for his particular friends, and which afterwards found its way into the world by Mr. *Pope's* means. *Gent. Mag.* vol. XIX. p. 195, 196.

way of thinking has been uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to my shame, that my way of acting has not been always conformable to my way of thinking. My own passions, and the passions and interests of other men still more, have led me aside. I launched into the deep before I had loaded ballast enough. If the ship did not sink, the cargo was thrown over-board. The storm itself threw me into port. My own opinion, my own desires, would have kept me there: the opinion, the desires, of others sent me to sea again. I did, and blamed myself for doing what others, and you, among the rest, would have blamed me, if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much at least as was due to friendship. If I go off the stage of public life, without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do assure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.

Does *Pope* talk to you of the noble work, which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner, that he must be convinced, by this time, I judged better of his talents than he did? The first epistle, which considers man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole system of universal being. The second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself, and relatively to his particular system. And the third, which shews how an universal cause works to one end, but works by various laws; how man, and beast, and vegetable are linked in a mutual dependency, parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole; how human societies were formed; from what spring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greatest interests and our plainest duty indivisibly the same. These three epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject; he pleads the cause of God, I use *Seneca's* expression, against that famous charge which Atheists in all ages have brought, the supposed unequal dispensations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting*. You admit it indeed for an extreme good purpose, and you

* To prove that the dispensations of Providence in the present state are not unequal, is certainly very desirable; but there is reason to fear, that those who blame divines for admitting an inequality, have not succeeded in the attempt.

The philosophers, both ancient and modern, who have endeavoured to justify the ways of God to man, by proving that happiness does not consist in externals, in order to shew that his dispensations

build on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments. But what if you should find, that this future state will not account for God's justice * in the present state, which you give up, in opposition to the Atheist? Would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the other point on revelation? I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book; the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand by what I have said, that *Pope* will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted. You enquire so kindly after my wife, that I must tell you something of her. She has fallen upon a remedy, invented by a surgeon abroad, and which has had great success in cases similar to her's. This remedy has visibly attacked the original cause of all her complaints, and has abated, in some degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various symptoms. I hope, and surely with reason, that she will receive still greater benefit from this method of cure, which she will resume as soon as the great heat is over. If she recovers, I shall not, for her sake, abstract myself from the world, more than I do at present in this place. But if she should be taken from me, I should most certainly yield to that strong desire, which I have long had, of secluding myself totally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management, even of my private affairs, to others; and of securing, by those means, for the rest of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philosophical quiet.

dispensations are equal, have yet placed happiness in virtue chiefly, as a principle of active benevolence.

“Happier as kinder in each due degree,

“And height of bliss, but height of charity.”

Now there seems to be an inconsistency between these two principles, of which they are not aware.

It may reasonably be asked, what virtue, as a principle of active benevolence, has to bestow? Can it bestow upon others any thing more than externals? If not, it either has not the power of communicating happiness, or happiness is to be communicated in externals. If it has not the power of communicating happiness, it is indeed a mere name; the subject receives nothing; the agent gives nothing. The bliss of charity is founded on a delusion; on the false supposition of a benefit communicated by externals, which externals cannot communicate. If happiness can be communicated by externals, and consequently is dependent upon them, and these externals are unequally distributed, how is the dispensation of Providence, with respect to happiness in the present state, equal?

* *i. e.* Will not reconcile the present unequal distribution to the Divine justice.

I sup-

I suppose you have seen some of those volumes of scurrility, which have been thrown into the world against Mr. P—— and myself, and the *Craftsman*, which gave occasion to them. I think it is the sense of all my friends, that the person, who published the *Final Answer* *, took a right turn, in a very nice and very provoking circumstance. To answer all the falsties, misrepresentations, and blunders, which a club of such scoundrels, as *Arnold*, *Concanen*, and other pensioners of the minister, crouded together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous, and must have forced several things to be said. To have explained some points, and to have stopped at others, would have given strength to that impertinent suggestion, Guilt alone is silent in the day of inquiry. It was therefore right to open no part of the scene of the late queen's reign, nor submit the passages of her administration, and the conduct of any of her ministers, to the examination of so vile a tribunal. This was still the more right, because, upon such points as relate to subsequent transactions, and as affect me singly, what the *Craftsman* had said, was justified unanswerably; and what the remarker had advanced, was proved to be infamously false. The effect of this paper has answered the design of it; and, which is not common, all sides agree, that the things said ought to have been said. The public writers seems to be getting back, from these personal altercations, to national affairs, much against the grain of the minister's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be, I know not; but this I know, that when all the information which can be given, is given; when all the spirit which can be raised, is raised, it is to no purpose to write any more. Even you men of this world have nothing else to do, but to let the ship drive till she is cast away, or till the storm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner, an officer, nor a foremast-man. I am but a passenger, said my lord *Carbury*.

It is well for you I am got to the end of my paper; for you might else have a letter as long again from me. If you answer me by the post, remember, whilst you are writing, that you write by the post. Adieu, my reverend friend.

* This pamphlet was written by lord *Bolingbroke*, in his own vindication, in 1731. it is intituled, *A Final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication of his two honourable Patrons; and to all the Libels which have come, or may come, from the same Quarter, against the Person last mentioned in the Craftsman of 22d of May.*

L E T T E R CCXCII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Drayton, Sept. 7, 1731.

TO shew how strictly I obey your orders, I came from the duchess of *Dorset's* country-house to my own, where I have rid and walked as often as the weather permitted me. Nor am I very nice in that; for, if you remember, I was not bred up very tenderly, nor a fine lady; for which I acknowledge myself exceedingly obliged to my parents: for had I that sort of education, I should not have been so easy and happy, as I thank God, I now am. As to the gout, indeed, I do derive it from my ancestors; but I may forgive even that, since it waited upon me no sooner; and especially since I see my elder and two younger brothers so terribly plagued with it; so that I am now the only wine-drinker in my family; and, upon my word, I am not increased in that since you first knew me.

I am sorry you are involved in law-suits; it is the thing on earth I most fear. I wish you had met with as complaisant an adversary as I did; for my lord *Peterborow* plagued Sir *John** all his life-time; but declared, if ever he gave the estate to me, he would have done with it; and accordingly has kept his word, like an honourable man.

I hope I shall soon hear of the duke and duchess of *Dorset's* safe landing; and I do not question the people of *Ireland's* liking them as well as they deserve. I desire no better for them; for if you don't spoil him there, which I think he has too good sense to let happen, he is the most worthy, honest, good-natured, great-soul'd man that ever was born. As to the duchess, she is so reserved, that perhaps she may not be at first so much admired; but, upon knowledge, I will defy any body upon earth, with sense, judgment, and good-nature, not only not to admire her, but must love and esteem her as much as I do, and every one else does, that is really acquainted with her. You know him a little; so, for his own sake, you must like him: and, till you are better acquainted with them both, I hope you will like them for mine. Your friend *Biddy*† is just the same as she was; laughs

* Husband to lady B—— G——.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

sedately,

sedately, and makes a joke silly. And I am, as I ever was, and hope I ever shall be, your most sincere friend, and faithful humble servant,

E——G——.

L E T T E R CCXCHII.

Countess of ——— to Dr. S W I F T *.

S I R,

Hampton-Court, Sept. 25, 1731.

YOU seem to think that you have a natural right to abuse me, because I am a woman, and a courtier. I have taken it as a woman and as a courtier ought, with great resentment, and a determined resolution of revenge. The number of letters that have been sent, and thought by many to be yours, (and thank God they were all silly ones) has been a fair field to execute it. Think of my joy to hear you suspected of folly; think of my pleasure when I entered the list for your justification! Indeed I was a little disconcerted to find Mr. *Pope* took the same side; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the *Irish Drapier*, have found no friend but the silly woman and the courtier. Could I have preserved myself alone in the list, I should not have despaired, that this monitor of princes, this *Irish* patriot, this excellent man at speech and pen, should have closed the scene under suspicion of having a violent passion for Mrs. *Barber* and lady M——or: Mrs. *Haywood* † has writ the progress of it. Now, to my mortification, I find every body inclined to think you had no hand in writing those letters; but I every day thank Providence that there is an epitaph in *St. Patrick's* cathedral ‡, that will be a lasting monument of your imprudence. I cherish this extremely; for, say what you can to justify it, I am convinced I shall as easily argue the world into the belief of a courtier's sincerity, as you (with all your wit and eloquence) will be able to convince mankind of the prudence of that action. I expect to

* Three letters, recommending Mrs. *Barber*, the wife of a tradesman in *Ireland* who had failed, to the queen, in order to forward a subscription for some poems, were forged in the Dean's name, and sent to her majesty. The Dean wrote an account of the fraud, and a justification of himself, to the countess of *Suffolk*, in a letter, to which this is an answer. See one of the counterfeit letters, and the Dean's to lady *Suffolk*, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

† Mrs. *Haywood*, a well-known writer of scandal in novels.

‡ On the duke of *Schomberg*. See the letter to which this is an answer, in Mr. *Deane Swift's* Collection.

hear

hear if peace shall ensue, or war continue between us. If I know but little of the art of war, you see I do not want courage; and that has made many an ignorant foldier fight fuccefsfully. Befides, I have a numerous body of light-armed troops to bring into the field, who, when fingle, may be as inconfiderable as a *Lilliputian*, yet ten thousand of them embarrassed captain *Gulliver*. If you fend honourable articles, they fhall be figned. I infift that you own that you have been unjuft to me; for I have never forgot you; for I have made others fend my compliments, becaufe I was not able to write myfelf. If I cannot juftify the advice I gave you, from the fuccefs of it, I gave you my reafons for it: and it was your bufinefs to have judged of my capacity, by the folidity of my arguments. If the principle was falfe, you ought not to have acted upon it. So you have been only the dupe of your own ill judgment, and not my falshood. Am I to fend back the crown and the plaid, well packed up, in my own character, and continue very truly and very much your humble fervant, — — — ?

L E T T E R CCXCIV.

Lady B — G — to Dr. S W I F T.

Nov. 4, 1731.

I BELIEVE in my confcience, that though you had answered mine before, the fecond was never the lefs welcome. So much for your topfcript, not poffcript; and in very fincere earneft I heartily thank you for remembering me fo often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are over; for I never was for your *Hyde-Park* courfes, although my courage ferves me very well at a hand-gallop in the country for fix or feven miles, with one horfeman, and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be cloathed when he can run faft enough to keep up with my horfe, who has yet only proved his dexterity by efcaping from fchool. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I fhould have the happinefs to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows, that manage their own horfes to fhew their art; or that think a poftilion's cap, with a white frock, the moft becoming drefs. Thefe and their grooms I am moft bitterly afraid of; becaufe, you muft know, if my complaifant friend, your
Presbyterian

presbyterian housekeeper*, can remember any thing like such days with me, that is a very good reason for me to remember that time is past; and your toupees would rejoice to see a horse throw an ancient gentlewoman.

I am sorry to hear you are no wiser in *Ireland* than we *English*; for our birth-day was as fine as hands could make us; but I question much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my duchess's being dressed in your manufacture†; if your ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiss. And I dare say you will soon find that the more you know of them both, the better you will like them; or else *Ireland* has strangely depraved your taste, and That my own vanity will not let me believe, since you still flatter me.

Why do you tantalize me? Let me see you in *England* again, if you dare; and choose your residence, summer or winter, *St. James's-Square*, or *Drayton*. I defy you in all shapes; be it dean of *St. Patrick's* governing *England* or *Ireland*, or politician *Drapier*. But my choice should be the parson in lady *Betty's* chamber. Make haste then, if you have a mind to oblige your ever sincere and hearty old friend.

L E T T E R CCXCV.

Mr. G A Y, and the Duke of ———, to Dr. S W I F T.

Nov. 8, 1731.

FOR about this month or six weeks past, I have been rambling from home, or have been at what I may not improperly call other homes, at *Darby*, and at *Twickenham*; and, I really think, at every one of my homes you have as good a pretension as myself. For I find them all exceedingly disappointed by the law-suit that hath kept you this summer from us, Mr. *Pope* told me, that affair was now over, that you have the estate which was your security; I wish you had your own money; for I wish you free from every engagement that keeps us from one another. I think you decyphered the last letter we sent you very judiciously. You may make you own conditions at *Amesbury*, where I am at present; you may do

* Probably Mrs. *White-Way*, whom *Swift* humourously called Mrs. *Alba-Via*.

† The duchess also appeared at the castle in *Dublin*, wholly clad in the manufactures of *Ireland*, on his majesty's birth-day in 1753, when the duke was a second time lord lieutenant.

the same at *Dawly*; and *Twickenham*, you know, is your own. But if you rather chuse to live with me (that is to say, if you will give up your right and title) I will purchase the house you and I used to dispute about over-against *Ham* walks, on purpose to entertain you. Name your day, and it shall be done. I have lived with you, and I wish to do so again in any place, and upon any terms. The duchess does not know of my writing; but I promised to acquaint the duke the next time I wrote to you, and for aught I know he may tell the duchess, and she may tell Sir *William Wyndham*, who is now here; and for fear they should all have something to say to you, I leave the rest of the paper till I see the duke.

The D U K E.

Mr. *Gay* tells me, you seem to doubt what authority my wife and he have to invite a person hither, who, by agreement, is to have the government of the place during his stay; when at the same time it does not appear, that the present master of these demesnes hath been consulted in it. The truth of the matter is this: I did not know whether you might not have suspected me for a sort of a pert coxcomb, had I put in my word in the late correspondence between you and my wife. Ladies (by the courtesy of the world) enjoy privileges not allowed to men; and in many cases the same thing is called a favour from a lady, which might perhaps by looked upon as impertinence from a man. Upon this reflection, I have hitherto refrained from writing to you, having never had the pleasure of conversing with you otherwise; and as that is a thing I most sincerely wish, I would not venture to meddle in a negociation that seemed to be in so fair a way of producing that desirable end. But our friend *John* has not done me justice, if he has never mentioned to you how much I wish for the pleasure of seeing you here; and tho' I have not till now avowedly taken any steps towards bringing it about, what has passed conducive to it has been all along with my privacy and consent, and I do now formally ratify all the preliminary articles and conditions agreed to on the part of my wife, and will undertake to the due observance of them. I depend upon my friend *John* to answer for my sincerity. I was not long at court. I have been a country gentleman for some time.

Poll manus sub linus darque dds five nig ig gnipite gnaros.

L E T -

L E T T E R CCXCVI.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. S W I F T.

Jan. 11. 1731.

IT is well for Mr. *Pope* your letter came as it did, or else I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough search at his house; for that I was most positively assured that you were there in private, the duke of *Dorset* can tell you. *Non credo* is all the *Latin* I know, and the most useful word upon all occasions to me. However, like most other people, I can give it up for what I wish; so for once I believed, or at least went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a request, which is purely personal to me: *non credo* for that; for I am sure you would not be so disagreeable as not to have made it, when you know 'tis a pleasure and satisfaction to me to do any thing you desire, by which you may find you are not *sans consequence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr. *Pope* the other day. He complains of not being well, and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit or sense do arm him enough against being hurt by malice; and that he is too sensible of what fools say: the run is much against him on the duke of *Chandois's* * account; but I believe their rage is not kindness to the duke, but they are glad to give it vent with some tolerable pretence. I wish your presence would have such a miraculous effect as your design on *Biddy's* † speech: you know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every winter is kept still per force, for she constantly gets a violent cold that lasts her all winter. But as to that quarrelsome friend of the duke of *Dorset's*, I will let her loose at you, and see which can get the better. Miss *Kelly* was a very pretty girl when she went from hence, and the beaux shew their good taste by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her airs and equipage to live in *England*.

* It was said that Mr. *Pope* intended the character of *Timon*, in his epistle on the use of riches in works of taste, addressed to the earl of *Burlington*, for the duke of *Chandois*.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

Since you are so good as to enquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have escaped both head-achs and gout: and that yours may not be endangered by reading such a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear Dean,

E—— G——.

L E T T E R CCXCVII.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

London, Jan. 18, 1731.

IT is now past nine o'clock. I deferred sitting down to write to you, in expectation to have seen Mr. *Pope*, who left me two or three hours ago to try to find lord *Burlington*, within whose walls I have not been admitted this year and half; but for what reason I know not. Mr. *Pope* is just this minute come in, but had not the good luck to find him; so that I cannot give you any satisfaction in the affair you writ last about. He designs to see him to-morrow; and if any thing can be done, he says you shall hear from him.

By the beginning of my letter you see how I decline in favour; but I look upon it as my particular distinction, that as soon as the court gains a man, I lose him. It is a mortification I have been used to, so I bear it as a philosopher should. The letter which you writ to me and the duke I received, and Mr. *Pope* shewed me that directed to him, which gave me more pleasure than all the letters you have writ since I saw you, as it gives me hopes of seeing you soon.

Were I to acquaint the duke and duchess of my writing, I know that they would have something to say to you, and perhaps would prevent my sending the letter this post, so I chuse to say nothing about it. You are in great favour and esteem with all those that love me, which is one great reason that I love and esteem them.

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money, I will obey you; but I chuse to leave it where it is, till you want it, as it carries some interest; though it might be now sold to some advantage, and is liable to rises and falls with the other stocks. It may be higher as well as lower; so I will not dispose of it till I hear from you. I am impatient
to

to see you, so are all your friends. You have taken your resolution, and I shall henceforth every week expect an agreeable surprize. The bellman rings for the letter, so I can say no more.

L E T T E R CCXCVIII.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. S W I F T.

Feb. 23, 1731.

I LIKE to know my power (if it is so) that I can make you uneasy at my not writing; tho' I shan't often care to exert it, lest you should grow weary of me and my correspondence; but the slowness of my answers does not come from the emptiness of my heart, but the emptiness of my head; and that you know is nature's fault, not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been so long in fashion; but every day convinces me more of the necessity of it, not but that I often wish against myself; as *per* example, I would fain believe you are coming to *England*, because most of your acquaintance tell me so; and yet turn, and wind, and sift your letters to find any thing like it being true; but instead of that, there I find a law-suit, which is a worse tie by the leg than your lameness. And pray what is "this hurt above my heel?" Have you had a fellow-feeling with my lord lieutenant * of the gout, and call it a sprain, as he does? who has lain † so long and often to disguise it, that I verily think he has not a new story left. Does he do the same in *Ireland*; for there I hoped he would have given a better example?

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or else you could never have thought of any thing so much to my taste as this piece of marble you speak of for my sister *Penelope* ‡, which I desire may be at my expence. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time nor year, but she died soon after we came there, and we did not stay quite two years, and were in *England*

* The duke of *Dorset*.

† This seems to be humourously made the participle of *lie*, *mentior*.

‡ Lady *Penelope Berkeley* died in *Dublin*, whilst her father was in the government, and was interred in *St. Andrew's* church under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when Dr. *Swift* caused a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the altar piece, with this inscription.

"Underneath lieth the body of the lady *Penelope Berkeley*, daughter of the right

"honourable *Charles* earl of *Berkeley*. She died *September* the 3d, 1699.

some months before king *William* died. I wish I had my dame *Wadgar's*, or Mr. *Ferrers's* memorandum head, that I might know whether it was at the time * of gooseberries.

Surely your *Irish* air is very bad for darts; if Mrs. *Kelly's* are blunted already, make her cross father let her come over, and we won't use her so in *England*. If my duchess † sees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it must be purely from great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are: and, I believe, there are not many dressing-rooms in *London*, but mine, where the early idle come.

Adieu abruptly; for I will have no more formal humble servants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was asking you your catechism,

L E T T E R CCXCIX.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

Indorsed,

“Received April 12, 1732.”

DEAR SIR,

I HOPE this unlucky accident of hurting your leg will not prevent your coming to us this spring, though you say nothing about it. All your friends expect it, and particularly my landlord and landlady, who are my friends as much as ever; and I should not think them so, if they were not as much yours. The downs of *Amesbury* are so smooth, that neither horse or man can hardly make a wrong step, so that you may take your exercise with us with greater security. If you prevail with the duchess, to ride and walk with you, you will do her good; but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wish you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty. General *Dormer*, Sir *Clement Cotterell*, and I, set out to-morrow morning for *Rousham*, in *Oxfordshire*, to stay ten days or a fortnight. The duchess will undertake to recommend the lords of her acquaintance to attend Mr. *Ryves* his cause,

* In the petition of *Francis Harris* to the lords justices, upon losing her purse, there are these verses,

“Yes, says she, the steward I remember, when I was at my lady *Shrewsbury's*,

“Such a thing as this happened just about the time of gooseberries.”

This steward, was Mr. *Ferrers*; and dame *Wadgar*, was the old deaf housekeeper in lord *Berkeley's* family, when he was one of the lords justices of *Ireland*.

† The duchess of *Dorset*.

if it should come on before our return: the duke will do the same. Her grace too hath undertaken to answer your letter. I have not disposed of your *South-Sea* bonds; there is a year's interest due at *Lady-day*. Were I to dispose of them at present, I should lose a great deal of the premium I paid for them: perhaps they may fall lower, but I cannot prevail with myself to sell them. The rogueries that have been discovered in some other companies, I believe, makes them all have less credit. I find myself dispirited, for want of having some pursuit. Indolence and idleness are the most tiresome things in the world. I begin to find a dislike to society. I think I ought to try to break myself of it, but I cannot resolve to set about it. I have left off almost all my great acquaintance, which saves me something in chair-hire, though in that article the town is still very expensive. Those who were your old acquaintance, are almost the only people I visit; and indeed, upon trying all, I like them best. Lord *Cornbury* refused the pension that was offered him; he is chosen to represent the university of *Oxford*, (in the room of Mr. *Bromley*) without opposition. I know him, and I think he deserves it. He is a young nobleman of learning and morals, which is so particular, that I know you will respect and value him; and, to my great comfort, he lives in our family. Mr. *Pope* is in town, and in good health. I lately passed a week with him, at *Twickenham*. I must leave the rest to the duchess; for I must pack up my shirts, to set out to-morrow, the 14th of *March*, the day after I received your letter. If you would advise the duchess to confine me four hours a day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write; for, I cannot confine myself as I ought.

L E T T E R C C C.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

London, May 13, 1731.

I AM sorry my writing should inconvenience your eyes; but I fear, it is rather my stile, than my ink, that is so hard to be read: however, if I do not forget myself, I will enlarge my hand to give you the less trouble. Their graces are at last arrived in perfect health, in spite of all their perils and dangers, though I must own, they were so long in their voyage,
that

that they gave me an exceeding heart-ach ; and, if that would be any hinderance, they should never have my consent to go back to *Ireland*, but remain here, and be only king of *Knowle* * and *Drayton* ; and I do not think it would be the worse for him, either in person or pocket. I dare say, he won't need a remembrancer's office for any thing you have spoke to him about ; but however, I will not fail in the part you have set me.

I find you want a strict account of me, how I pass my time. But first, I thank you for the nine hours out of the twenty-four you allowed me for sleeping ; one or two of them, I do willingly present you back again. As to quadrille, though I am, generally speaking, a constant attendant on it every day, yet I will most thankfully submit to your allowance of time ; for when complaisance draws me on farther, it is with great yawnings, and a vast expence of my breath, in asking, Who plays ? Who's called ? And, what's trumps ? If you can recollect any thing of my former way of life, such as it was, so it is. I never loved to have my hands idle ; they were either full of work, or had a book ; but as neither sort was the best, or most useful, so you will find forty years have done no more good to my head, than they have to my face. Your old friend *Biddy* † is much your humble servant, and could she get rid of her cough, her spleen would do her and her friend no harm ; for she loves a sly sedate joke, as well as ever you knew her do. The duke and duchess are just come in, who both present their service to you, and will take it as a favour, if you will bestow any of your time that you can spare upon ‡ lord *George*.

Adieu, for the duchess, the countess of S——, Mr. *Charden*, and I, are going to quadrille.

L E T T E R C C C I.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

London, May 19, 1732.

TO-MORROW we set out for *Amesbury*, where I propose to follow your advice, of employing myself about some work against next win-

* *Knowle*, a fine old seat of the duke of *Dorset's*, near *Seven Oaks*, in *Kent*.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

‡ Lord *George Sackville* was at this time a student in the university of *Dublin*.

ter. You seemed not to approve of my writing more fables. Those I am now writing, have a prefatory discourse before each of them, by way of epistle, and the morals of them most are of the political kind; which makes them run into a greater length than those I have already published. I have already finished fifteen or sixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the same size as the first. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very easy, I find it is the most difficult of any that I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable, and finished it, I despair of finding out another; but I have a moral or two, which I wish to write upon. I have also a sort of scheme to raise my finances by doing something for the stage: with this, and some reading, and a great deal of exercise, I propose to pass my summer. I am sorry it must be without you. Why can't you come and saunter about the downs a horseback, in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to shoot for your dinner? Yesterday I received your letter, and notwithstanding your reproaches of laziness, I was four or five hours about business, and did not spend a shilling in a coach or chair. I received a year's interest on your two bonds, which is 8*l*. I have four of my own. I have deposited all of them in the hands of Mr. *Hoare*, to receive the half year's interest at *Michaelmas*. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal since I bought yours. I gave very near 6*l*. on each bond, and they are now sold for about 50*s*. Every thing is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their public securities; but, I believe, the parliament next year intend to examine the *South-Sea* scheme. I do not know, whether it will be prudent to trust our money there till that time. I did what I could to assist Mr. *Ryves*; and I am very glad that he hath found justice. Lord *Bathurst* spoke for him, and was very zealous on bringing on his cause. The duchess intended to write in my last letter, but she set out all on a sudden, to take care of lord *Drumlanrig* *, who was taken ill of the small-pox at *Winchester* school. He is now perfectly well recovered, (for he had a favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think she ought, as she intends, to renew her correspondence with you at *Amesbury*. I was at *Dawley* on Sunday. Lady *Bolingbroke* continues in a very bad state of health, but still retains her spirits. You are always remembered there with great respect and friendship. Mrs. *Pope* is so worn out

* Her son.

with old age, but without any distemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr. *Pope's* state of health is much in the same way as when you left him. As for myself, I am often troubled with the cholic. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower spirits than usual, which I impute to my having no one pursuit in life. I have many compliments to make you from the duke and duchess, and lords *Bolingbroke*, *Bathurst*, Sir *William Wyndham*, Mr. *Pulteney*, Dr. *Arbutnot*, Mr. *Lewis*, &c. Every one of them is disappointed in your not coming among us. I have not seen dean *Berkeley*, but have read his book *, and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too speculative, at least for me. Dr. *Delaney* I have very seldom seen; he did not do me the honour to advise with me about any thing he hath published †. I like your thoughts upon this sort of writing, and I should have advised him, as you did, though I have lost his good opinion. I write in very great haste; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let me hear from you often. But I am still in hopes to see you, and will expect a summons one day or other to come to *Bristol*, in order to be your guide to *Amesbury*.

L E T T E R CCCII.

Lady CATHERINE JONES to Dr. SWIFT.

June 15, 1732.

THE return of my humble thanks to Mr. Dean, by the date it bears, looks more like a slumber of gratitude, than the quick sense of that rare virtue which I owe to you, Sir, for the trouble you have so willingly undertaken, in executing what I so much desired; since the manner you have done it in, answers my wishes in every respect. The proposal you made, I acquainted my sister *Kildare*, and niece *Fanny Coningsby* with; for being but one part of the family, I cannot act farther than they will consent, which is, that they will settle twenty shillings *per* year, that you may never be liable to any more trouble upon the same occasion.

* ‘ *Alciphron: Or, The Minute Philosopher*. Printed at London, in 1732, in two volumes 8vo.’
 † ‘ He published at London, in this year 1732, in 2 vol. 8vo. *Revelation examined with Candour: Or, a fair Inquiry into the Sense and Use of the several Revelations expressly declared, or sufficiently implied, to be delivered to Mankind from the Creation, as they were found in the Bible*. By a professed Friend to an honest Freedom of Thought in religious Inquiries.’

I need

I need not inform you, Mr. Dean, that the world teaches us, that relations and friends look like two different species: and, though I have the honour to be allied to my lord *Burlington*, yet since the death of my good father and his, the notice he takes of me, is, as if I was a separated blood; or else, I am vain enough to say, we are sprung from one ancestor, whose ashes keep up a greater lustre than those who are not reduced to them.

I cannot conclude without saying, that were I worthy in any way to have the pleasure of seeing dean *Swift*, I do not know any passion, even envy would not make innocent, in my ambition of seeing the author of so much wit and judicious writing, as I have had the advantage of. Your most humble and obliged servant,

CATHERINE JONES.

Your opinion of Mr. *French* is just, and his due.

L E T T E R CCCIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

July 18, 1732.

I WRITE this letter, in hopes that *Pope*, a man scattered in the world (according to the *French* phrase) will soon procure me an opportunity of conveying it safely to you, my reverend Dean. For my own part, half this wicked nation might go to you, or half your nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew any thing of the matter. My letter will concern neither affairs of state, nor of party; and yet I would not have it fall into the hands of our ministers: it might pass in their excellent noddles for a piece of a plot against themselves, if not against the state, or, at least, it might furnish them with an opportunity of doing an ill-natured, and disappointing a good-natured thing; which being a pleasure to the malicious and the base, I should be sorry to give it on any occasion, and especially on this, to the *par nobile fratrum* *.

After this preamble, I proceed to tell you, that there is in my neighbourhood, in *Berkshire*, a clergyman, one Mr. *Talbot*, related to the solicitor-general, and protected by him. This man has now the living of

* ‘ Sir Robert Walpole, and his brother Horace.’

Burfield *, which the late bishop of *Durham* held before, and, for aught I know, after he was bishop of *Oxford*. The living is worth 400*l.* per ann. over and above a curate paid, as Mr. *Correy*, a gentleman who does my business in that country, and who is a very grave authority, assures me. The parsonage-house is extremely good, the place pleasant, and the air excellent, the distance from *London* a little day's journey, and from hence (give me leave to think this circumstance of some importance to you) not much above half a day's, even for you who are not a great jockey. Mr. *Talbot* has many reasons, which make him desirous to settle in *Ireland* for the rest of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferments some time. As soon as I heard this, I employed one to know whether he continued in the same mind, and to tell him, that an advantageous exchange might be offered him, if he could engage his kinsman to make it practicable at court. He answered for his own acceptance, and his kinsman's endeavours. I employed next some friends to secure my lord *Dorset*, who very frankly declared himself ready to serve you in any thing, and in this, if you desired it. But he mentioned a thing, at the same time, wholly unknown to me, which is, that your deanry is not in the nomination of the crown, but in the election of the chapter. This may render our affair perhaps more easy, more hard I think, it cannot be; but in all cases, it requires other measures to be taken. One of these I believe must be, to prepare Dr. *Hoadly*, bishop of *Salisbury*, if that be possible, to prepare his brother the archbishop of *Dublin*. The light, in which the proposition must be represented to him, and to our ministers, (if it be made to them) is this, that though they gratify you, they gratify you in a thing advantageous to themselves, and silly in you to ask. I suppose it will not be hard to persuade them, that it is better for them you should be a private parish priest in an *English* county, than a dean in the metropolis of *Ireland*, where they know, because they have felt, your authority and influence. At least, this topic is a plausible one for those who speak to them, to insist upon, and coming out of a whig's mouth may have weight. Sure I am, they will be easily persuaded, that quitting power for ease, and a greater for a less revenue, is a foolish bargain, which they should by consequence help you to make.

* 'A rectory in *Berkshire*.'

You see now the state of this whole affair, and you will judge better than I am able to do, of the means to be employed on your side of the water: as to those on this, nothing shall be neglected. Find some secure way of conveying your thoughts and your commands to me; for my friend has a right to command me arbitrarily, which no man else upon earth has. Or rather, dispose of affairs so as to come hither immediately. You intended to come some time ago. You speak, in a letter *Pope* has just now received from you, as if you still had in view to make this journey before winter. Make it in the summer, and the sooner the better. To talk of being able to ride with stirrups, is trifling: get on pegasus, bestride the hippogryph, or mount the white nag in the *Revelations*. To be serious; come any how, and put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires dispatch and management. Though I have room, I will not say one word to you about *Berkeley's* * or *Delaney's* books †. Some part of the former is hard to be understood; none of the latter is to be read. I propose, however, to reconcile you to metaphysics, by shewing how they may be employed against metaphysicians; and that whenever you do not understand them, no-body else does, no not those who write them.

I know you are inquisitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place: it is tolerable, better than it has been in some years. Come and see her; you shall be nursed, fondled, and humoured. She desires you to accept this assurance, with her humble service. Your horses shall be grazed in summer, and fothered in winter; and you and your man shall have meat, drink, and lodging. Washing I can't afford, Mr. Dean, for I am grown saving. Thanks to your sermon about frugality.

L E T T E R CCCIV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Drayton, July 19, 1732.

I BELIEVE you won't wonder at my long silence, when I tell you, that Mrs. *Floyd* ‡ came ill here, but that she kept pretty much to herself;

* ' *Alciphron: Or, the Minute Philosopher.*'

† ' *Revelation examined with Candour.*'

‡ Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

and

and ever since she has been here, till within these two or three days, I have had no hopes of her life. You may easily guess what I must have suffered for a so long tried prudent, useful, agreeable companion and friend. And God knows, she is now excessively weak, and mends but slowly: however, I have now great hopes, and I am very good at believing what I heartily wish. As I dare say, you will be concerned for her, you may want to know her illness, but that is more than I can tell you. She has fancied herself in a consumption a great while: but though she has had the most dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors said, it was not that; but none of them did say what it was. The doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one, (but lives fourteen long miles off) has lately been left ten thousand pounds, and now hates his business; he says, it is a sharp humour that falls upon her nerves, sometimes on her stomach and bowels; and indeed what he has given her, has, to appearance, had much better effect than the millions of things she has been forced to take. After this, you will not expect, I should have followed your orders, and ride, for I have scarcely walked; although I dare not be very much in her room, because she constrained herself to hide her illness from me.

The duke and duchess of *Dorset* have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will soon. I don't know, whether you remember Mrs. *Crowther* and Mrs. *Acourt*: they and Mr. *Parfode* are my company; but as I love my house full, I expect more still. My lady — talks of making me a short visit. I have been so full of Mrs. *Floyd*, that I had like to have forgot to tell you, that I am such a dunderhead, that I really do not know what my sister *Pen's* age was, but I think, she could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me, but whether two or three years younger I have forgot; and what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurse used to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young lady still, so will not allow myself to be more than forty-eight next birth-day; but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wish I never had been born. So adieu, dear Dean.

L E T T E R CCCV.

Mr. G A Y and the Duchefs of ——— to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Amesbury, July 24, 1732.

AS the circumstances of our money affairs are altered, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with them as soon as I can; which, if I had not received your letter last post, I should have done now. I left your two *South-Sea* bonds, and four of my own, in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the interest for us, when due; or, if you should want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the *South-Sea* company have come to a resolution to pay off 50 *per cent.* of their bonds, with the interest of the 50 *per cent.* to *Michaelmas* next. So that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr. *Hoare's* hands at present, without any interest going on. As you seem to be inclined to have your money remitted to *Ireland*, I will not lay out the sum that is paid into his hands in any other thing, till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I shall see Mr. *Hoare* in this country very soon; for he hath an house not above six miles from us, and I intend to advise with him; though, in the present situation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 *per cent.* were it to be sold at present, bears a premium. I do not know whether I write intelligibly upon the subject. I cannot send you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for interest, besides your principal; and you will understand so much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, without any interest. So since I cannot send you the particulars of your account, I will now say no more about it.

I shall finish the work I intended, this summer; but I look upon the success in every respect to be precarious. You judge very right of my present situation, that I cannot propose to succeed by favour; and I don't think, if I could flatter myself that I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfashionable pretension.

I have almost done every thing I proposed in the way of fables; but have not set the last hand to them. Though they will not amount to
half

half the number, I believe they will make much such another volume as the last. I find it the most difficult task I ever undertook; but have determined to go through with it; and, after this, I believe I shall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Last post I had a letter from Mr. *Pope*, who informs me, he hath heard from you; and that he is preparing some scattered things of yours and his for the press. I believe I shall not see him till the winter; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a stock of health, to squander in the town. You see, in this respect, my scheme is very like the country gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me; so that in that point we shall agree very well in living together; and the duchess will answer for me, that I am cured of inattention; for I never forget any thing she says to me.

The duchess here takes up the rest of the line.

For he never hears what I say, so cannot forget. If I served him the same way, I should not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my *Tunbridge* acquaintance, whom, by my attention to him, I have learned to set my heart upon. I began to give over all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philosophical reason, though there might be another given. When fine ladies are in *London*, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their best friends; which, if I thought modestly of myself, must needs be you, because you know little of me. Till you do more, pray don't persuade Mr. *Gay*, that he is discreet enough to live alone; for I do assure you he is not, nor I either. We are of great use to one another; for we never flatter nor contradict, but when it is absolutely necessary, and then we do it to some purpose; particularly the first agrees mightily with our constitutions. If ever we quarrel, it will be about a piece of bread and butter; for some body is never sick, except he eats too much. He will not quarrel with you for a glass or so; for by that means he hopes to gulp down some of that forty millions of schemes that hindered him from being good company. I would fain see you here, there is so fair a chance that one of us must be pleased; perhaps both, you with an old acquaintance, and I with a new one: it is so well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to *Mahomet*, *Mahomet* must go to the mountain. But before either of our
journies

journeys are settled, I desire you would resolve me one question, whether a man, who thinks himself well where he is, should look out for his house and servants before 'tis convenient, before he grows old, or before a person, with whom he lives, pulls him out by the sleeve in private (according to oath) and tells him, they have enough of his company? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, &c.

The duke is very much yours, and will never leave you to your wine*. Many thanks for your drum—I wish to receive your congratulations for the other boy, you may believe——

L E T T E R CCCVI.

Mrs. C Æ S A R † to Dr. S W I F T.

Aug. 6, 1732.

PERMIT me to congratulate you upon the return of Mrs. *Barber*, with thanks for pleasures enjoyed in her company; for had she not come recommended by the dean of *St. Patrick's*, likely I had passed her by unheeded, being apt to follow a good author, in shunning those of my own coat. But hold; I must look if it runs not from corner to corner, which I more fear than length. For *Pope* says, Though sometimes he finds too many letters in my words, never too many words in my letters. So with Mr. *Cæsar's*, and my best wishes, thou worthy, witty, honest dean, farewell.

M. A D E L M A R C Æ S A R.

* When the Dean was with Mr. *Pope* at *Twickenham*, he used to desert them soon after supper, with, "Well, get home and leave you to your wine."

† Wife to the treasurer of the navy during lord *Oxford's* administration, in the reign of queen *Anne*.

L E T T E R CCCVII.

Lady W O R S L E Y * to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Aug. 6, 1732.

I FLATTER myself, that if you had received my last letter, you would have favoured me with an answer; therefore I take it for granted it is lost.

I was so proud of your commands, and so fearful of being supplanted by my daughter, that I went to work immediately, that her box might not keep her in your remembrance, whilst there was nothing to put you in mind of an old friend, and humble servant. But Mrs. Barber's long stay here (who promised me to convey it to you) has made me appear very negligent. I doubt not but you think me unworthy of the share you once told me I had in your heart. What if I am a great-grandmother, I can still distinguish your merit from all the rest of the world; but it is not consistent with your good breeding to put me in mind of it; therefore I am determined not to use my interest with Sir Robert for a living in the *Isle of Wight*, though nothing else could reconcile me to the place. But if I could make you archbishop of *Canterbury*, I should forget my resentments, for the sake of the flock, who very much want a careful shepherd. Are we to have the honour of seeing you, or not? I have fresh hopes given me; but I dare not please myself too much with them, lest I should be again disappointed. If I had it as much in my power as my inclination to serve Mrs. Barber, she should not be kept thus long attending; but I hope her next voyage may prove more successful. She is just come in, and tells me you have sprained your foot, which will prevent your journey till the next summer; but assure yourself the *Bath* is the only infallible cure for such an accident. If you have any regard remaining for me, you'll shew it by taking my advice; if not, I'll endeavour to forget you, if I can. But, till that doubt is cleared, I am, as much as ever, the Dean's obedient humble servant,

F. W O R S L E Y.

* Frances lady Worsley, wife of Sir Robert Worsley, bart. and mother of lady Carteret, wife of John lord Carteret, afterwards earl Granville.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCVIII.

Mr. G A Y and the Duchefs of — to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Amesbury, Aug. 28, 1732.

MR. *Hoare* hath a hundred and odd pounds of yours in his hands, which you may have whenever you will please to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you, I mean, besides the *South Sea* bond of a hundred, that still subsists; but I cannot tell you exactly how your account stands till I go to town. I have money of my own too in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, which I know not at present how to dispose of. I believe I shall leave it without interest till I go to town, and shall then be at the same loss how to dispose of it as now. I have an intention to get more money next winter; but am prepared for disappointments, which I think it is very likely I shall meet with; yet as you think it convenient and necessary that I should have more than I have, you see I do what I can to oblige you. If my designs should not take effect, I desire you will be as easy under it as I shall be; for I find you so solicitous about me, that you cannot bear my disappointments as well as I can. If I don't write intelligibly to you, it is because I would not have the clerks of the post-office know every thing I am doing. If you would come here this summer, you might, with me, have helped to have drank up the duke's wine, and saved your money. I am grown so saving of late, that I very often reproach myself with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleasure of making use of it. I wish you could live among us; but not unless it could be to your ease and satisfaction. You insist upon your being minister of *Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Richkings*, and a prebendary of *Westminster*. For your being minister in those places, I cannot promise you; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine and useful invention; but I have not made use of them since I left *Devonshire*. I ride and walk every day to such excess, that I am afraid I shall take a surfeit of it. I am sure, if I am not better in health after it, it is not worth the pains. I say this, though I have this season shot nineteen brace of partridges.

I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he doth not live among us, but resides in another parish. And I have not played at backgammon with any body since I came to *Amesbury*, but lady *Harold*, and lady *Bateman*. As Dr. *Delaney* hath taken away a fortune from us *, I expect to be recommended in *Ireland*. If authors of godly books are intitled to such fortunes, I desire you would recommend me as a moral one; I mean, in *Ireland*, for that recommendation would not do in *England*.

The D U C H E S S begins.

The duchess will not lend you two or three thousand pounds to keep up your dignity, for reasons to *Strada dal Poe*; but she had much rather give you that, or ten thousand pounds more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat, to make herself respected.

I believe, for all you give Mr. *Gay* much good advice, that you are a very indiscreet person yourself, or else you would come here to take care of your own affairs; and not be so indiscreet as to send for your money over to a place where there is none. Mr. *Gay* is a very rich man; for I really think he does not wish to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though, if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour, and less trouble. His covetousness, at present, is for health, which he takes so much pains for, that he does not allow himself time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himself time to be either absent or present. When he began to be a sportsman, he had like to have killed a dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himself, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great consequence to be trusted in a letter; therefore pray come on purpose to decide it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with goody *Dobson*; for I have seen goody *Dobson* play at that with so ill a grace, that I was determined never to risque any thing so unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature, except a very few, and those for not having any sort of merit, but only because it is my humour. In this rank, Mr. *Gay* stands first, and yourself next, if you like to be respected upon these conditions. Now do you know me? He stands over me, and scolds me for spelling ill; and

* The Doctor married Mrs. *Pendarves*.

is very peevish (and sleepy) that I do not give him up the pen; for he has yawn'd for it a thousand times. We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well of) wish that she had the best living in *England* to give you. It was not I; but I do wish it with all my heart, if Mr. *Gay* does not hang out false lights for his friend.

Mr. G A Y goes on here.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from *Twickenham*, in which was this paragraph: “*Motte*, and another idle fellow, I find, have been writing to the Dean, to get him to give them some copy-right, which surely he will be not so indiscreet as to do, when he knows my design, and has done these two months and more. Surely I should be a properer person to trust the distribution of his works with, than so common a bookseller. Here will be nothing but the ludicrous and little things; none of the political, or any things of consequence, which are wholly at his own disposal. But, at any rate, it would be silly in him to give a copy-right to any, which can only put the manner of publishing them hereafter out of his own and his friend's power into that of mercenaries.”

I really think this is a very useful precaution, considering how you have been treated by these sort of fellows.

The duke is fast asleep, or he would add a line.

L E T T E R CCCIX.

Sir W I L L I A M F O W N E S to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Island-Bridge, Sept. 9, 1732.

IT has been the observation of travellers (as I have been frequently told) that, in all the countries they have seen, they never met with fewer public charitable foundations than in this kingdom.

Private charities, no doubt, will have their reward; but public are great incitements: and good examples often draw others on, though grudgingly; and so a good work be done, no matter who are the workmen.

When I was lord mayor, I saw some miserable lunatics exposed, to the hazard of others, as well as themselves. I had six strong cells made at
the

the workhouse for the most outrageous, which were soon filled ; and by degrees, in a short time, those few drew upon us the solicitations of many, till by the time the old corporation ceased, we had, in that house, forty and upwards. The door being opened, interest soon made way to let in the foolish, and such like, as mad folks. These grew a needless charge upon us, and had that course gone on, by this time the house had been filled with such. The new corporation got rid of most of these by death, or the care of friends, and came to a resolution not to admit any such for the future ; and the first denial was to a request of the earl of *Kildare*, which put a full stop to all farther applications. As I take it, there are, at this time, a number of objects which require assistance ; and probably many may be restored, if proper care could be taken of them. There is no public place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about *London*. Friends and relations here would pay the charge of their support and attendance, if there were a place for securing such lunatics.

I own to you, I was for some time averse to our having a public *Bedlam*, apprehending we should be overloaded with numbers, under the name of mad. Nay, I was apprehensive our case would soon be like that in *England* ; wives and husbands trying who could first get the other to *Bedlam*. Many, who were next heirs to estates, would try their skill to render the possessor disordered, and get them confined, and soon run them into real madness. Such like consequences I dreaded, and therefore have been silent on the subject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard should be had to those under such dismal circumstances ; and I have heard the Primate and others express their concern for them ; and no doubt but very sufficient subscriptions may be had to set this needful work on foot. I should think it would be a pleasure to any one, that has any intention this way, to see something done in their life-time, rather than leave it to the conduct of posterity. I would not consent to the proceeding on such a work in the manner I have seen our poor-house, and Dr. *Stevens's* hospital, *viz.* to have so expensive a foundation laid, that the expence of the building should require such a sum, and so long a time to finish, as will take up half an age.

My scheme for such an undertaking should be much to this effect :

First, I would have a spot of ground fixed on, that should be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houses ; for the cries and exclamations

clamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to disturb neighbours: which was what you did not think of, when you mentioned a spot in a close place, almost in the heart of the city. There are many places, in the out-skirts of the city, I can name, very proper.

Next to the fixing of a proper spot, I would, when that is secured, (which should be a good space) have it well inclosed with a high wall, the cost of all which must be known. Then I would have the cells of the *Royal Hospital Infirmary*, lately made for mad people, be examined, how convenient, and how in all points they are adapted to the purpose, with the cost of these cells, which I take to be six or eight pounds. Then I would proceed to the very needful house for the master and the proper servants. Then another building, to which there should be a piazza for a stone gallery, for walking dry; and out of that several lodging cells for such as are not outrageous, but melancholy, &c. This may be enlarged in length, or by a return; and over-head the same sort of a gallery, with little rooms, or cells, opening the doors into the gallery; for, by intervals, the objects affected may be permitted to walk at times in the galleries.

This is according to the custom of *London*. Annexed to the master's house must be the kitchen and offices.

This proceeding may be so contrived, as to be enlarged from time to time, as there shall be a fund, and occasion to require the additions. There is no necessity for any plans or architects; but an ordinary capacity may contrive those enlargements. Perhaps there may appear some well-disposed persons, who will say, they will make this enlargement; and, by such helps, they may be sufficiently done to answer all purposes.

It comes just now into my head, that there is a very proper * spot, which I think the chapter of *St. Patrick* let to one *Lee*, a bricklayer, or builder. It lies back of *Aungier-street* east, comes out of *York street*, down a place called the *Dunghill*, runs down to the end of *King-street*, facing *William-street*; at the north end of which some alms-houses are built by *Dowling* and others. Also there stands, to the front of the street, a large stone building, called an *Alms-house*, made by *Mrs. Mercer*; though, by the

* The ground here mentioned by Sir *William Fownes* does not belong to the dean and chapter of *St. Patrick's*, but to the corporation of *Vicars coral* in that cathedral.

bye,

bye, I hear she is weary of her project, and does little in supplying that house, or endowing it. Perhaps the ground may be easily come at from *Lee's* heirs; and, by your application, I know not but Mrs. *Mercer* may give her house up to promote so good a work. This will go a good way, and being followed by subscriptions, a great and speedy progress may be made, in which I will readily join my interest and labour. If that spot fails, we will pitch upon another. Whatsoever may be your future intentions, don't deny me the consideration of the good your appearance and help may now do. I would not make a step in this affair, if it shall not be agreed, that all matters, which require the consent by votes, shall be determined by the method of a balloting-box, that no great folks, or their speeches, should carry what they please, by their method of scoring upon paper, and seeing who marks, &c. too much practised.

If there be nothing in this paper worth your attention, you know how to dispose of it. You have the thoughts of your assured humble servant,

W. F O W N E S.

T H E P R O P O S A L.

I. That an hospital, called *Bedlam*, be built in the city of *Dublin*, or liberties, for the reception of lunatics from any parts of the kingdom.

II. In order to promote so good a work, let subscriptions be taken in *Dublin*, and in every city and town in the kingdom; and that the chief magistrate of each place be desired to recommend the subscription-paper sent to him for that purpose.

III. That when public notice is given in print, that ground is secured for building the hospital of *Bedlam*, the subscription be collected, and sent to *Dublin*, and paid into the hands of Query, Mr. *Thorn*, steward to the *Blue-coat* hospital, a very proper person.

IV. That, upon notice given by Mr. *Thorn*, that he has received 200*l.* a meeting shall be held of all subscribers who happen to be in *Dublin*, at a proper time and place.

V. Such persons as subscribe 5*l.* or upwards, to have a vote at such meeting.

VI. That Mr. *Thorn*, giving security, be continued to receive and pay out the money subscribed for one year, and be allowed only six-pence *per* pound, for receiving and paying.

VII.

VII. That the money first laid out shall be for the building of six or eight strong cells, for outrageous lunatics to be confined in, and after the form of those made at the infirmary of the *Royal Hospital*.

VIII. That the college of physicians be desired to contribute to this good work, by appointing two or three of their body to be present at the first meeting, and to give their opinion, as to the conveniency of the cells, what boilers are proper to be set up in a kitchen, and what food is proper to be provided for such lunatics.

IX. That near the cells be made a kitchen, small at first, and in such manner, as capable to be enlarged. That over this kitchen be a middle room, and over it a garret, to lodge the cook-maid, and one other maid.

X. That adjoining the kitchen may be made one room, of 8 feet by 18, which may serve for Mr. *Thorn* to attend in, and where the doctors, or any subscribers, may meet on occasion. And over this room another, to serve for a store-room; and a garret to lodge a porter or two, that must attend the lunatics.

XI. That these buildings be made plain and strong, with as little cost as can be.

XII. That the charge of these be computed separate, and of the inside necessities; so that the work may go on as fast as the subscription-fund can be got in.

XIII. That the subscribers, at the first meeting, do elect seven of their number, such as are knowing in carrying on of the work, and willing to attend at needful times. That any three or more, at any meeting at the hospital, may give directions for proceeding on the buildings agreed upon to be made at the first meeting of the subscribers; at which first meeting a second meeting may be agreed upon, and so from time to time.

The walling-in of the piece of ground intended for this use may go on as the fund will bear, without obstructing the first useful buildings. And whereas there are lunatics of several kinds, as the melancholy, &c. and some that are unruly by fits, a building must be designed for this sort; the floors not lofty, but made sufficiently airy, twenty feet wide, whereof ten for a gallery, and ten for lodges; each lodge eight or ten feet broad.

Dear Sir,

Herewith you have my thoughts of the affair you mentioned to me. I wish I could prevail on you to patronize it, and lay down your own scheme. I am most confident it cannot fail going on briskly. You have friends and interest enough to set it a going, although there may be some grandees would rather other hands had the conduct of it; yet the work speaks so much for itself, they must be ashamed not to contribute, much more to obstruct it.

In the paper called *The Proposal*, I have considered the privatest and least expensive way of going to work, avoided public forms, and grandees interposing. *Tom Thorn* by chance I thought upon for that reason, and for preventing jobbs, &c. Do what you please with my papers. I am just ditto.

L E T T E R CCCX.

Lady B—— G——— to Dr. S W I F T.

London, Nov. 7, 1732.

I SHOULD have answered yours sooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to speak to the duke; which I should with great pleasure have obeyed, as it was to serve a friend of yours. Mrs. *Floyd* is now, thank God, in as good health as I have seen her these many years, though she has still her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I must never expect she should be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink wine enough, according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glasses, such as are commonly filled at sober houses; and that she makes so great a rout with, so many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely suspect she drinks drams in private.

I am sorry to find our tastes so different in the same person; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, so it is surprising to me to find lady S—— dwindle in yours, who rises infinitely in mine, the more and the longer I know her. But you say, you will say no more of courts for fear of growing angry; and indeed, I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think, that
none

none who belongs to a court can act right. I am sure this cannot be really and truly your sense, because it is unjust: and if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it, (which I ever admired and found true) that you must have offended them, because you don't forgive. I have been about a fortnight from *Knowle*, and shall next *Thursday* go there again for about three weeks, where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am most faithfully and sincerely yours.

L E T T E R CCCXI.

Mr. G A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Nov. 16, 1732.

I AM at last come to *London* before the family, to follow my own inventions. In a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money, as soon as you please. I have some of my own too that lies dead; and I protest I do not know which way at present to dispose of it, every thing is so precarious. I paid Mr. *Lancelot* 12*l.* and pay myself the five guineas you had of me, and have deducted your loss, by paying off one of the *South-Sea* bonds: and I find I have remaining of yours 211*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* And I believe over and above that sum, there will be more owing to you upon account of interest on the bonds, about four or five pounds. Mr. *Hoare* hath done this for me, but I have not had time to call upon him yet, so that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lies in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, you see it is ready on demand. I believe you had best give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet seen Mr. *Pope*, but design in a day or two to go to him, though I am in hopes of seeing him here to-day or to-morrow. If my present project succeeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after the holidays; but I promise myself nothing, for I am determined, that neither any body else, or myself, shall disappoint me. I wish the arguments made use of to draw you here, were every way of more consequence. I would not have you change one comfort of life for another. I wish you to keep every one of those you have already, with as many additional ones as you like. When I sit down to consider on the choice of any subject, to amuse myself

myself by writing, I find I have a natural propensity to write against vice, so that I don't expect much encouragement; though I really think in justice, I ought to be paid for stifling my own inclination; but the great are ungrateful. Mr. *Pulteney's* young son hath had the small-pox, and is perfectly recovered. He is not in town, but is expected in about a week from the *Bath*. I must answer the letter you writ to the duchess and me, when her grace comes to town; for I know she intended to have a part in it. Why can't you come among us in the beginning of the new year? The company will be then all in town, and the spring advancing upon us every day. What I mean by the company is, those who call themselves your friends, and I believe are so. It is certain the parliament will not meet till the middle of *January*. I have not been idle while I was in the country; and I know your wishes in general, and in particular, that industry may always find its account. Believe me, as I am, unchangeable in the regard, love, and esteem I have for you.

L E T T E R . CCCXII.

Mr. ROBERT ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Rouen, Jan. 2, 1733.

I HAVE flattered myself these many years, that vapours or company would have brought you over seas to *Spa*, or to some such place, and that you would have taken *Paris* in your way; and so I should have had the pleasure of seeing you in some place of my own. I wonder much that a person of so much good humour can let yourself grow old, or die without seeing some other country than your own. I am not quite so wicked as to wish you any real illness to bring you to us, though I should not be sorry that you thought you had need of the change of air. I wish you a happy new year, and many more; and (whatever interest I have against it) good health, and prosperity, and every thing that I can wish to one that I much honour and esteem.

I recommend to your friendship and acquaintance the bearer, Mr. *Delamere*. His brother, now dead, has been with you in *Ireland*: and this gentleman deserves from me all the kindness my friends can shew him. Adieu, dear Sir. If I can serve you in any thing, command me always,

for I am with great esteem, your most humble and most obedient servant,
 ROB. ARBUTHNOT.

L E T T E R CCCXIII.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, Jan. 13, 1732.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving one from you by Mr. —*. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable ingenious man. I value him very much for his music, which you give yourself an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of surprize.

I have had but a melancholy sorrowful life for some time past, having lost my dear child, whose life, if it had so pleased God, I would willingly have redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new lesson of submission to his will, and likewise for what he hath left me.

We have all had another loss of our worthy and dear friend Mr. Gay †. It was some alleviation of my grief to see him so universally lamented by almost every body, even by those who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at *Westminster-Abbey*, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good duke of *Queensberry*, who lamented him as a brother, will set up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts put upon vice and injustice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe the *Beggar's Opera*, and what he had to come upon the stage, will make the sum of the diversions of the town for some time to come. *Curll* (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to every body for memoirs of his life. I was for sending him some, particularly, an account of his disgrace at court, which, I am sure, might have been made entertaining: by which I should have attained two ends at once, published truth, and got a rascal whipped for it. I was over-ruled in this. I wish you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myself, that you have some virtue and honour left, some small regard for religion. Perhaps Christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty

* ' Probably the reverend Mr. *Pilkington*, who came over to be chaplain to alderman *Barber*, when lord mayor of *London*.'

† He died *December* the 4th, 1732.

years longer. You have no companies or stock-jobbing, are yet free of excises; you are not insulted in your poverty, and told with a sneer, that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man that takes neither place nor pension, is not deemed with you a rogue, and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. *Pope* has his usual complaints of head-ach and indigestion, I think, more than formerly. He really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with people of superior health and strength. You will see some new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his *Dunciad*, a royal declaration against the haberdashers of points and particles, assuming the title of critics and restorers, wherein he declares, that he has revised carefully this his *Dunciad*, beginning and ending so and so, consisting of so many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading; and it is signed by *John Barber, major civitatis Londini*.

I remember you, with your friends, who are my neighbours: they all long to see you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new scheme of excise. You may remember, that a ministry in the queen's time, possessed of her majesty, the parliament, army, fleet, treasury, confederate, &c. put all to the test, by an experiment of a silly project of the trial of a poor parson*. The same game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonness of power. *Miraberis quam pauca sapientia mundus regitur*. I have considered the grievance of your wine: the friend that designed you good wine, was abused by an agent that he intrusted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whose name is *Delamere*, to whom shew what friendship you can.

My neighbour the profeman is wiser, and more cowardly and despairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a week. I dream at night of a chain, and rowing in the galleys. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse, (even with the greatest persons to whom I have access) in defending the cause of liberty, virtue and religion: for the last, I have the satisfaction of suffering some share of the ignominy that belonged to the first confessors. This has been my lot, from a steady reso-

* *Sacheverel*.

lution I have taken of giving these ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occasions. My family send you their best wishes, and a happy new year; and none can do it more heartily than myself, who am, with the most sincere respect, your most faithful humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCXIV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Feb. 8, 1732.

I RECEIVED yours of the 8th of *January* but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me whilst at dinner, that very lady sitting close to me, whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier*. She knew your hand, and enquired much after you, as she always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence and surprize. Indeed, were it in people's power, that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they desire for their friends, they might deserve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the case of any one: and in this particular of Mr. *Gay*, thus far I know, and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern, that nothing better could be got for him: the friendship upon all other occasions in her own power, that she shewed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose, it is my want of comprehension, that I cannot find out why she was to blame to give you advice, when you asked it, that had all the appearance of sincerity, good nature, and right judgment. And if after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault? At least, I cannot find it out, that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you say, you lamented the hour you had seen her, yet I cannot tell how to suppose that your good sense and justice can impute any thing to her, because it did not fall out just as she endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it.—That I detest avarice in courts; corruption in ministers; schisms in

* The countess of S——.

religion;

religion; illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres. But at the same time, I prodigiously want an infallible judge, to determine when it is really so: for as I have lived longer in the world, and seen many changes, I know those out of power and place always see the faults of those in, with dreadful large spectacles; and, I dare say, you know many instances of it in lord *Oxford's* time. But the strongest in my memory is, Sir *R—— W——*, being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720, because the *South-Sea* did not rise high enough; and since that, he has been to the full as well banged about, because it did rise too high. So experience has taught me, how wrong, unjust, and senseless party-factions are; therefore, I am determined never wholly to believe any side or party against the other; and to shew that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all sides, so my house receives them altogether; and those people meet here, that have, and would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good qualities and virtues I love and admire; in which number is lady ——; and I do like and love her, because I believe, and as far as I am capable of judging, know her to be a wife, discreet, honest and sincere courtier, who will promise no farther than she can perform, and will always perform what she does promise; so, now, you have my creed as to her*.

I thought I had told you in my last, at least I am sure I designed it, that I desire you would do just as you like about the monument; and then, it will be most undoubtedly approved by your most sincere and faithful servant.

L E T T E R CCCXV.

The Duchess of —— to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Feb. 21, 1732.

SOON after the death of our friend Mr. *Gay*, I found myself more inclined to write to you, than to allow myself any other entertainment. But considering that might draw you into a correspondence, that most likely might be disagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind, till Mr.

* This spirited defence of lady ——, against a man of *Swift's* ability and disposition, does lady *B. G.* more honour than she would have deserved by writing the best satire against all the courts and courtiers in the world.

Pope shewed me your letter to him, which encourages me to hope we may converse together as usual: by which advantage, I will not despair to obtain in reality some of those good qualities, you say, I seem to have. I am conscious of only one, that is, being an apt scholar; and, if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it insensibly of our poor friend, as children do any strange language. It is not possible to imagine the loss his death is to me; but as long as I have any memory, the happiness of ever having had such a friend can never be lost to me.

As to himself, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my duty to my friend, to do him the justice, to assure you, he had a most perfect and sincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; so that, if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleasure to employ me, as you would him: and, I shall wish it could ever be in my power to serve you in any thing essential. The duke of ——— meant to write, if I had not, concerning your money-affairs. We both thought of it, as soon as we could of any thing; and, if you will only write word what you would have done with it, great care shall be taken, according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are in any likelihood of dying poor or friendless: the world can never grow so worthless. I again differ with you, that it is possible to comfort one's self for the loss of friends, as one does upon the loss of money. I think, I could live on very little, nor think myself poor, or be thought so, but a little friendship could never satisfy one; and I could never expect to find such another support as my poor friend. In almost every thing, but friends, another of the same name may do as well; but friend is more than a name, if it be any thing.

Your letter touched me extremely; it gave me a melancholy pleasure. I feel much more than you wrote, and more than, I hope, you will continue to feel. As you can give Mr. *Pope* good advice, pray practise it yourself. As you cannot lengthen your friend's days, I must beg you, in your own words, not to shorten your own: for I do full well know by experience, that health and happiness depend on good spirits. Mr. *Pope* is better in both this year, than I have seen him a good while. This you'll believe, unless he has told you what he tells me, that I am his

greatest flatterer. I hope that news has not reached you; for nothing is more pleasant than to believe what one wishes. I wish to be your friend; I wish you to be mine; I wish you may not be tired with this; I wish to hear from you soon; and all this in order to be my own flatterer. I will believe.—I never write my name.—I hope you have no aversion to blots.

Since I wrote this, the duke of — bids me tell you, that if you have occasion for the money, you need only draw upon him, and he will pay the money to your order. He will take care to have the account of interest settled, and made up to you. He will take this upon himself, that you may have no trouble in this affair.

L E T T E R CCCXVI.

Dr. S W I F T's to the Duchefs of —.

M A D A M,

March 20, 1732.

I H A D lately the honour of a letter from your grace, which was dated just a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days since, I have been much disordered with a giddiness, that I have been long subject to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgement of the great favour you have done me. The greatest unhappiness of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend *, I mean, my banishment in this miserable country; for the distance I am at, and the despair I have of ever seeing my friends, further than by a summer's visit; and this, so late in my life, so uncertain in my health, and so embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen; so that my loss is not so great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converse with him. But I chiefly lament your grace's misfortune, because I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can possibly acquire the highest veneration to a mortal creature from the worthiest of human kind, you will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy, and so humble a friend, as that person whose death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your

* Mr. Gay.

grace

grace hath the same thoughts. Loss of friends hath been called a tax upon long life, and, what is worse, it is then too late to get others, if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I shall never differ from you in any thing longer, than till you declare your opinion; because I never knew you wrong in any thing, except your condescending to have any regard for me; and therefore, all you say upon the subject of friendship, I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for sure I was never capable of comparing the loss of friends with the loss of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the public, or both; and his, for a person in private life, was as great as possible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our spirits, without informing us where we shall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me, I am allowed to have retained more spirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myself; which, considering a thousand mortifications, added to the perfect ill-will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your grace's commands. Neither are those spirits (such as they be) in the least broken by the honour of lying under the same circumstances, with a certain great person, whom I shall not name, of being in disgrace at court. I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will make in the whole course of your life. I am content, upon your petition, to receive the duke and your grace for my stewards for that immense sum; and in proper time, I may come to thank you, as a king does the commons, for your loyal benevolence. In the mean while, I humbly intreat your grace, that the money may lie where you please, till I presume to trouble you, with a bill as my lord duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very touchy since I lost the dear friend who was my supporter; so that perhaps you may expect I shall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much mistaken; for I shall become ten times worse after correction. It seems Mr. *Pope*, like a treacherous gentleman, shewed you my letter, wherein I mention good qualities that you *seem* to have. You have understroaked that offensive word, to shew it should be printed in *italic*. What could I say more? I never saw your person since you were a girl, except once in the

dark (to give you a bull of this country) in a walk next the *Mall*. Your letters may possibly be false copies of your mind; and the universal, almost idolatrous esteem you have forced from every person in two kingdoms, who have the least regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, I mean, that of bribing all wise and good men to be your flatterers. My literal mistakes are worse than your blots. I am subject to them, by a sort of infirmity wherein I have few fellow-sufferers; I mean, that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree, as long as I am a servant to your grace, I mean, to the last hour of my life and senses. I am with the greatest respect and utmost gratitude, Madam, your grace's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects and thanks to my lord duke of ——. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almost as I desire; and I pray God, that those who give it me, may never have reason to give me a better.

L E T T E R CCCXVII.

Lord C—— to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

March 24, 1732.

I HAD the favour of your letter of the 19th of *February*. A gentleman left it at my door. I have not heard from him since, though he said he would call again, and who he is, I don't know. I shewed it to my wife and lady *Worsley*, who will not fail to obey your commands, and teaze me, if I could be forgetful of your orders, to attend the cause of the city of *Dublin* when it comes into the house. I know by experience, how much that city thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of *St. Patrick's*. I never doubted their compliance with you in so trivial a point as a * recorder. You can give any one law and capacity in half an hour; and if by chance a rake should get those faculties any other way,

* Mr. *Stanard* was about this time chosen recorder of the city of *Dublin*, chiefly at the recommendation of Dr. *Swift*.

you

you can make the worthy citizens believe he has them not; and you can sustain any machine in a furred gown.

I thank you for the letter by Mr. *Pilkington* *. I have seen him twice at a great entertainment at my lord mayor's, where you was the first toast. I like the young man very well, and he has great obligations to you, of which he seems sensible.

I hope Dr. *Delaney* is well, and that you see one another often, and then the doctor won't have leisure to pursue his dissertations †, or to answer the reverend prelate on your side, who I hear has answered him. As I have not read the dissertations, so I shall not read the answer; which, I hope, without offence, I may suppose to be your case. If so, I hope you will endeavour to keep me well with the doctor, who took it a little unkindly of me, that I would shut my eyes to such revelations so demonstrated. I have a great esteem for him, to which nothing that he can write upon those subjects can make any addition; and therefore, I would run no risks as to altering my opinion of him by reading his books.

That health and prosperity may attend you, is my sincere wish; and I intreat you to believe that I am, with great truth, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

The whole family of my ladies send their compliments.

L E T T E R CCCXVIII.

Lord B———— to Dr. S W I F T.

MY MOST DEAR DEAN,

Cirencester, March 29, 1733.

I AM indebted to you for several scraps of paper which you have sent me; but I waited to receive a letter from you, and then would have returned you an answer as well as I could. I obeyed your commands signified in your *Penultième*; I attended your cause; your client happened to be in the right, and we are not a little in the wrong, that we gave no costs. I should have moved for them, but I had distinguished myself in

* Husband of the celebrated Mrs. *Letitia Pilkington*. Alderman *Barber* was this year lord mayor, and having complimented the Dean with the nomination of his chaplain, the Dean nominated Mr. *Pilkington*.

† '*Revelation examined with Candour*.'

pressing

pressing lords to attend, and told so many that I had your commands so to do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, and nobody else would do it; therefore give me leave to tell you, that you are bound in conscience to pay that poor man 100*l*. He would certainly have had that sum, if you had not interposed in that peremptory manner.

As to your last orders, in relation to the *Dublin* cause, I take it for granted you are in the wrong. All corporations of men are perpetually doing injustice to individuals. I will attend it, but am as much prejudiced against them, as it is possible, though I know nothing of the man, nor the matter in question. I have often reflected, (from what cause it arises, I know not) that the majority of a society are honest men, and would act, separately, with some humanity, and according to the rules of morality; yet, conjunctively, they are hard-hearted determined villains. I know physicians, who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good sort of men: but, was there ever in the world a consultation of them, that tended to any thing else than robbery and murder? Do the body of lawyers think of any thing else, but to plunder and destroy the rest of mankind? In short, there is no corporation to be excepted out of this general rule, but the two houses of parliament; and all assemblies of divines, wheresoever dispersed through the Christian world. So much for your *Dublin* cause.

Now, I must tell you, I want exceedingly to see you here; and I would have you come just about *Midsummer*. If you come a moment before that time, you will find the parliament sitting, all in a flame about excises; and go into what company you will, you can hear of nothing else. I reckon by that time we shall separate, and then I come down to this place *en famille*, (where I am now only a sojourner for three days) and you shall be better accommodated than you were last time you was here. I can assure you, I have made great alterations; and to speak modestly, I think, I may say, it is by much the finest place in *England*. What *Ireland* may produce I cannot tell. *Pope* has promised to come down; and it is time for him to retire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him *.

* ' Probably by the publication of *The first Satire of the second Book of Horace, imitated, in a Dialogue between Alexander Pope, Esq; on the one Part, and his learned Council on other*. Published in February, 1732-33.'

Poor *John Gay*! we shall see him no more; but he will always be remembered, by those who knew him, with a tender concern. I want to know how you do, and what you are doing. I suspect you are grown very idle; for I have not heard of any production from that fertile brain of yours a great while. And besides, the greatest mark of idleness that I know, is the minding of other people's business. You that used to be employed in supporting or pulling down ministers, in instructing or diverting mankind, in inflaming kingdoms, or pacifying contending parties, now seem to be dwindled into an *Irish* solicitor. I expect to see you in a dirty brown coat, with a little green bag under your arm. However, let me see you. If I cannot laugh with you, as I used to do, I will laugh at you; for I am resolved to laugh as long as I live. So, my dear little pettifogger, adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXIX.

Lord M———M to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

London, April 7, 1733.

I HOPE you will excuse me that I have not answered your letter sooner; but I shall not be backward in obeying your commands, by attending the cause you mentioned, when it comes into the house. I shall not fail speaking to those few lords, I can be so free with, to attend also; and shall rejoice if it should be determined to your satisfaction: and I have good reason to believe it will, being fully convinced, that you can interest yourself in nothing but where justice is uppermost. We have long flattered ourselves with the hopes of having your good company here. I am sure there is no family in this kingdom wishes to see you more than that of the M——'s, who will always have you in remembrance, for your health and welfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the state of our affairs, in relation to the excising tobacco and wine, therefore shall not trouble you upon that subject; and shall only desire your farther commands wherein I am capable to serve you; assuring you, that I am, with great esteem and faith, Sir, your most faithful and humble servant.

Postscript by lady M——.

S I R,

There are few things in life would give me more joy than to see you again in this part of the world. Let your friends have that pleasure; for in doing it you will oblige a vast number of people; but nobody more, my dear Mr. Dean, than your affectionate humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCXX.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

April 12, 1733.

I RECEIVED yours of the 23d of *March*. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment; so you see you are not the only person that way tormented. I dare believe there are as many bad heads in *England* as in *Ireland*; I am sure none worse than my own; that I am made for pain, and pain for me; for, of late, we have been inseparable. It is a most dispiriting distemper, and brings on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

Whilst I had that very sincere good friend, I could sometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I would often view and dissect them; but now they come and go, and I seldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing in them. Poor man! he was most truly every thing you could say of him. I have lost, in him, the usefulest limb of my mind. This is an odd expression; but I cannot explain my notion otherwise.

I deny that I am touchy; yet am going to seem so again, by assuring you my letters are never false copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfections of an imperfect mind; which, however, to do it justice, often directs me better than I act. Though I will not take upon me, to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the same; yet whatever I write is at that instant true. I would rather tell a lye, than write it down; for words are wind ('tis said); but the making a memorandum of one's own false heart would stare one in the face immediately, and should put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unsettled way of thinking, and of my sincerity, I shall tell you, that I am not so
much

much in the wrong as you observed I was in my last: for my regard to you is lessened extremely, since I observed you are just like most other people, *viz.* disobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what else are bare words? Therefore pray never believe I wish to serve you, till you have tried me; till then protestations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendship of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be suspected. I seldom make any for that reason; so that if I have the peculiar happiness to have any wise good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it; but sure nothing can equal such glory, except that of having the silly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare, that no such can depress your spirits; and if our constitutions are alike, I will not only preach up good spirits, but prescribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury, they have hurt themselves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unless they have my help) I shall not deserve it. If fools shun my company, it is because I am not like them; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am, and that's a fancy I never yet saw becoming to man or woman, so it cannot excite envy. Here I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half so much, as unjust ill usage, either directed to myself, or my friends. The very reverse happens to me, when I am too well spoken of; for I am sorry to find I don't deserve it all. This humbleth me as much too much as the other exalts; so I hope you will not be too civil, since I have declared the consequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer; for though I have a sensible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to. By that one soon learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss.

Your stewards will take great care of your money; but you must first direct us to your friend Mr. *Lancelot*, and order him to give up Mr. *Gay*'s note, on his sister's paying the money to his grace, who will give him his note for the money, or send it to you, just as you order. And as to what interest is due, I suppose you have kept some account.

By this time you must be too much tired, to bear reading one word more ; therefore I will make no excuses. Pray employ me ; for I want to be certain, whether I know my own mind or not : for something or other often tells me, that I should be very happy to be of any use to you. Whether it be true or false, neither you or I can be positive, till an opportunity shews ; but I do really think, that I am, dear Sir, most sincerely yours, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXXI.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

May 1, 1733.

I SHOULD have answered yours of the 22d of *March* long ago ; but that I have had some troubles and frights. The uneasiness I was under made me neglect what, at another time, would have been agreeable to myself, Mrs. *Chambers's* younger sister, having had the small-pox ; but now perfectly well. Mrs. *Floyd* too has been excessively bad with her winter cough and dispiritedness ; but country air, I think, has a little revived her.

His grace of *Dorset* bids me present his humble service to you, and says, the rectory of *Churchtown* is at Mr. *Stafford Lightburn's* service. As to the countess of *Suffolk's* affair in dispute, I cannot possibly (according to your own just rule) be angry, because I am in the right. It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong, as to condemn her, without the shew of justice ; and I wish with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had seen her, as I did, when the news of your friend's * death came ; for though you are a proud person, yet (give you, devil, your due) you are a sincere, good-natured, honest one. I am extremely Mrs. *Kelly's* humble servant ; but I will never believe she is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in *Ireland* than she was in *England*. The excise you mention has caused great changes here. Some that I am sorry for ; though I will not enter into the merits of the cause, because of my aversion for politics. But

* Mr. *Gay*.

if you did dislike it, why did you bestow such a costly funeral upon it, as to burn its bones on a sumptuous pile, like a *Roman* emperor?

Adieu, my ever-honoured old friend; and do not let me see any more respects or ladyships from you.

L E T T E R CCCXXII.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. S W I F T.

Amesbury, May 31, 1733.

I AM now again your *Tunbridge* correspondent. His grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a parcel of walls, that blocked us up every way, and making a sunk fence round the house. This will make the place as chearful again, and we find great entertainment by inspecting the work. Since I came here, even I have often got up by six in the morning, (I designed it always) and the whole house are fast asleep before twelve. This I call good hours. I walk as much as I am able, sometimes rather more. We sometimes ride, though not often: for the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day violently hot. North-east winds continually, and such want of rain, that the ground is hard as iron. I am the most temperate creature in my diet you ever knew; yet, with all my care, I cannot be well. I believe, if I am never guilty of a greater fault, I shall meet with very little resentment, either public or private. They are the faults in the world soonest forgot, and the seldomest truly repented. Let that be as it will, since health is undoubtedly the most valuable thing in life, I shall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me consent to a thing in the world I am most averse to, that is, going to the *Spa* about a month or six weeks hence. I wish it was good for your complaints, that we might be there together. Really, if you think it will be of any use to you, and that you can order your affairs so as to make it possible, depend upon it we shall make it our study, and a very agreeable one too, to make you as easy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troublesome disposition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a sort of a dizziness, which generally goes off by the head-ach. Some learned people

give it a name I do not know how to spell, a vertico, or vertigo. Pray understand that I, really and truly, do not only say, but mean, that I wish you could either meet us at the *Spa*, or at *London*, to go on with us; and in this I am sure I shall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myself enough your friend to resent it extremely, if you miss this opportunity. This you would believe, if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in spirit, or quarrelling with myself for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but instantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myself; which is of very great use to have, provided it is kept within just bounds. I shall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly easy on that account; for I saw it before I left *London*, and heard several people talk of it, and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it; but that the thing happened just as you say. I think you need not be much disturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philosophy cannot make such things not be; the most it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily sorry you have any particular occasion for any. Is your law-suit still in being? Perhaps I may be impertinent; but I remember you once mentioned something of that kind.

I am pretty well satisfied any thing is bad for the head that fills it too full; therefore I advise you to unbend your thoughts, and ask my advice; if it should prove good, take it; if not, leave it. I should be mighty glad to be of service to you; in making me so, you would shew kindness to the memory of your very sincere friend, and be kind to me. You may depend upon me, both for his sake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your messages to lady *Catherine* and *Charlotte* as soon as possible. The first I have not conversed with this year and half; I believe she is nobody's friend, but I more than believe that nobody is hers. I have a brother, that I dare answer you would like, if you knew him perfectly, not else. I love and honour him, and he deserves it. When his grace goes to *London*, which will be very soon, your money shall be as you ordered. He is mightily shocked at so many speeches. He is not by just now, or undoubtedly he would think you deserve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuse.

L E T -

L E T T E R CCCXXIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

June 5, 1733.

H A S Mr. *Stafford Lightburne*'s friend got the gout in his fingers? Or is he so busy in measuring the water, and casting a figure to know the exact time when to set his friends a swimming, that he can't find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that his grace would chearfully and readily obey your commands. However, I am again ordered by him to tell you, that the warrant will be sent to *Dublin* by next post; so pray let Mr. *Lightburne* be ready to make his personal appearance, lest they should not else know how to find him. It was well you needed no intercessor to his grace; and that the no-promise from him, and the one word from you, is of much more weight than my rhetoric: for I have been so horridly used by a nasty, griping brother black-coat, in a small three and six-pence affair of my own, that I don't know whether I should not have done like you of the faction, revenge myself of the innocent, for the sake of one bishop and minister *, that I say, has cheated, fleeced, and flead me, just as if they had been *South-Sea* or *East India* directors.

You are angry, if I do not mention Mrs. *Floyd* to you; so, I must tell you, she is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure her cough. I am heartily sorry for your new friend Mrs. *Kelly*, who writes in a desponding way to Mrs. *Chambers* about her health, and talks of going to *Spa*. This is a melancholy subject, and I hate to be vexed. So I will say no more of it, but adieu, my dear Dean, and let me hear from you soon.

* See letters cccxxiv and cccxxvii.

L E T T E R CCCXXIV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Knole, July 9, 1733.

NOW, says parson *Swift* *, What the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth. Why, say I again: Ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements; but to my comfort be it spoke, this is his grace my lord lieutenant's ink. My bureau at *London* is so well furnished, that his grace and his secretary make so much use of it, that they are often obliged to give half a crown, that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office; for his grace is delighted, that it was in his power to oblige you. So *treve de compliment*. Since I have declared my passion against a bishop and a parson, it is but fair, I should tell you the story, whether you care to hear it or not: but if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again.

As to the † bishop, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is *Peterborough*; and having a small park in *Northamptonshire*, which I had a mind to increase by a small addition, to make my house stand in the middle of it. Three shillings and six-pence worth of land, at the largest computation, belongs to the church; for which my old parson, (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes from a *Sunday* dinner, and says he loves me better than any body in the world) has made me give him up in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for 40*s.* a year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour. And the bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court; besides, a great dinner to his nasty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will

* The name she called the Dean by, in the stanza which she inserted in his ballad on *The Game of Traffic*.

† Dr. Robert Clavering.

say, if I will have my fancies I must pay for them; so I will say no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. *Kelly* is not near so well as she says; and a gentleman that came from *Bristol*, says she looks dreadfully, and fears it is almost over with her, and that no mortal could know her; so ends youth and beauty! that is such a moral reflexion, that, least it should make you melancholy, I will tell you something to please you. Your old friend Mrs. *Floyd* is perfectly recovered. I think I have not seen her so well this great while; but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that.

In your next, I desire to know what I am in your debt for my sister's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old beloved friend.

L E T T E R CCCXXV.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Amesbury, Nov. 3, 1733.

I WAS mightily pleased to receive a letter from you last post; yet I am so ungrateful, I will not thank you for it, and it may be you do not deserve it. The cruelest revenge that one can possibly inflict (without hurting one's self) is, that of being doubly diligent to those who neglect one, in order to shock them into better behaviour. As I have tried this trick myself, and that strong appearances are against me, I must defend myself, and then you'll own I do not quite deserve chastisement.

The post before I left this place, I received a letter from you, which I designed to have answered before I left *London* and *England*; but was hindered from both, for some time, by an express, which hurried us down to *Winchester* school, to take care of our little boy there, who was violently ill of a fever. From that time, till I came to *Spa*, we were never at home; and as soon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place, and grew well, I have been still upon the ramble. After all, these are not very substantial good reasons; but, upon my word, I did design it; in order to which, two days ago I washed the mould out of my inkhorn, put fresh ink into it, and promised myself to write to you this very post. Pleasing myself with the fancy, that this would reach you, and convince you, that I had you still in great regard before you could or would think it worth your while to put me in mind of

of you. I could not possibly fail to gain credit, if you could possibly conceive the great satisfaction your letters give me. I have seldom met with any half so conversible. I do not only pity, but grieve at those complaints you mention; they are a cruel incumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thousand inanimate creatures, who have nothing in their heads? I was, and am really sorry, that you could not go with us to the *Spa*. I am confident it must have done you good. I cannot describe the vast difference I felt after drinking the waters a week, and am still much better than I ever expected, though not quite free of the complaints in my head, but they are greatly lessened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, so have not time to think of answering your letters. This is only a volunteer, after which, I may with greater assurance desire you to believe, that I am, with great constancy, regard and respect, yours, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXXVI.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Amesbury, Nov. 10, 1733.

I HAVE only staid to give time for my letter. There is some satisfaction in sitting down to write, now that I am something less in your debt; I mean, by way of letter. To speak seriously, I must love contradiction more than ever woman did, if I did not obey your commands; for I do sincerely take great pleasure in conversing with you. If you have heard of my figure abroad, it is no more than I have done on both sides of my ears, as the saying is. I did not cut and curl my hair like a sheep's head, or wear one of their travelling sacks; and yet, by not doing so, I did give some offence.

We have seen many very fine towns, and travelled through good roads, and pleasant countries. I like *Flanders* in particular, because it is the likest to *England*. The inns were very unlike those at home, being much cleaner and better served; so that here I could not maintain my partiality with common justice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill spent time fruitlessly than any one has to spare: they are the only people I ever saw that were quite without a genius, to be

be civil when they had to be so. Will you eat? Will you play at cards? are literally the tip-top well-bred phrases in use. The *French* people we met, are quite of another turn, polite and easy; one is the natural consequence of the other, though a secret that few have discovered. I can bring you an *Irish* witness (if that be sufficient) that I have wished for you many times during this journey, particularly at *Spa*, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as fast as I did; and, you are a base man to say, that any such impediment as you mentioned, thwarted your journey; for you were sure of a welcome share in every thing we had. It were unnecessary to say this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again; but it is what I am strongly advised to, though I should not much want it, and I am not averse: travelling agrees with me, and makes me good humoured. At home I am generally more nice than wise, but on the road nothing comes amiss. At *Calais* we were wind-bound four or five days, and I was very well contented: when the wind changed, I was delighted to go. As impatience is generally my reigning distemper, you may imagine, how I must be alarmed at this sudden alteration, till I happily recollected two instances, where I was myself. The one at *Breda*, where the innkeeper let drop, if you mean to go, an hour and half after we had fifty times told him, that positively, we would go. The other, at *Amsterdam*, where we met with a very incurious gent, who affirmed, there was nothing worth seeing; though besides the town, which far surpassed my imagination, there happened to be a most famous fair. It is long since those two verses of *Dryden's Cymon* * are strictly applicable to me.

Her corn and cattle are her only care,
And her supreme delight a country fair.

I shall forget to name my *Irish* friend. It is Mr. *Coote*. He is, in all appearance, a modest, well-bred, splenetic, good-natured man. I had then one of these qualifications more than was pleasant, and so we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, Sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleased with him. He seems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for sense, or good humour. I tell you, that I do use exercise; designedly, never eat

* The story of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*, in his fable.

or drink what can disagree with me, but am no more certain of my stomach, than of my mind; at sometimes proof against any thing, and at other times too easily shocked; but time and care can certainly make a strong defence. I will obey your commands, and so will his grace, concerning Mrs. *Barber*, as soon as we come to *London*, where we stayed but three days. We are now at *Amesbury*; but pray, direct for me at *London*. I doubt we can do her but little good; for as to my part, I have few acquaintance, and little interest. I will believe every thing you say of her, though I have hitherto had a natural aversion to a poetess.

I am come almost to the end of my paper, before I have half done with you. It was a rule, I remember, with poor Mr. *Gay* and me, never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuse to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear Sir, health and happiness attend you ever. I fear I have written so very ill, that I am quite unintelligible.

His grace is very much yours.

L E T T E R CCCXXVII.

The Countess of GRANVILLE* to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Hawnes, Nov. 27, 1733.

I HAVE received the honour of your commands, and shall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I don't know we ever quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Christian as you are, in perfect charity with you. My son, my daughter, and all our olive branches salute you most tenderly. I never wished so much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with fresh delight. Will you never come into *England*, and make *Hawnes* † in your road? You will find nothing here to offend you; for I

* 'Grace, widow and relict of George lord Carteret, and daughter of John Granville earl of Bath. She was created viscountess Carteret, and countess Granville, 1st Jan. 1714-15, with limitation of those honours to her son John, the late earl.'

† 'A seat of lord Carteret, late earl Granville, in Bedfordshire.'

am a hermit, and live in my chimney corner, and have no ambition, but that you'll believe I am the charming Dean's

Most obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCXXVIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

March 2, 1733.

I AM extreme glad to hear you are got well again; and I do assure you, it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being troublesome. If you have got rid of your deafness, that is a happiness I doubt poor lady *Suffolk* will never have; for she does not mend, if she does not grow rather worse. But we ladies are famous for straining our voices upon the bad occasion of anger: and sure then it is hard, if it is not more agreeable to do it for the sake of friendship. By the histories I hear from *Ireland*, *Bettesworth*, in the midst of your illness, did not think your pen lay idle*; but this good you had from it, that such a troublesome fellow made your friends and neighbours shew they could exert themselves for your sake. Mrs. *Floyd* has passed this winter rather better than the last; but cold weather is an enemy to her; and when you see her, I fear you will find, that though the goodness of the composition will always hold, yet so many winters have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time, that I have hopes you will soon part with my duke and duchess. I always used to be her doctor; I wish you would allow me to be yours, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your constitution; but, I fear you will not. However, God bless you; and, adieu.

* About this time, an attempt was made to repeal the *Test Act* in *Ireland*; and the dissenters on this occasion, affected to call themselves *Brother Protestants*, and *Fellow-Christians*, with the *Members of the Established Church*. This the Dean made the subject of a short copy of verses, in which there is a passage, that so provoked one *Bettesworth*, a lawyer, and member for the *Irish* parliament, that he swore to revenge himself, either by maiming, or murdering the author; and, for this purpose, he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to secure the Dean where-ever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of *Bettesworth* were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of *St. Patrick's*, waited upon the Dean in form, and presented a paper, subscribed with their names; in which, they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend his person and fortune as the friend and benefactor of his country. See the verses, vol. iii. *Bat.* edit. 1754, p. 251.

L E T T E R CCCXXIX.

The Duchess of — to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

London, March 4, 1733-4.

I F ever lying was necessary, I fear it is so at present ; for no truth can furnish me with sufficient excuse for not having writ long ago ; therefore I have been strongly tempted to disown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you since my return to these parts ; but upon more mature deliberation, I have convinced myself, that it is better rather to confess my fault, than to give you any handle to suspect my truth for the future. I wish every body was as timorous as myself, and then lying and deceit would never be so much in the fashion, as it has and will be for many ages past and to come. I remember you once told me, always to sit down to write when I was in good health, and good humour ; neither of them have been perfect of some time. The first has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper, by these trying truths which I am about to tell you, *viz.* a journey to *Scotland*, where we have been going every week, and every day since *Christmas* ; the uncertainty of which, and being consequently unsettled, is even worse than the thing itself. This is not all ; by these means I have been obliged to send a little boy (who has been my constant companion ever since he was born, and who is not seven years old till next *July*) to school, a full year before it was necessary or proper. The doing this, I own, has damped my spirits more than was reasonable, though it was by his own desire ; and that I am persuaded he is well taken care of, both by the master and his own brother, who is fond of him, and so would you be, if you knew him ; for he has more sense than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very strong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you so before. I am in great hopes to live to see them both men ; therefore pray advise me what to do with them after they have gone through the school ; for I imagine that just then is the most difficult part of their education. Mr. *Locke*, with whom I cannot help differing in some things, makes a full stop there ; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned, or at least published,

any

any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the most material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two sides of paper about me and mine; but I own, at present, my whole thoughts are so much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little else. To-morrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr. *Gay's* *; we stay on purpose now for that, and shall go on *Thursday* for *Edinburgh*, where the greatest good I can expect, or hope for, is a line from you. We shall depofite our guineas for Mrs. *Barber* with Mr. *Pope*, or my brother. I wish you all health and prosperity. I will not wish you devoid of all trouble and vexation, because I think a moderate share is a great encouragement to good spirits; but may you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant.

Adieu, Sir. If you will oblige me, you must do me the justice to believe I am your most faithful friend, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXXX.

Mr. G R A N T to Dr. S W I F T.

VERY REVEREND SIR,

London, March 14, 1733-4.

THOUGH I have been long an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not less valued and esteemed your public spirit and great affection to your native country. These valuable ingredients in your character, persuade me to propose to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuse my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles dispose you, your real merit happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the public good; to which I am well assured your country owes not only the escaping many evils, but the establishment of many valuable articles for the increase of their wealth and strength. Though I am not a native of *Ireland*, I have always regarded it as so connected with this country, that the natives of both islands ought mutually to study and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in consequence of this principle that I offer to your consideration, that your countrymen should heartily engage in and pursue the white

* This play was called the *Distrest Wife*; and was acted at the theatre-royal in *Covent-garden*, with indifferent success.—Several years after, it was published by *Astley*, in *St. Paul's church-yard*; but no notice was taken in the title, of its having ever been acted.—*Achilles*, an *Opera*, by the same author, had been performed the winter before, with applause.

herring, and cod fishing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be consumption for all that may be caught on both islands. There is nothing that would so effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, considering the great variety of trades necessary in this undertaking; it would also increase the consumption of your home manufactures, and increase the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-east parts of your island lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring fishing, as will appear to you from their course, which is described in the inclosed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are necessary to support a new undertaking in its infancy, because they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniencies, which discourage private adventurers, if not supported by the public. I have with great pleasure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, several instances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a proposition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I shall reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could suggest what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been desirous to establish and improve this valuable branch of commerce into *Britain*, for which reason I have applied myself to it several years last past, and examined it in all its shapes, from whence I flatter myself to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the necessary encouragements for it here; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a short session, I am afraid we shall make little progress at this time. Not being sufficiently acquainted with your laws and constitutions, I cannot take upon me to say what may be proper encouragements in your country; yet I may freely venture to assert one proposition, to which every one must assent, that it is the interest of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid only to its own subjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal safety, advance this other proposition, that no article of trade better deserves encouragement, from both *Britain* and *Ireland*, than the fishing does; or that might be made of so great consequence

consequence and general benefit to both : to which I believe I may add, that there is not any business more natural to either, or the establishment whereof would receive more universal approbation and applause.

These things, from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with ; which I was the more readily induced to, as it furnished me an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS GRANT.

P. S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways useful in explaining or promoting this subject, I shall with pleasure obey you ; in which case you may direct for me, merchant, in *London*.

L E T T E R CCCXXXI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

April 12, 1734.

I HAVE received yours of the 16th of *February* very lately ; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am likely to see him, unless he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend *Pope* is in town, and to him I send this letter ; for he tells me, he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. *Faulkner* any service, I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you ; but my help, in a project of subscription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out the world, and I do not blush to own, that I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you, for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say all the fond things from her to you, which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shook, and sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain ; but, upon the whole, much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can ; the censors say, not as well as I might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other ;

for

for fauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say, I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea*; and *Batburst* is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied; for I have something, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter one's self, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the ethic epistles, and though they go a little into metaphysics, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them; the first book being finished, the others will soon follow; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out. What are you doing?—Good, I am sure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr. Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it since. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, sometimes. You have had accounts, I presume, which will not leave you at a loss to guess who I mean. Is there no hope left of seeing you once more in this island. I often wish myself out of it; and I shall wish so much more, if it is impossible *de voisiner* (I know no *English* word to say the same thing) with you. Adieu, dear Sir; no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you than I do.

L E T T E R CCCXXXII.

Lord C——— to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Jermyn-street, April 13, 1734.

I HAD the honour of your letter, which gave me a considerable pleasure to see that I am not so much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family. I need not say, that these alliances * are very agreeable to me; but that they are so to my friends, adds much to the satisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my desires, which is no inconsiderable step towards being happy. As to the other things, I go on as well as I can; and now and then observe, that I have more friends than I had when I

* ‘ His lordship's third daughter, *Georgina-Carolina*, was married, *Feb. 14, 1733-4*, to the honourable *John Spencer*.’

was in a situation to do them service. This may be a delusion : however, it is a pleasing one. And I have more reason to believe a man, now I can do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greatest philosophers are sometimes tempted to solicit their friends about. I shall continue to serve Mrs. *Barber*, by recommending her, as occasion shall offer, where it is necessary ; but you have done that so effectually, that nothing need be said to those, to whom you have said any thing in her behalf. I hope Dr. *Delaney* is, as he always used to be, chearful in himself, and agreeable to all that know him ; and that he, by this time, is convinced, that the world is not worthy of so much speculation as he has bestowed upon some matters. Lady *Worsley*, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have shewn your letter, not forgetting my mother, present their humble service to you. And I desire to recommend the whole family, as well as myself, to the continuance of your favour. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, your most humble and most obedient servant,

C.

L E T T E R CCCXXXIII.

Lord B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

From my Farm, June 27, 1734.

I THANK you, Mr. Dean ; or to use a name to me more sacred, I thank you, my friend, for your letter of the 23d of *May*, which came to me by post. I answer it by the same conveyance ; and provided the diligent inspection of private men's correspondence do not stop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and read them. If they expect to find any thing which may do us hurt, or them good ; their disappointment will give me pleasure, and in the proportion, I shall imagine it gives them pain. I should have another pleasure, of higher relish, if our epistles were to be perused by persons of higher rank. And who knows, considering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen ? How would these persons stare, to see such a thing as sincere cordial friendship subsist inviolate, and grow and strengthen from year to year, in spite of distance, absence, and mutual inutility !

But enough on this. Let us turn to other subjects. I have read, in the golden verses of *Pythagoras*, or in some other collection of wise apothegms of the ancients, that a man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition may be affirmed, as the result of them. This we affirm; and, in consequence, this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the king of *Siam* affirmed, that water was always in a fluid state; and I doubt not but the *Talapoins*, do they not call them so? held this maxim. Neither he, or they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of *Ava*; their observations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims, founded on observations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of universal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We see what the conduct is, and we guess what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium; we guess with much uncertainty from a thousand reasons concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconsistent as the heart of men. And even when we see right, and guess right, we build our maxims on a small number of observations (for such they are comparatively, how numerous soever they may be, taken by themselves) which our own age and our own country chiefly have presented to us.

You and I have known one man in particular, who affected business he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among some, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of *Europe*; and who was, at the same time, the idlest creature living; who was never more copious than in expressing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, such as titles, ribbands, &c. who should, to have been consistent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, since he knew neither how to use power, nor how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough,

and

and yet I have known some resembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it, in the strongest marks it bore.

Now let us suppose, that some *Rockfaucault* or other, some *Anthropomical* sage, should discover a multitude of similar instances, and not stumble upon any one repugnant; you and I should not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects business, never does it: nor this, that he who brings about great revolutions, is always idle: nor this, that he who expresses indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one, and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear Doctor, to the application. A man in business, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of philosophy; that is certain. The question is, whether the man in business may not practise it, as well as the man out of business? I think he may, in this sense, as easily; but sure I am, he may, in this sense, as usefully. If we look into the world, our part of it, I mean, we shall find, I believe, few philosophers in business, or out of business. The greatest part of the men I have seen in business, perhaps all of them, have been so far from acting on philosophical principles, that is, on principles of reason and virtue, that they have not acted even on the highest principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who sacrificed all his passions, or made them all subservient to that one; but I have known many, whose vanity and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The greatest part of the men I have seen out of business have been so far from practising philosophy, that they have lived in the world errant triflers; or retiring from it, have fallen into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as *Seneca* mentions, in one of his letters to *Lucilius*, to have been put over the door of one *Vattia*. *Hic situs est Vattia*. But, for all this, I think that a man in business may practise philosophy as austere to himself, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The *Stoics* were an affected, pedantical sect; but I have always approved that rule of the *Positive*, that a philosopher was not to except himself from the duties of society, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. *Mencius*, and his master *Confucius*, were strange metaphysicians, but they were good moralists, and they divided their doctrines into three parts; the duties of a man; of an individual, as a member of a family; and as a member of a state. In short, a man may

be, many men have been, and some are, I believe, philosophers in business; he that can be so out of it, can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy, and forget to speak of *Pope*. He is actually rambling from one friend's house to another. He is now at *Cirencester*; he came thither from my lord *Cobham's*; he came to my lord *Cobham's* from Mr. *Dormer's*; to Mr. *Dormer's* from *London*; to *London* from *Chiswick*; to *Chiswick* from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes soon from lord *Bathurst's* to lord *Peterborow's*; after which, he returns to my farm again. The dæmon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of *Horace*, which begins *Ambubaiarum Collegia pharmacopolæ*, &c. and has chose rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaste ears overmuch. He has sent it me; but I shall keep his secret as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which some events of my life would seem perhaps to justify him in doing. I am glad you approve his *Moral Essays*. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some, who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the free-thinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence; which I wonder at the more, because he has often spoke in such a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid likewise to the other friends you mention.

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you; and do you believe, that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming amongst us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you please; and the indulgence you receive on these heads you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

I will speak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to say upon a passage in your letter; or if any thing else, worth saying, comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

L E T -

L E T T E R CCCXXXIV.

Dr. A R B U T H N O T to Dr. S W I F T.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

Hampstead, Oct. 4, 1734.

YOU have no reason to put me amongst the rest of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago, by one *De La Mar*. I can assure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart towards you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world, and you, amongst the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers, and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended, came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsey and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborn for some years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to *London*, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease, further than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life, but ease. For I am, at present, in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, displeaseth me; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are like to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual chearfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey to *England*! the reasons you assign, I am sure,
are

are not sufficient; the journey, I am sure, will do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first shock; and the trouble I have with the rest, to bring them to a good temper, to bear the loss of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment*, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour for all that is in the world. This world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend, and humble servant,

J O. A R B U T H N O T.

L E T T E R CCCXXXV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

London, Nov. 7, 1734.

D O N ' T accuse me of forsaking you: indeed it is not the least in my thoughts; but I heard you were ill, and I had no letter from you, so doubted being troublesome. I was, about two months ago, at my own house, and had my duke and duchess with me. The rest of my time was divided between lord president † and *Knowle*. I have now left their graces in the country, where I hope they will not stay long; for she has been very ill, though now recovered.

I am always more frightful when my friends are sick there, because there is neither physic nor physician that's good for any thing. Indeed I cannot answer, whether your lord lieutenant will be the same or not. All that I can say is, that if he asks my consent for it, he shall not have it. I have no acquaintance with the duke of *Chandois*, nor I believe has the

* Dr. *Arbuthnot* died in *March*, 1734-5.

† *Spencer* earl of *Wilmington*.

duke of *Dorset* much. And to be sure it would be to no purpose to ask him for those records * again, because, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your asking. And whether it be useful or not just to him, yet few people would care to part with what must enhance the value of their libraries; but if he succeeds the duke of *Dorset*, then for certain he will be easily persuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend, Dr. *Arbutnot*, I hear, is out of order again. I have not seen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. I fancy it would be prodigiously good for your health to come to *England*, which would be a great pleasure to your most sincere old friend, and humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCXXXVI.

Mr. J A R V I S † to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

Hampton, Nov. 24, 1734.

YOU can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at the finding my old friend the bishop of *Worcester* ‡ so hale at 83-4! No complaint; he does but begin to stoop, and I am forced myself, every now and then, to awaken myself to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and consequently spirits to spare. If ever I see *Dublin* again, and your *Teague* escapes hanging so long, I will myself truss him for non-admittance, when you were in a conversable condition. I am sure the lady will send you Mr. *Connolly*'s picture with pleasure, when I tell her you expect it. Our friend *Pope* is off and on, here and there, every where and no where, *a son ordinaire*, and therefore as well as we can hope, for a carcass so crazy. He assures me, he has done

* These records were manuscripts relating to the history of *Ireland*, which had been collected by Sir *James Ware*, before, after, and during the troubles of 1641. When lord *Clarendon* was lord lieutenant, in 1686, he got these manuscripts from the heir of Sir *James*, and brought them into *England*. After lord *Clarendon*'s death, they were sold to the duke of *Chandos*. The catalogue of them was printed in 1697, in the large folio catalogue of all the libraries both in *England* and *Ireland*, and the Dean having read that account of them, was very desirous to procure them for public use. See a letter written by the Dean to the duke of *Chandos*, soliciting his grace to present them to the public library at *Dublin*, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*.

† A celebrated painter, and contemporary with Sir *Godfrey Kneller*.

‡ Dr. *John Hough*, bishop of *Worcester*.

his

his duty in writing frequently to the Dean, because he is sure it gives you some amusement, as he is rejoiced at all yours; therefore you must write away. Upon enquiry, I learn, that exercise is the best medicine for your giddinesses. Penny made Mrs. Pendarvis happy with a print of yours, and I do not fail to distribute them to all your well-wishers. I am, dear Dean, yours most affectionately,

CH A. J A R V I S.

I held out bravely the three weeks fog, &c. and am very well.

L E T T E R CCCXXXVII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Feb. 13, 1734-5.

Y O U are a fine gentleman indeed, to teach his grace of *Dorset* such saucy words; and we have quarrelled so much about it, that I don't know but I shall oblige him to meet me behind *Montague-house* *. He says, it is some time ago that he commanded me to write to you, to assure you, he thought himself very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendship and good-will to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I understood he had something else more to say, so I cannot but own I have seen him pretty often since; but yet (at the times I could speak to him) my addle head constantly forgot to ask him what he had to say? So now he says he will do his own business, and write to you soon himself.

The † countess has quitted the court, because, after a long illness at *Bath*, she did not meet with a reception that she liked; though her mistress appeared excessively concerned, and expressed great uneasiness at parting with her; and my opinion is, that not only her master and mistress, but her very enemies will have reason to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have answered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear Dean adieu.

* Where duels were frequently fought.

† The countess of *Suffolk*.

L E T T E R CCCXXXVIII.

Earl of STRAFFORD * to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, Feb. 18, 1734.

TO honour, and esteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleased with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very desirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr. *Skerret*, I immediately undertook to do him the best service I could, and thought myself happy in having advanced his affair so far, as to get his petition to the house of lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day) heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in their answer before. I likewise got several lords to attend; but, on printing his case, our new lord chancellor † (who at present has a great party in the house) found out, that the petition I had presented for Mr. *Skerret* had not fully explained matters to the house; because, upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal last year was presented late in the sessions; and that though there was then an order for the respondents to put in their answer in five weeks (the usual time for causes in *Ireland*) yet the parliament did not sit above a fortnight after; so that it was impossible for the respondents answer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being dissolved, the respondents in *Ireland* might expect to have been served with a new order this session, which it did not appear was done: and that though in the courts below, if answers were not put in, they proceeded to hear causes *ex parte*; yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cause reheard; but in the house of lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any, by surprize, to be absolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole house seeming to be of the same mind, they put off the cause to *Thursday* five weeks; and ordered the respondents, in the mean time, to be served with an order to put in their answer; and if they

* He had been ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General during the treaty for the peace of *Utrecht*.

† *Talbot*.

did not answer by that time, the house would proceed absolutely to hear the cause *ex parte*. I must own to you, the chancellor proposed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone desired it might be for five weeks, giving for a reason, that since the appellant was disappointed once, after having been at the expence of seeing his counsel, he might not be so a second time: and since his adversaries were ready to make all the chicanery possible, they might not have the pretence for another, by saying, as the usual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the usual time; so I thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving them any room for further chicanery. As I have not seen your friend Mr. *Skerret* since this order, I do not know how he takes it: but I was resolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in every thing you desire of, Sir, your most sincere faithful humble servant.

As the house of commons were but yesterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder, if I expect this to be opened.

L E T T E R CCCXXXIX.

Lord C——— to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Jermyn-Street, March 6, 1734-5.

I HAD the honour of your letter, and attended the cause yesterday, and the day before: it went for your friend upon the justest principle, and that unanimously. He did not only carry his cause before the house, but his future cause springing out of this, is mended by the decree. The chancellor said, the respondent had more reason to appeal than the appellant. Mr. *Lindsay*, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on perusing our decree, of the reason of the chancellor's expression. I have a partiality for captain *Rowley* in every thing but judicature; and in that capacity, if judge *Lindsay* and I sat together, I fancy by what I know of him, that we should seldom disagree.

I thank

I thank you for taking notice of the prosperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of prosperity can bind a man to the interest of his country, I am certainly bound to stand by liberty; and when you see me forgetful of that, may you treat me like * *Traulus* and *Pistorides*. I am impatient for four volumes, said to be your works, for which my wife and I have subscribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr. *Tickell* last packet.

I intend these works shall be the first foundation of the libraries of my three grandsons. In the mean time, they will be studied by my sons and sons-in-law.

I desire you will condescend to make my compliments to Dr. *Delaney*, for whom I have a most hearty esteem, though I know he thinks me not serious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

That you may enjoy the continuance of all happiness, is my wish: as for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lords lieutenants, archbishops, and parliament politicians, will be forgotten; at last, you yourself must fall into oblivion, which may happen in less than a thousand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progress that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithstanding the sedulous endeavours to the contrary, of the great prelates in this and succeeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my, &c. &c. &c. all join with me in good wishes to you; and, I hope, you will continue to believe, that I am, with the greatest respect, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

L E T T E R CCCXL.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

London, March 11, 1734-5.

I HAVE often desired our friend *Pope*, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to assure you of my most humble service;

* *Joshua*, lord *Allen*, a privy counsellor, and *Richard Tighe*, Esq;

but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own on so insignificant an occasion.

Your recommending Mr. *Lorinan* to me, gives me great pleasure and satisfaction, as it is an instance of your kind remembrance and friendship. I promise you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, shall be sure of meeting with the utmost of my endeavours to serve them. I am glad I can acquaint you, Mr. *Lorinan* has all the success he could expect or wish for: his cause was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over, he asked me, (but in a very modest way) whether it was possible to get him made receiver of the new bishop of *Derry's* rents? I told him, I would try; I did so, but found it would not succeed, and so dropped it immediately.

What do you say to the bustle made here to prevent the * man from being an *English* bishop, and afterwards allowing him to be a good Christian enough for an *Irish* one? Sure, the opposition, or the acquiescence, must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. *Rundle's* character, (for I am not in the least acquainted with him myself) he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad man his enemies represent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together in the strictest political unity; whether it be like the dew of *Hermon* upon the hill of *Sion*, or like the ointment that ran down into *Aaron's* beard, and to the skirts of his cloathing, I cannot say; but I am sure, it is a good joyful thing for the ministers to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any enquiry into the scandalous method of *nominating*, instead of *electing* the sixteen *Scotch* peers: and these, and they together, make a most dreadful body in that house. We are not quite so bad in ours; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of struggling to no purpose against the corruption that does prevail, and, I see, always will prevail there. Poor *Arbutnot*, who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly esteemed of his own countrymen †, is dead.

* Dr. *Thomas Rundle* was promoted to the rich see of *Derry* in *Ireland*, in *February*, 1734-5, after being prevented from getting the see of *Gloucester*, in *England*, which had been intended for him in *November*, 1734; but he was then, as is said, charged with *Arianism*, and also, with denying the truth of *Abraham's* offering up his son. The dispute concerning his promotion to the see of *Gloucester*, was between the chancellor and the bishop of *London*: the chancellor was his friend, and the bishop his enemy.

† 'He was a native of *Scotland*.'

He lived the last six months in a bad state of health, and hoping every night would be his last; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with so much bad company *. What I have said of the doctor, may perhaps deter you from coming among us; but if you had any thoughts of visiting *England* this summer, I can assure you of some friends, who wish to live with you, and know how to value and esteem you. Among them, there is none that does so, more sincerely than, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Mrs. *Pulteney* is very much your humble servant, and joins in inviting you here next summer.

L E T T E R CCCXLI.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

April 5, 1735.

PART the first, you order me to give up my secretaryship; and part the second, called postscript, you employed me about Dr. *Sheridan's* exchange, when the letters for it must have been at *Dublin* long before yours came away. I was just thinking, that you was a little upon the dear joy; but to be sure, you were in the right, for what signified my secretaryship when I had no business?

The countess of *Suffolk* did not give up the first employment at court, for she had no other than mistress of the robes, being 400*l.* a year, which the duchess of *Dorset* quitted to her, there being no lady of the bed-chamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a countess to continue bedchamber-woman. As to her part about *Gay*, that I cleared

* This, admitting the fact, is very remarkable of a man of *Arbutnot's* turn; a man of humour, whose mind seemed to be always pregnant with comic ideas, and turned chiefly, if not only, to that which is ridiculous even in vice itself. That to such a man, to whose fancy almost every character, and every event furnished a comedy, death should be welcome because life was insipid, is a melancholy and striking proof, that *even in laughter the heart is sorrowful*; or, that those who are best qualified to make others merry, are not always merry themselves; that their mirth is not an effusion of hilarity that overflows their own breasts, but often the mere effect of a painful effort, exerted chiefly for the gratification of vanity, the sad concomitant of vexation of spirit. See the doctor's own account of himself, which seems not perfectly to agree with what is here said of him, in his letter, dated Oct. 4, 1734.

to you long ago: for, to my certain knowledge, no woman was ever a better friend than she by many ways proved herself to him. As to what you hint about yourself, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can say nothing upon it. And as to the question, Whether you should congratulate or condole? I believe, you may do either, or both, and not be in the wrong: for I truly think she was heartily sorry, to be obliged, by ill usage, to quit a master and mistress that she had served so justly, and loved so well. However, she has now much more ease and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs. *Floyd* has a cough every winter, and generally so bad, that she often frightens me for the consequences. My saucy niece * presents her service to parson *Swift*. The duchess of *Dorset* is gone to *Bath* with lady *Lambert*, for her health; she has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters: but as they always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will now quite cure her cholic.

In all likelihood, you are weary by this time of reading, and I am of writing such a long letter; so adieu, my dear Dean.

L E T T E R CCCXLII.

The Archbishop of C A S H E L L † to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Cashell, April 7, 1735.

I SUPPOSE by this time you have been informed, that Mr. ‡ *Dunkin* was ordained here last *Thursday*, and that your recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius; which, I hope will in some degree convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

It is one of the greatest evils that attends those whom fortune has forsaken, that their friends forsake them too: and let me tell you, that your not seeing me the whole winter I was last in *Dublin*, was not a less mortification to me, than all the hard sayings of the great parliament

* ‘*Mary*, eldest daughter, and one of the coheirs of *Thomas Chambers* of *Hanworth*, in *Middlesex*, Esq; by lady *Mary Berkeley*, sister to earl *Berkeley* and to lady *B—G—*. She married in *April* 1736, lord *Vere Beauclerc*, now lord *Vere*.’

† *Dr. Theophilus Bolton*.

‡ The reverend Mr. *Dunkin*, the author of several poetical pieces that have been well received.

orators. However, I must own your taking any occasion to write to me at all, has made some amends; for though you seem designedly to cover it, I think, I perceive some little marks of that former kindness, which I once pleased myself to have had a share in with your lawyer-friends. When I conversed with politicians, I learned, that it was not prudent to seem fond of what one most desires: for which reason, I won't tell you, that if this accident of your poetical friend should open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I was your subject at *St. Patrick's*, I should think myself the happiest man in the world; but this I will say, that if it falls out so, this last heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at present.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way easier to my church; which, if I can succeed in, I design to repair a very venerable old fabric, that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleased to call them) ancestors. I wish this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up, instead of it, some of our immense erudition. What if you spent a fortnight here this summer? I have laid aside all my country politics, sheriffs, elections, feasts, &c. And I fancy, it would not be disagreeable to you, to see king *Cormack's* chapel, his bed-chamber, &c. all built, beyond controversy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was king, as well as archbishop. I really intend to lay out a thousand pounds to preserve this old church; and I am sure, you would be of service to posterity, if you assisted me in the doing it; at least, if you approved the design, you would give the greatest pleasure, I assure you, to your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

L E T T E R CCCXLIII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, April 29, 1735.

I AM obliged to you for your letter by Dr. *Stopford*; to which I am sorry I can so soon, by him, return you an answer. I have scarce had any opportunity of seeing him. One day, believing we should have had

no business in parliament, I desired him to dine with me; but unluckily a debate arose, which kept us till nine at night before we sat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing session, more from the severe attendance on elections, than any other public business. The ministers have been defeated in their expectation of weeding the house; and, upon the whole, we stand stronger in numbers than we did at first setting out. I have sent you the copy of a bill, now depending in our house, for the encouragement of learning* (as the title bears) but I think, it is rather of advantage to booksellers than authors. Whether it will pass or not this session, I cannot say; but if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it against another session. It seems to me to be extremely imperfect at present. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than those which have been so scandalously stolen from you. And when a bill of this nature passes in *England* (as I hope it will next year) you may then secure the property to any friend, or any charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expressions of friendship in your letter. If my public conduct has recommended me to your esteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than those do, who attain foolish ribbons, or foolish titles, *vilia servitutis premia*†. Pray therefore continue me your friendship, and believe me, with the greatest sincerity and regard, dear Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

W. P U L T E N E Y.

Lord *Bolingbroke* is going to *France* with lord *Berkeley*; but I believe, will return again in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr. *Stopford* to the duke of *Dorset*; but I think it is not yet quite certain, that he will continue lord lieutenant. I mean, that if he perceives, that he is to be turned out soon after his return from *Ireland*, possibly he may desire not to go.

* 'The title of it was, *An Act for the better Encouragement of Learning*.'

† This was before he attained the title of earl of *Bath*.

L E T T E R CCCXLIV.

Dr. S W I F T to Lady B—— G——.

M A D A M,

May 5, 1735.

I FIND your ladyship seems not very much pleased with your office of secretary; which, however, you must be obliged to hold during the duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which for your comfort, considering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troublesome petitioner to his grace, and intend to be less; and, as I have always done, will principally consider my lord duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only cousin I suffer to see me. When I had credit for some years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which, not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor fosterers, nor dependers; so that if I lived now among the great, they might be sure I would never be a solicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue; and in that case, I would reckon I was doing them the best service in my power: and if they were good for any thing, I would expect their thanks; for they want nothing so much as an honest judicious recommender, which in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr. *Sheridan* is gone to his school in the country, and was only delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms, contrived by his grace's most cautious deputies.

My letter is but just begun; the larger half remains: and your ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary employment. The countess of *Kerry*, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yesterday: she told me, that Mr. *Deering*, late deputy clerk of the council, being dead, she had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr. *John Fitzmaurice*. Her eldest son, lord *Fitzmaurice*, hath for some years been plagued with a wife and no wife*. The case hath been

* When the woman died, who claimed a marriage with this young nobleman, he married lady *Gertrude Lambert*, eldest daughter to *Richard* earl of *Cavan*, June 29, 1738, by whom he had the present earl of *Kerry*. The honourable *John Fitzmaurice*, here recommended by Dr. *Swift* for small employments, afterwards succeeded his uncle, *Henry* earl of *Shelburn*, in his honours and an immense estate, both real and personal. The present earl of *Shelburn* is his son.

tried in both kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the earl of *Kerry* and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger son, who hath lately married honestly and indisputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but hath no employment; therefore his parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this, of deputy clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to business. It is understood here, that the purchase of the deputy clerk's office is the usual perquisite of the chief clerk, with the consent of the chief governor, with which, my lord and lady *Kerry* would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the earl of *Kerry's* is one of the most antient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger son might well pretend to succeed in so small an office, upon an equal foot with any other person. I own this proposal of mine is more suitable to the corruption of the times, than to my own speculative notions of virtue; but I must give some allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the passion I have to my lady *Kerry*, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXLV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

May 27, 1735.

IT is true enough, my love to business is not great, without my capacity was better; but, however, you should have had a quicker answer to your letter, but that I find Mr. *Fitzmaurice* has already made application by several other hands, and so have many members of parliament. The answer, given to them all, has been, that it will not yet be disposed of; and my opinion is, that, probably, when lord *George Sackville* comes over, he will humbly desire his father, or whoever is chief governor, that he may, without any political view, have the disposal of it himself, as it is his own private concern.

I did not know lady *Kerry* had the honour of being your mistress and favourite: however, I approve of your taste. For many years, or rather an age ago, she and I were very well acquainted, and I thought her a
mighty

mighty sensible agreeable woman; so, upon that account, as well as yours, I should be very glad to be serviceable to her in any thing in my power.

Now I have given you what answer I can on this subject, I must recommend to you an affair, which has given me some small palpitations of the heart, which is, that you should not wrap up old shoes, or neglected sermons, in my letters; but that what of them have been spared from going towards making gin for the ladies, may henceforth be committed instantly to the flames *: for you being stigmatized with the name of a wit, Mr. *Curll* will rake to the dunghill for your correspondence. And as to my part, I am satisfied with having been honoured in print, by our amorous, satirical, and gallant letters †.

The summer has done your old friend Mrs. *Floyd* a great deal of service. As for my faucy niece, I would advise you both to be better acquainted before you fall foul of one another. The duchess of *Dorset* is still at *Bath*, and the waters have done her good. The duke is now confined by a fit of the gout, which I believe is very well for him, because I doubt he had a little of it in his stomach. Adieu, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXLVI.

The Archbishop of CASHELL to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cashell, May 5, 1735.

I HAVE been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am like to be over-matched: and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten, I confess, I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness, but in reality,

* To this *Swift* answers, "When I was leaving *England* upon the queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from ministers, for several years before. But, as to the letters I receive from your ladyship, I neither ever did, or ever will, burn any of them, take it as you please: for I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure, when it is forgotten." See his answer to this letter, dated *June 8, 1735*, in Mr. *Deane Swift's* Collection.

† See lady *B. G's* next letter, dated *July 12, 1735*.

it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents, rather than mere sloth.

I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which by the help of the prime serjeant I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true *Irish* bishop. Sir *James Ware* has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of all my predecessors. He tells us, they were born in such a town of *England* or *Ireland*; were consecrated such a year, and if not translated, were buried in their cathedral church, either on the North or South side. From whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example, I propose for the remainder of my life to follow: for to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude, among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to preserve a generation.

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a Southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I don't know, except in one stage, where you can chuse a road so suited to your circumstances, as from *Dublin* hither. You have to *Kilkenny* a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or twelve miles end. From *Kilkenny* hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all: but, I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just mid-way, there lives in a neat thatched cabin, a parson, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. His chickens are the fattest, and his ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hoghead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than *Robin*. Here I design to meet you with a coach: if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be at *Cashell* by nine; and, by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will shew us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at *Kilkenny*, that I may have all things prepared for

for you. It may be, if you ask him, *Cope* will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you. And am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

T H E O. C A S H E L L.

L E T T E R CCCXLVII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

London, July 12, 1735.

I HAVE not answered yours of the 15th of *June* so soon as I should; but the duke of *Dorset* had answered all yours e'er your letter came to my hands. So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has shewed himself, as he is, much your friend and humble servant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from *Normandy*, if heralds don't lie, or his granums did not play false; and whilst he is lord lieutenant, (which I heartily wish may not be much longer) I dare say will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far will I answer for his grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The countess of *Suffolk* (whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value for) has been so good and gracious as to take my brother *George Berkeley* for better, for worse; though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest good-natured man. The town is surprized; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but, for all that, he hath appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long had (that is, ever since she hath been a widow, so pray don't mistake me) a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being very happy: and if they should not be so, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly

wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a court favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it, as others would have done. And Sir *Robert* *, her greatest enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thousand pounds. I wish—but fear it is not near that sum. But what she has, she never told me, nor have I ever asked; but whatever it is, they must live accordingly; and he had of his own where-withal to live by himself easily and genteely.

In this hurry of matrimony, I had like to forget to answer that part of your letter, where you say, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr. *Curll* set forth *Letters amorous, satirical, and gallant, between Dr. Swift, lady Mary Chamber, lady Betty Germain, and Mrs. Anne Long*, and several other persons. I am afraid some of my people used them according to their desert; for they have not appeared above-ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and can say no more but adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXLVIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Sept. 4, 1735.

IF you are not angry with me for my long silence, I take it ill, and need make no excuse; and if you are angry, then I would not willingly make you sorry too, which I know you will be, when I tell you, that I was laid up at *Knowle* with a severe fit of the gout. And since that infallible cure for all diseases, which all great fools and talkers wish joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually some disorder or other, which made my head and spirits unfit for writing, or indeed doing any thing I should. I am still so much out of order, that I am under great apprehensions I shall not be able to go, next year, part of the journey to *Ireland* with their graces; which is also part of the road to *Drayton*, where I intend to stay till *November*, in hopes that summer deferred its coming till I was there; for I am sure, hitherto, we have had little but winter weather.

* *Walpole*, afterwards earl of *Orford*.

I am

I am glad matters are settled between his grace of *Dorset* and you; and I dare answer, as you are both right thinkers, and of course upright actors, there wants but little explanation between you; since I, that am the go-between, can easily find out, that he has as sincere a value for you, as you have for him. I do assure you I am extremely delighted, that since lady *Suffolk* would take a master (commonly called a husband) she chose my brother *George*: for if I am not partial to him, which indeed I don't know that I am, his sincere value, love, and esteem for her, must make him a good man.

We are now full of expectation of his royal highness's * wedding. Her highness's jewels are bought, and her cloaths bespoke; and a gallery of communication is making between his apartment and *St. James's*; but as I do not love to pry into mysteries of state, I don't at all know when the lady will come over. Your friend Mrs. *Floyd* is grown fat and well, under the duchess of *Dorset's* care and direction at *Knowle*. Our friend *Curll* has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr. *Pope's*. He should have made those silly bitter verses on me to have been his too, instead of Sir *William Trumbull's*, whom they just as much belonged to. But you patriots are so much afraid of suppressing the press, that every body must suffer under that, and the lyes of the news papers, without hopes of redress. Adieu, my dear Dean.

L E T T E R CCCXLIX.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

London, Nov. 13, 1735.

I HONESTLY confess I was honoured with yours above a month ago, which ought in all love and reason to have been answered above a month since; but I know your fauciness, as well as you know my niece's; with this difference, that as age is to mend hers, it makes yours grow worse; and the answer to me had been,—Oh! she can give a quick reply to mine; now the duke and duchess are here, she wants to know more frequently how and what they do?

* *Frederick*, then prince of *Wales*.

I can tell you no story of the ring (which you want to know) but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an earl of *Peterborow*; and the connoisseurs say, it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleased and happy, if it ever serves to put you in mind that I am your humble servant.

I came last week from my house in *Northamptonshire*. I cannot say the weather permitted me much exercise abroad; but as that house is large, the necessary steps the mistress must take, is some; and I never lost any time I could get to walk out, and sometimes drove abroad in a chair, with one horse; for, being a bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfrey. And whether it was this, or the country air, or chance, I know not; but, thank God, I am at present as well as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be bishop of *Corke*; for his grace is such a filly conceited man, that he never vouchsafes to consult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wish heartily for Dr. *Whetcombe* *, because he seems to be a modest good sort of a man; and if I was his grace, since there can be no objection against him in this, he should have it. But as these matters are above my capacity, I do assure you I do not in the least pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you ask me about the countess and *George*, I shall be able to answer you, as I can safely do now, that as yet there is no sort of appearance that they like one another the worse for wearing. Mrs. *Composition* † is much your humble servant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bless you, and adieu.

* *John Whetcombe*, D. D. then fellow of *Dublin college*, made bishop of *Clonfert* in *Ireland*, Dec. 24, 1735, and consecrated 4th *January* following. He was afterwards translated to the archbishopric of *Cashell*, and died in 1754.

† Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

L E T T E R CCCL.

Dr. S W I F T to the Duke of D O R S E T.

M Y L O R D,

Dec. 30, 1735.

YOUR grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a year in the church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert king-fisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more in his behalf. Now by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remains: and this arrear I have assigned to one Mr. *John Jackson*, who is vicar of *Santry*, and hath a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He hath lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your grace is now disposing of the *debris* * of two bishoprics, among which is the deanry of *Ferns*, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a year, which will make this gentleman easier, who, besides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think, that your grace, to whom God hath given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club †, to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me, by diverting the discourse, which made me reflect that courtiers resemble

* The shattered remains.

† The parliament of *Ireland*.

gamesters, the latter finding no arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me, that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote scripture: although the childrens meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the childrens table. This is the second request I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. *Jackson* is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish about four miles from hence, where he hath built a family house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he hath not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say.

Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanry, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in *England*; for, except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none as a dean and chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tythes.

Mr. *Jackson* cannot leave his present situation, and only desires some very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace, when I say, you will oblige great numbers even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will answer the same end. *Multa—veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi, (nam multo plures sumus) ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

L E T T E R CCCLI.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Feb. 10, 1735-6.

I AM sorry to hear your complaints still of giddiness. I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the custom of all old women, I must recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they say does great good to that distemper, which is only wearing oil-cloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your skin. I have often found it do me good for the head-ach.

I don't know what offences the duke of *Dorset's* club, as you call them, commit in your eyes; but, to my apprehension, the parliament cannot but behave well, since they let him have such a quiet session. And as to all sorts of politics, they are now my utter aversion, and I will leave them to be discussed by those who have a better skill in them.

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in the eyes of a great many people; so she may grow proud again upon that. The countess of *Suffolk* is your humble servant. Mr. *Pope* and she appear to have a true value for one another, so I suppose there is no doubt of it; I will answer for my friend's sincerity, and I do not question Mr. *Pope's*. Why, pray, do you fancy I don't desire to cultivate Mr. *Pope's* acquaintance? But perhaps, if I seek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you say her M. did. However, we do often dine together at third places; and, as to my own house, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to spare me a day, unless you will come to *England*, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs. *Biddy Floyd* has passed thus far of the winter in better health than usual, though her cough will not forsake her. She is much your humble servant, and so is most sincerely your old friend,

E—— G——.

L E T T E R CCCLII.

Mrs. P E N D A R V E S to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

London, April 22, 1736.

I AM sorry you make use of so many good arguments for not coming to *Bath*. I was in hopes, you might be prevailed with. And though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there was the desire I had of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your health took place of it. I left *Bath* last *Sunday* sev'nnight, very full and gay. I think *Bath* a more comfortable place to live in than *London*; all the entertainments of the place lie in a small compass, and you are at your liberty to partake of them, or let them alone, just as it suits your humour. This town is grown to such an enormous size, that above half the day must be spent in the streets, going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less.

When I went out of town last autumn, the reigning madness was *Farinelli**; I find it now turned on *Pasquin*, a dramatic satire on the times†. It has had almost as long a run as the *Beggar's Opera*; but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monstrous preparations are making for the royal wedding‡. Pearl, gold and silver, embroidered on gold and silver tissues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The news-papers say, my lord *Carteret's* youngest daughter is to have the duke of *Bedford*§. I hear nothing of it from the family; but think it not unlikely. The duke of *Marlborough* and his grandmother are upon bad terms. The duke of *B—*, who has been ill treated by her, has offered the duke of *M—*

* A celebrated *Italian* singer.

† This was written by the late *Henry Fielding*, and was a rehearsal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called *The Election*, and the tragedy, *The Life and Death of Queen Common-Sense*. This and some other dramatic satires, by the same author, levelled against the administration of the late lord *Orford*, produced an act of parliament for licensing the stage, and limiting the number of play-houses, which was passed in 1737.

‡ Of *Frederick*, prince of *Wales*.

§ His grace married Miss *Gower*, daughter of the lord *Gower* by his first wife, on the 1st of *April*, 1737.

to supply him with ten thousand pounds a year, if he will go to law and torment the old dowager. The duke of *Chandois's* marriage has made a great noise; and the poor duchess is often reproached with her being bred up in *Burr-street, Wapping* *.

Mrs. *Donnellan*, I am afraid, is so well treated in *Ireland*, that I must despair of seeing her here. She is so good to me in her letters, as always to mention you.

I hope I shall hear from you soon: you owe me that pleasure, for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, Sir, your faithful, and obliged humble servant,

M. PANDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr. *Delaney*.

L E T T E R CCCLIII.

Lady B——— G——— to Dr. S W I F T.

June 23, 1736.

I OUGHT to begin with begging pardon for not answering yours of the 1st of *May*, before I thank you for that of the 15th of *June*: but I don't question the news-papers have informed you of the great loss I have had in my brother *Henry Berkeley*. * * * *

* * * *
She that you call my faucy niece, has bestowed her very great fortune, (much more than you mention) on lord *Vere Beauclerk*, and had my approbation of her own choice, for I think him a very deserving gentleman; and all that know him give him a great character. I am now with them in the country; but shall go, in about a fortnight, to *Knowle*; and, when I am there, will certainly obey your commands to the duke of *Dorset*. My brother *George* and lady *Suffolk* are gone to *France*, to make a visit to lord *Berkeley*; which I am glad of, as I hope it will induce her to go to *Spa* and *Aix-la-Chapelle* for her health, which I truly believe is all she wants to make her easy and happy; or else my brother *George* is not the

* She was lady *Daval*, widow of Sir *Thomas Daval*, and had a fortune of 40,000 l.

honest

honest good-natured man I really take him to be; and she dissembles well, if she is not so happy as she makes me believe, and I heartily wish her.

You order me to write long letters; but you may see by the nothingness of this, I am yet more unfit than ever to observe your orders, though in all things, and at all times, Your most sincere and truly humble servant,

E. G.

L E T T E R CCCLIV.

Mr. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Corke, July 2, 1736.

I HAD the favour of your commands in relation to Mr. * *Dunkin*; and, in pursuance of them, have wrote to two of my friends, among the senior fellows, and recommended his petition, and your request, in the best and strongest manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleased to give me, with the greatest readiness and chearfulness possible: which, I assure you, I do on this occasion, and shall think myself very happy if I can any way promote the success of an affair which you wish well to. I hope all difficulties will be got over, by your appearance in his favour, and that your request will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the considerable services you have done their house at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they must be very beasts, if they do not shew their gratitude, when they have so fair an opportunity; and idiots, if they neglect purchasing the Dean's favour at so cheap a rate.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet, this I must say in their favour, that they are not such brutes as to be insensible of the Dean's merit. Ever since we came down, this town and country rung of your praises, for opposing the reduction of the coin;

* A female relation of Mr. *Dunkin* had bequeathed an estate in land, for ever, to the college and fellows of *Trinity* college, *Dublin*, upon condition that they should take care of his education, and afterwards assist to advance him in the world. The college, in consequence of this request, allowed him, at this time, an annuity, which he was now soliciting to get increased to 100l. He succeeded in his application; and the earl of *Chesterfield*, when he had the government of *Ireland*, in the year 1746, gave him the school of *Enniskilling*, which is very richly endowed, and was founded by king *Charles* I.

and

and they look upon the stop that is likely to be put to that affair, as a second deliverance they owe you.

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health : I am sure it is what we all have reason to desire the continuance of ; and, what I beg you will believe, no one more truly and sincerely wishes, with all other happiness, than, Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

L E T T E R CCCLV.

Lady B_____ G_____ to Dr. S W I F T.

July 11, 1736.

SINCE, it seems, my letters are not for your own perusal, but kept for a female cousin, to her this ought to be addressed ; only that I am not yet in spirits to joke. I did not do so ill by your request, as you apprehended by my letter, for I spoke to the duke much sooner than I told you I should, and did so as soon as it was possible for me, or as soon as I could have sent it. The answer was, that he had that moment received a letter from lord Orrery, with the most pressing instances for a deserving friend of his : that the duke could not refuse him ; especially as my lord Orrery had been most extremely obliging, and, for this whole session, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his administration easy. Though, at the same time, he assured me, he would otherwise have been very glad to oblige you ; and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is very deserving. All this you should have known before, had I been able to write ; but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it not necessary to make use of a secretary, since I had nothing more pleasing to tell you. I shall always be extreme willing to be employed by you to him ; nor do I make any question but you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. I will not agree, that you never did prevail, *on any one occasion* ; because, the very first you did employ me about, was instantly complied with, though against a rule he thought right, and, I knew before, he had set himself.

Lady

Lady *Suffolk* is now at *Spa*, with my brother *George*, for her health; and, as I shall go, for my own, to the *Bath*, in *September*, I fear we shall not meet this great while. And now I must finish this long letter, which has not been quite easy to write, being still your gouty, but faithful humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCLVI.

Mrs. P E N D A R V E S to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Sept. 2, 1736.

I NEVER will accept of the writ of ease you threaten me with; don't flatter yourself with any such hopes: I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correspondence of such consequence to me. I am really grieved that you are so much persecuted with a giddiness in your head: the *Bath* and travelling would certainly be of use to you. Your want of spirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happiness of your acquaintance. I am uneasy to know how you do, and have no other means for that satisfaction, but from your own hand, most of my *Dublin* correspondents being removed to *Corke*, to *Wicklow Mountains*, and the Lord knows where. I should have made this enquiry sooner, but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is making a grotto in Sir *John Stanley's* garden at *North-End*: it is chiefly composed of shells I had from *Ireland*. My life for two months past has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but society, and have found living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could spend in reading have been entertained by *Rollin's* History of the Ancients, in *French*. I am very well pleased with it; and think your *Annibals*, *Scipios*, and *Cyrus's*, prettier fellows than are to be met with now-a-days. Painting and music have had their share in my amusements. I rose between five and six, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you so much about myself, if I had any thing to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before last; and if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at present, I shall return to my solitary cell. Sir *John Stanley* has been all the summer at *Tunbridge*.

I suppose

I suppose you may have heard of Mr. *Pope's* accident; which had like to have proved a very fatal one: he was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own stairs, her foot missed the side of the boat, she fell into the water, and pulled Mr. *Pope* after her; the boat slipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with some difficulty they were saved. The young lady's name is *Talbot*: she is as remarkable for being a handsome woman, as Mr. *Pope* is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unless I had named you instead of him. I shall be impatient till I hear from you again; being, with great sincerity, your most faithful humble servant,

M. P E N D A R V E S.

P. S. I forgot to answer, on the other side, that part of your letter that concerns my sister. I do not know whether you could like her person as well as mine, because sickness has faded her complexion; but it is greatly my interest not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival; and nothing but your partiality to me, as an older acquaintance, could make you give me the preference.

I beg my particular compliments to Dr. *Delaney**. Sir *John Stanley* says, if you have not forgot him, he desires to be remembered as your humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCLVII.

Mrs. B A R B E R to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Bath, Nov. 3, 1736.

I SHOULD long since have acknowledged the honour of your kind letter, but that I found my head so disordered by writing a little, that I was fearful of having the gout in it; so I humbly beseech you to pardon me; nor think me ungrateful, nor in the least insensible of the infinite obligations I lie under to you, which, heaven knows, are never out of my mind.

How shall I express the sense I have of your goodness, in inviting me to return to *Ireland*, and generously offering to contribute to support me there.

* This lady was some time afterwards married to Dr. *Delaney*.

But would it not be base in me, not to try to do something for myself, rather than be burthensome where I am already so much indebted?

As to the friend whom you say, Sir, is in so much better circumstances, I should be very unjust, if I did not assure you that friend has never failed of being extremely kind to me.

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to pursue the scheme of *letting lodgings*. Your goodness and compassion for my unhappy state of health, has made you think of it for me; 'tis impracticable, but I am desirous to try if I can do any good by selling *Irish* linen, which I find is coming much into repute here: in that way, my daughter, who is willing to do every thing in her power, can be of service, but never in the other.

If I should go from *Bath*, I have reason to think, that the remainder of my life would be very miserable, and that I should soon lose the use of my limbs for ever; since I find nothing but the blessing of God on these waters does me any good; besides this, the interest of my children is a great inducement to me, for here I have the best prospect of keeping up an acquaintance for them. My son, who is learning to paint, goes on very well; and, if he be in the least approved of, in all probability he may do very well at *Bath*; for I never yet saw a painter that came hither, fail of getting more business than he could do, let him be never so indifferent: and I am in hopes that *Con.* may settle here. Dr. *Mead*, whose goodness to me is great, may be of vast use to him, if he finds, as I hope he will, that he is worthy of his favour. And, if God blesses my sons with success, they are so well inclined, that I do not doubt but they would take a pleasure in supporting me, if I can make a shift to maintain them and myself till then: and I find Mr. *Barber* is very willing to do what he can for them, though his circumstances are far from being what you are told they are; not, I fear, half so good.

But though I cannot hope to be supported by letting lodgings, I would willingly take a house a little larger than I want for myself, if I could meet with it on reasonable terms, that if any particular friend came, they might lodge in it, which would make it more agreeable: and, if I live till my son, the painter, goes into business, he might be with me. As for *Con.* if he does not chuse to settle here, good Dr. *Helfham*, with his usual friendliness, has promised to honour him with his protection, if he returns to *Ireland*.

I have

I have now, Sir, told you my schemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation, and encouraged by your inexpressible goodness to me. I have at length got resolution enough to beg a favour, which, if you, Sir, condescend to grant, would make me rich, without impoverishing you.

When Dr. King, of *Oxford*, was last in *Ireland*, he had the pleasure of seeing your Treatise on *Polite Conversation*, and gave such an account of it in *London*, as made numbers of people very desirous to see it. Lady *Worfeley*, who heard of it from Mrs. *Cleland**; and many more of my patronesses pressed me to beg it of you, and assured me I might get a great subscription if I had that, and a few of your *original poems*; if you would give me leave to publish an advertisement, that you had made me a present of them. This they commanded me to tell you, above a year ago, and I have had many letters since upon that account; but, conscious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a shame to presume further upon your goodness: but, when I was last in *London*, they made me promise I would mention it the next time I wrote to you; and, indeed, I have attempted it many a time since, but never could till now.—I humbly beseech you, Sir, if you do not think it proper, not to be offended with me for asking it; for it was others that, out of kindness to me, put me upon it. They said you made no advantage for yourself, by your writings; and, that, since you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reason in the world to think it would be a pleasure to you, to see me in easy circumstances; that every body would gladly subscribe for any thing Dr. *Swift* wrote; and, indeed, I believe in my conscience, it would be the making of me.

There are a great many people of quality here this season; amongst others, lady *Carteret*, and Mrs. *Spencer*†; who commanded me to make their best compliments to you. They came on Mrs. *Spencer*'s account, who is better in her health since she drank these waters. I daily see such numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wish you would try them: as you are sensible your disorders are chiefly occasioned by a cold

* 'Lady *Worfeley*, wife of Sir *Robert Worfeley*. Mrs. *Cleland*, wife of major *William Cleland*, a friend of Mr. *Pope*, and author of the *Letter to the Publisher of the Dunciad*, prefixed to the first correct edition of that poem.'

† 'Daughter of lord *Carteret*, married, first to the honourable *John Spencer*, brother to the duke of *Marlborough*, and afterwards to the late earl *Cowper*.'

stomach, I believe there is not any thing in this world so likely to cure that disorder as the *Bath waters*; which are daily found to be a sovereign remedy for disorders of *that kind*: I know, Sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try so agreeable a medicine, prepared by Providence alone? If you will not try for *your own sake*, why will you not, in pity to your country? O! may that Being that inspired you to be its defence in the day of distress, influence you to take the best method to preserve a life of so much importance to an oppressed people!

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you, that Mr. *Temple** was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a present of a hamper of very fine *Madeira*, which he said was good for the gout, and distinguished me in the kindest manner. He commanded me to make his best compliments to you, and says, he flatters himself, you will visit *Moor-Park* once again: Heaven grant you may! and that I may be so blest as to see you, who am, with infinite respect and gratitude, your most obliged, most dutiful, humble servant,

MARY BARBER.

L E T T E R CCCLVIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Nov. 2, 1736.

I AM sorry to be so unlucky in my late errands between his grace and you; and he also is troubled at it, as the person you recommend, is, indeed, what you say, a very worthy person; but Mr. *Molloy*, who was lord *George's* second tutor, had the promise of the next preferment, so he cannot put him by for this. I wish I was more fortunate in my undertakings; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to most men in power, that they are often, by necessity, prevented from obliging their friends; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court answer, or not, I am very positively sure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you should have heard from me before: and I am now literally setting out for *Bath*. So adieu! dear Dean.

* ‘*John Temple*, Esq; nephew of Sir *William Temple*, whose grand-daughter he married. He was brother to the late lord viscount *Palmerstone*.’

L E T T E R CCCLIX.

Lord CASTLEDURROW* to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Castledurrow, Dec. 4, 1736.

IT is now a month since you favoured me with your letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may persuade you to excuse my acknowledgments of it; but I am too sensible of the honour you do me, to suffer a correspondence to drop, which I know some of the greatest men in this age have gloried in. How then must my heart be elated! The fly on the chariot-wheel is too trite a quotation: I shall rather compare myself to a worm enlivened by the sun, and crawling before it. I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meanest insect; and who knows but even this reptile may pride itself in its curls and twists before its benefactor? This is more than the greatest philosopher can determine. Guesses are the privilege of the ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your servant, for not acquainting you I was at your door. I greatly commend both your oeconomy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for suet to your pudding. I fancy I am as old an acquaintance as most you have in this kingdom; though it is not my happiness to be so qualified as to merit that intimacy you profess for a few. It is now to little purpose to repine; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of dean *Aldrich*, the greatest man who ever presided in that high post; that over *Virgil* and *Horace*, *Gay* and *Phillips* smoaked many a pipe, and drank many a quart with me, besides the expence of a bushel of nuts, and that now I am scarce able to relish their beauties. I know it is death to you to see either of them mangled; but a scrap of paper I design to inclose, will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of seventy, who takes the last line so heinously, that, thanks to my stars, she hates me in earnest. So I devote myself to ladies of fewer years, and more discretion.

* This was *William* lord baron of *Castledurrow*, whose son *Henry* was created lord viscount *Ashbrook* in the year 1751.

This,

This, and such other innocent amusements, I devote myself to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *anus* of the world, our metropolis. His grace, my old acquaintance, told me, I began to contract strange old-fashioned rust, and advised me to burst out of my solitude, and resist myself for the public; but my own notion of the world, for some time past, is so confirmed by the sanction of your opinion of it, that I resolve this same rust shall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr. *Woodward's* shield *; though it gave such offence to his cleanly maid, that she polished it to none at all.

I shall appear very inconsistent with myself in now telling you, that I still design the latter end of next six months for *England*. You allow I have some pretence to go there. My progress with my son will be farther; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I shall be proud of the honour of your commands, and, with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I design to send you a pot of woodcocks for a *Christmas*-box: small as the present is, pray believe I am, with sincere respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

Verses by lord *Castledurrow*, inclosed in the former letter.

Lætitia's Character of her Lover, rendered in metre.

Old women sometimes can raise his desire;
The young, in their turn, set his heart all on fire.
And sometimes again he abhors woman-kind.
Was ever poor wretch of so fickle a mind!

The Lover's Answer.

*Parcius junctas quatiunt Fenestras,
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi Somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua Limen.*

HOR. Lib. I. Ode 25.

* The character of Dr. *Cornelius Scriblerus* in the *Memoirs* of his son *Martinus Scriblerus*, was intended for Dr. *Woodward*, who wrote a dissertation on an antique shield; and Dr. *Cornelius* is represented as having intended to place his son in what he conceived to be an antique shield, to be christened; but which being given to the maid, with its venerable rust upon it, she scoured it bright, and then it appeared to be nothing more than an old scone without a nozzle.

No more shall frolic youth advance
 In serenade, and am'rous dance;
 Redoubling stroke no more shall beat
 Against thy window and thy gate;
 In idle sleep now lie secure,
 And never be unbarr'd the door.

L E T T E R CCCLX.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, Dec. 21, 1736.

I WAS at the *Bath* when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of last month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore I resolved not to hazard another by the cross post, but stay till my return to *London*, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all physic and water-drinking. My constitution must certainly be a pretty good one; for it has resisted the attacks of five eminent physicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worse for any of them. For the future I will preserve myself by your advice, and follow your rules, of rising early, eating little, drinking less, and riding daily. I hope this regimen will be long of use to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr. *Stopford's* good success, and have acknowledged my obligation to the duke of *Dorset*, who I dare say will in time do more for him, because he has promised it. My first desire to serve him was solely because I knew you esteemed him. I was confident he must be a deserving man, since *John Gay* assured me he was a very particular friend of yours. I afterwards, upon farther acquaintance, grew to love him for his own sake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to those who recommend them. There is a sentence, I think it is in *Tully's Offices*, which I admire extremely, and should be tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one, *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere*. It is a noble sentiment, and shall be my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming so many successors to the duke of *Dorset*,
 than

than because he has served, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more amongst you, and the rather since I am told he gave great satisfaction the last time he was with you. Lord *Effex* will hardly be the person to succeed him, though I should be glad he was, since I flatter myself he would be willing, on many occasions, to shew some regard to my recommendations. I have lately seen a gentleman who is come from *France*, who assures me, the person you enquire after, and to whom you gave so many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own I doubt it; but, if it be true, I am sure it cannot last long, unless an old gentleman would please to die, who seems at present not to have the least inclination towards it, though near ninety years old. I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die.

Pope shewed me a letter he had lately from you. We grieved extremely to find you so full of complaints, and we wished heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here in spring. Shifting the scene was of great service to me; perhaps it may be so to you. I mended from the moment I had crossed the seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing air. His majesty is still on the other side. He has escaped being at sea in the tempestuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord *Chesterfield* says, if he does not come by *Twelfth-day*, the people will choose king and queen without him. I must tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not heard it; one Mrs. *Mapp*, a famous she bone-setter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and six horses, on the *Kentish* road was met by a rabble of people, who seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No *Hanover* whore! no *Hanover* whore! The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them, She was no *Hanover* whore! she was an *English one*! Upon which they cried out, God bless your ladyship! quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the house next sessions; but not with that assiduity as I have formerly done. Why should I risque the doing myself any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good. You that have been a long time out of this country, can have no notion how
wicked

wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be astonished; and yet I dare say I don't know of half that are practised in one little spot of ground only; you may easily guess where I mean.

I will make your compliments to lord *Carteret*, when he comes to town. I am sure he will be pleased with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I shall look on the continuance of your correspondence as a very particular honour; for I assure you, that I am, with the greatest truth and esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

L E T T E R CCCLXI.

Lord CASTLEDURROW to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Castledurrow, Jan. 11, 1736.

I RECEIVED the honour of your letter with that pleasure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than usual, I should not be at a loss to make an excuse, if I could be so vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at least to own favours too large for us to pay; therefore I must write rather than reproach myself, and blush at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, blushes should proceed rather from the pen than from silence; which pleads a modest diffidence, that often obtains pardon. I am delighted with the sketch of your *Imperium*, and beg I may be presented to your first minister, Sir *Robert* *. Your puddings I have been acquainted with these forty years; they are the best sweet thing I ever eat. The oeconomy of your table is delicious; a little, and perfectly good, is the greatest treat; and that elegance in sorting company puts me in mind of *Corelli's orchestra* †, in forming which he excelled mankind. In this respect no man ever judged worse than lord chancellor *Middleton*; his table the neatest served of any I have seen in *Dublin*, which to be sure was intirely owing

* Sir *Robert Walpole*, afterwards earl of *Orford*.

† 'His lordship probably uses this word for *orchestre*. *Corelli*, the famous *Italian* musician and composer, being eminent for his skill in forming and disposing the several musicians in a concert.'

to his lady. You really surprize me, when you say you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. *Dublin* is famous for vanity this way; and I think the mistaken luxury of some of our grandees, and feasting those who come to laugh at us from the other side of the water, have done us as much prejudice as most of our follies. Not any lord lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence than our present viceroy*. He is an old intimate of my youth, and has always distinguished me with affection and friendship. I trust mine are no less sincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wish that he had gratified you in your request. Those he has done most for, I dare affirm, love him least. It is pity there is any alloy in so beneficent a temper; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none; and if any failings, they are grafted in a pusillanimity, which sinks him into complaisance for men who neither love nor esteem him, and has prevented him buoying up against their impotent threats, in raising his friends. He is a most amiable man, has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you can have any commands to *England* for so insignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them against the beginning of next month. At my arrival in town, I shall send a message in form for audience: but I beg to see you in your private capacity, not in your princely authority; for as both your ministry and senate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too small to grant me a pension. And as I am not fit for business, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you to bestow. Thus, without any view of your highness's favour, I am independent, and with sincere esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

C A S T L E D U R R O W.

L E T T E R CCCLXII.

Dr. S W I F T to Lady B — G —.

M A D A M,

Jan. 29, 1736.

I OWE your ladyship the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a request I made to my lord duke. I now dismiss

* The duke of *Dorset*.

you,

you, madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his grace. I will never more trouble him, either with my visits or application. His business in this kingdom is to make himself easy; his lessons are all prescribed him from court; and he is sure, at a very cheap rate, to have a majority of most corrupt slaves and idiots at his devotion. The happiness of this kingdom is of no more consequence to him, than it would be to the great *Mogul*; while the very few honest or moderate men of the *Whig* party, lament the choice he makes of persons for civil employments, or church preferments.

I will now repeat, for the last time, that I never made him a request out of any views of my own; but intirely after consulting his own honour, and the desires of all good men, who were as loyal as his grace could wish, and had no other fault than that of modestly standing up for preserving some poor remainder in the constitution of church and state.

I had long experience, while I was in the world, of the difficulties that great men lay under, in the point of promises and employments; but a plain honest *English* farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a christening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a scrap for him in the cupboard.

Henceforth I shall only grieve in silence, when I hear of employments disposed of to the discontent of his grace's best friends in this kingdom; and the rather, because I do not know a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy, or of a better taste, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the duke of *Dorset*.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your ladyship's want of health hath driven you to the *Bath*; the same cause hath hindered me from sooner acknowledging your letter. But, I am at a time of life to expect a great deal worse; for I have neither flesh nor spirits left; while you, madam, I hope, and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing those virtues which heaven bestowed on you, for the delight of your friends, the comfort of the distressed, and the universal esteem of all who are wise and virtuous.

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady *Suffolk*, and your happy brother.

I am, with the truest respect, madam, your, &c.

L E T T E R CCCLXIII.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. P U L T E N E Y.

S I R,

March 7, 1736.

I MUST begin by assuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a settled correspondence with so useless a man as I here am; and still more so, by the daily increase of ill health, and old age; and yet I confess, that the high esteem I preserve for your public and private virtues urgeth me on to retain some little place in your memory, for that time I may expect to live.

That I no sooner acknowledged the honour of your letters is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write, while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country, with more than an old *Roman* spirit, which hath reached this obscure enslaved kingdom, so far as to have been the constant subject of discourse and of praise among the whole few of what unprostituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from *Bath*; and yet I have imagined, for some months past, that the meddlers in the post-offices here and in *London* have grown weary of their curiosity, by finding the little satisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of physicians; I have esteemed many of them as learned ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice and prescriptions. And poor Dr. *Arbutnot* was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case; yet could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians, all eminent in their way, was a virtue that *Alexander* and *Cæsar* could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow) for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts; and neither will I ever value myself as a *Philanthropus*, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.

Since the date of your letter, we understand there is another duke to govern here. Mr. *Stopford* was with me last night; he is as well provided for, and to his own satisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged
me

me to present his best respects and acknowledgments to you. Your modesty, in refusing to take a motto, goes too far. The sentence is not a boast, because it is every man's duty in morality and religion *.

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the duke of *Dorset's* having given great satisfaction the last time he was with us. I wrote to a lady in *London*, his grace's near relation, an intimate †, that she would no more continue the office of a go-between (as she called herself) betwixt the duke and me, because I never designed to attend him again; and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a person in conversation as I have almost any where met. I sent my letter to that lady under a cover addressed to the duke; and in it I made many complaints against some proceedings, which I suppose he hath seen. I never made him one request for myself; and if I spoke for another, he was always upon his guard; which was but twice, and for trifles.

The father of our friend in *France* ‡ may outlive the son; for I would venture a wager, that if you pick out twenty of the oldest men in *England*, nineteen of them have been the most worthless fellows in the kingdom. You tell me, with great kindness as well as gravity, that I ought, this spring, to make a trip to *England*, and your motive is admirable, that shifting the scene was of great service to you, and therefore it may be so to me. I answer as an *Academic*, *Nego consequentiam*. And besides, comparisons are odious. You are what the *French* call *plein du vie*. As you are much younger, so I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual detestation of all public persons and affairs in both kingdoms. I spread the story of *Mrs. Mapp* while it was new to us: there was something humorous in it throughout, that pleased every body here. Will you engage your friend *Carteret* to oppose any step towards arbitrary power? He hath promised me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm; and yet some reports go here of him, that have a little disconcerted me. Learning and good sense he hath, to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

* *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere*. See Mr. *Pulteney's* letter, dated Dec. 21, 1736.

† See his last letter to lady B— G—, dated Jan. 29, 1736.

‡ 'The friend in *France* appears to be lord viscount *Bolingbroke*, whose father, Sir *Henry St. John*, bart. had been created baron *St. John of Battersea*, and viscount *St. John*, July 2, 1716.'

Pray

Pray God long continue the gifts he hath bestowed you, to be the chief support of liberty to your country, and let all the people say, Amen.

I am, with the truest respect, and highest esteem, Sir, your, &c.

L E T T E R CCCLXIV.

The Earl of O——— to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Corke, March 15, 1736-7.

I RECEIVED your commands, by *Faulkner*, to write to you. But what can I say? The scene of *Corke* is ever the same; dull, insipid, and void of all amusement. His sacred majesty was not under greater difficulty to find out diversions at *Helvoetsluys*, than I am here. The butchers are as greasy, the quakers as formal, and the presbyterians as holy, and full of the Lord, as usual: all things are in *statu quo*; even the hogs and pigs gruntle in the same cadence as of yore. Unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness of the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be found, as money, sense, honesty, or truth. But I will write on; *Ogilby*, *Blackmore*, and my lord *Grimstone**, have done the same before me.

I have not yet been upon the *Change*; but am told, that you are the idol of the court of aldermen. They have sent you your freedom. The most learned of them having read a most dreadful account, in *Littleton's* dictionary, of *Pandora's* gold box, it was unanimously agreed, not to venture so valuable a present in so dangerous a metal. Had these sage counsellors considered, that *Pandora* was a woman, (which, perhaps, Mr. *Littleton* forgets to mention) they would have seen, that the ensuing evils arose from the sex, and not from the ore. But I shall speak with more certainty of these affairs, when I have taken my seat among the grey-beards.

My letters from *England* speak of great combustions there. *Abalom* continues a rebel to royal *David*: the *Achitophels* of the age are numerous and high-spirited. The influence of the comet seems to have strange effects already. In the mean time, here live we, drones of *Corke*, wrapp'd up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine*. Heaven, and all good

* The author of a play called, *Love in a Hollow Tree*.

stars protect you ! For let the thunder burst where it will, so that you are safe, and unsinged, who cares whether *Persia* submits its government to the renowned *Kouli Khan*, or that beardless, unexperienced youth, the *Sophi*. At least, the vicar of *Bray* and I shall certainly be contented.

L E T T E R CCCLXV.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Corke, March 18, 1736.

THIS is occasioned by a letter I have * received from Mr. *Pope*, of which I send you a copy in my own hand, not caring to trust the original to the accidents of the post. I likewise send you part of a fifth volume of *Curll's* Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you, (one from Mr. *Pope*, the other from lord *Bolingbroke*) just published, with an impudent preface, by *Curll*. You see, *Curll* like his friend the Devil, glides through all key-holes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. *Pope* is still uneasy about his letters ; but, I hope, a letter I sent him from *Dublin* (which he has not yet received) has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the last discourse I had with you on this topic, you remember you told me, he should have his letters ; and I lost no time in letting him know your resolution.

I have said so much on this subject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to pass with you at the deanry, that there is little occasion for adding more upon it at present ; especially as you will find, in Mr. *Pope's* letter to me, a strength of argument that seems irresistible. As I have thoughts of going to *England* in *June*, you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you think fit to send him. I should think myself particularly fortunate, to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of. I intreat you, give me that pleasure ! It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life ; which, whether long or short, shall be constantly spent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wise. I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obliged humble servant.

* See the next letter.

L E T T E R CCCLXVI.

Mr. P O P E to the Earl of O——.

M Y L O R D,

AFTER having condoled several times with you on your own illness, and that of our friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before, I wrote a letter to the Dean, full of my heart; and, among other things, pressed him (which, I must acquaint your lordship, I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth past) to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters, which (if he had valued so much) I promised to send him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy; which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I inclose to you, that you may shew him. The man's declaration, *That he had these two letters of the Dean's from your side the water*, with several others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either) is surely a just cause for my request. Yet, the Dean, answering every other point of my letter, with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this; and, the third time silent; I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands: and, in whatever hands, while they are *Irish* hands, allow me, my lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases alike, to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think this I made the Dean, so just a request, that I beg your lordship to second it, by shewing him what I wrote. I told him, as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters, to my great sorrow; that I wished to make use of some of these: nor did I think any part of my correspondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have
not

not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession: I will venture, however, to say, *they* would not add more credit to the Dean's memory, by *their* management of them, than *I* by *mine*: and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it some judgment, at least, I presume, my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this silence is so remarkable, it surprises me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains of, a want of memory. I would rather suffer from any other cause, than what would be so unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live: which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit; and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When all this must die, (this last I mean) I would gladly have been the recorder of so great a part of it, as shines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as so many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and *Curll*, and every body else, may say and lye of me as they will: the Dean, old as he is, may have the task to defend me.

L E T T E R CCCLXVII.

Lord C——— to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Arlington-Street, March 24, 1736.

I THIS day attended the cause you recommended to me in your letter of the 3d of *January*: the decree was affirmed most unanimously, the appeal adjudged frivolous, and 100 *l.* costs given to the respondent. Lord *Bathurst* attended likewise. The other lords you mention, I am very little acquainted with; so I cannot deliver your messages, tho' I pity them in being out of your favour. Since you mention *Greek*, I must tell you, that my son, not sixteen, understands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him, study *Greek* καὶ οὐδέν οὐδέποτε ταπεινὸν ἐνδυσμνήσῃ οὔτε ἀγὰν ἐπιδυσμῆσαι τινός. He

V O L. II.

K k

knows

knows how to construe this, and I have the satisfaction to believe he will fall into the sentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

Your late lord lieutenant* told me, some time ago, he thought he was not in your favour. I told him I was of that opinion, and shewed him the article of your letter, relating to himself: I believe I did wrong. Not that you care a farthing for princes or ministers; but because it was vanity in me, to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, some of which I had the honour to promote at your desire, for which I still think myself obliged to you. And I have not heard, that, since, they have disturbed the peace of the kingdom, or been *Jacobites*, in disgrace to you and me.

I desire you will make my sincere respects acceptable to Dr. *Delaney*. He sent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which lady *Granville*, my wife, and children, have eat, tho' I have not yet answered his letter. My lady *Granville*, reading your postscript, bids me tell you, that she will send you a present; and, if she knew what you liked, she would do it forthwith. Let me know, and it shall be done, that the first of the family may no longer be postponed by you to the third place. My wife and lady *Worsley* desire their respects should be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I shall say nothing, but that I am, for ever, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

C—————

When people ask me, how I governed *Ireland*? I say, that I pleased Dr. *Swift*.

Quæsitam meritis fume superbiam.

* The duke of *Dorset*.

L E T T E R CCCLXVIII.

Lord B———— to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

Cirencester, Oct. 5, 1737.

THAT I often think of you is most certain, but if I should write to you as often, you would think me extremely troublesome. I was alarmed some time ago with hearing that you were much indisposed; but if later accounts are to be depended upon, you are now in perfect health. I should be heartily glad to have that news confirmed to me by two lines under your own hand: however, I write to you now under that supposition, for which reason I have cut out a little business for you.

That very pretty epistle which you writ many years ago to lord *Oxford*, is printed very incorrectly. I have a copy (of which I send you a transcript) which has some very good lines in it, that are not in the printed copy; and, besides, if you will compare it with the original, you will find that you left off without going through with the epistle. The fable of the country and city mouse is as prettily told as any thing of that kind ever was: possibly, if you look over your papers, you may find that you finished the whole; if not, I enjoin you, as a task, to go through with it: and, I beg of you, do not suffer an imperfect copy to stand, whilst it is in your power to rectify it*. Adieu! and do me the justice to believe me, most faithfully, and unalterably, yours.

* On the back of the original letter, Dr. *Swift* hath observed, that, upon receiving it, he added twenty lines to the poem. It is in imitation of the sixth satire of the second book of *Horace*, and is printed, with the additional lines, in *Pope's* works, vol. vi. Dr. *Warburton's* edition.

L E T T E R CCCLXIX.

The Chevalier R A M S A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

REVEREND SIR,

At Paris, Nov. 29, 1737.

I RECEIVED only some weeks ago the works you were pleased to send me, and have perused them with a new pleasure. I still find in them all the marks of that original genius and universal beneficence which compose your character. I cannot send you, in return, any such valuable compositions of mine; but you will receive, by the first ships that go for *Ireland*, my history of the mareschal *de Turenne*, the greatest *French* hero that ever was. I shall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am, with the greatest respect, veneration, and friendship, your most humble, and most obedient servant,

The Chevalier R A M S A Y.

If you have any commands for me in this country, or for any of your friends, pray direct for me, under a cover. *A son Altesse Monseigneur le Comte d'Evreux, General de la Cavallerie a Paris.*

L E T T E R CCCLXX.

Lord B——— to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

Dec. 6, 1737.

I RECEIVED a letter from you at *Cirencester*, full of life and spirit, which gave me singular satisfaction; but those complaints you make of the deplorable state of *Ireland*, made me reflect upon the condition of *England*, and I am inclined to think it is not much better; possibly the only difference is, that we shall be the last devoured*. I have attended parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good; I have

* The promise of *Polypheme* to *Ulysses*.

therefore

therefore entered upon a new scheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am now in a small farm-house in *Derbyshire*, and my chief business is to take care that my agents do not impose upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that my rents may be paid as long as any rents can be paid; and when the time comes that there is no money, they are honest fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I shall want. I want no foreign commodities; my neighbour the duke of *Kingston* has imported one*; but I don't think it worth the carriage.

I passed through *London* in my way here, and every body wondered I could leave them, they were so full of speculations upon the great event which lately happened†; but I am of opinion some time will be necessary to produce any consequences. Some consequences will certainly follow; but time must ripen matters for them. I could send you many speculations of my own and others upon this subject; but it is too nice a subject for me to handle in a post-letter. It is not every body who ought to have liberty to abuse their superiors: if a man has so much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his side, he is often safe; or if he is known to have talents that can make an abuse stick close, he is still safer. You may say, where is the occasion of abusing any body? I never did in my life; but you have often told truth of persons, who would rather you had abused them in the grossest manner.

I may say in parliament, that we are impoverished at home, and rendered contemptible abroad, because no body will care to call upon me to prove it; but I do not know whether I may venture to put them in a letter, at least in a letter to a disaffected person; such you will be reputed as long as you live; after your death, perhaps, you may stand *rectus in curia*.

I met our friend *Pope* in town; he is as sure to be there in a bustle, as a porpus in a storm. He told me, that he would retire to *Twickenham* for a fortnight; but I doubt it much. Since I found, by your last, that your hand and your head are both in so good a condition, let me hear from you sometimes. And do not be discouraged that I send you nothing worth reading now: I have talked with no body, for some time past,

* ‘*Madame la Touche*, a French lady.’

† ‘The death of queen *Caroline*, on Sunday evening, Nov. 20, 1737.’

but

but farmers and plowmen ; when I come into good company again, I may possibly be less insipid ; but in whatever condition I am, I shall always be most ambitious of your friendship, and most desirous of your esteem, being most faithfully and sincerely, dear Sir, your obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCLXXI.

The Chevalier R A M S A Y to Dr. S W I F T.

At Paris, Feb. 20, 1738.

I SEND you here inclosed the bill of loading for the small box of books I wrote of to you some time ago. I shall be glad to hear you received them, much more to know if the perusal pleased you. No man having a higher idea of your talents, genius, and capacity, than he, who is, with great respect, reverend Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

A. R A M S A Y.

L E T T E R CCCLXXII.

Mr. P O P E to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAREST SIR,

May 17, 1739.

EVERY time I see your hand, it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me ; and I am, in proportion, grieved to find, that several of my letters to testify it to you, miscarry ; and you ask me the same questions again, which I proluxly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. *Swift*, inquires where and how is lord *Bolingbroke* ? who, in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself ; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterwards. He has sold *Dawley* for twenty-six thousand pounds, much to his own satisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest country of *France*, divided between study and exercise ; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a day, and hunts ge-

nerally

nerally twice a week. He has the whole forest of *Fontainbleau* at his command, with the king's stables and dogs, &c. his lady's son-in-law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired; and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood. I never saw him in stronger health, or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate as to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of *Europe*, from the *Pyrenean* treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom, and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true politics of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your history of the queen's last years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the earl of *Oxford*, of which great care surely should be taken. And he told me, that when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them, and that you promised to take that care.

We very often commemorated you, during the five months we lived together at *Twickenham*. At which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world; and think not *Dublin* only, but *France* and *Italy* not worth the visiting once in my life.

The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. *Jervas*, who went to *Rome* and *Naples* purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey, at the expence of parting from one's friends.

Mr. *Lewis* every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr. *Arbuthnot*'s daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like *Gay*, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. *Patty Blount* is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world towards others, the least so with regard to herself. She speaks of you constantly. I scarce know two more
women

women worth naming to you ; the rest are ladies, run after music, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to lord *Oxford* and lord *Masham*, when I see them. I see *John Barber* seldom ; but always find him proud of some letter from you. I did my best with him in behalf of one of your friends, and spoke to Mr. *Lyttelton* for the other ; who was more prompt to catch than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that instant, who was as pleased to please you.

You ask me how I am at court ? I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The * prince shews me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part ; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me ; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with all the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with. At least they are civil to me ; which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The duchess of *Marlborough* makes great court to me ; but I am too old for her, mind and body ; yet I cultivate some young people's friendship, because they may be honest men : whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be so. I have dropped ten where I have taken up one, and hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a lord *Cornbury*, a lord *Pokwarth* †, a Mr. *Murray* ‡, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption of the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit ; I am sinking fast into prose ; and if I ever write more, it ought (at these years, and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give value to the work, not merely the manner. Since my protest (for so I call the *Dialogue* of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the *Dunciad*, which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the second Canto, among the authors who dive in *Fleet-ditch*, immediately after *Arnall*, verse 300, add these :

* His late royal highness *Frederick* prince of *Wales*.

† ' Now earl of *Marchmont*.'

‡ The present lord chief justice.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
 With each a sickly brother at his back * ;
 Sons of a day ! just buoyant on the flood,
 Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
 Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
 The names of these blind puppies as of those.
 Fast by, like *Niobe*, her children gone,
 Sits mother *Osborne*, stupefied to stone ;
 And needful *Paxton* † tells the world with tears,
 These are, ah ! no ; these were my *Gazetteers*.

Having nothing more to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement. The first is better as to head-achs, worse as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much, otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life ; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still, better than conversation ; but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and rise and chirp the earlier the next morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friends call) from *London* to *Twickenham* ; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them. Lord *Bathurst* is still my constant friend and yours ; but his country seat is now always in *Gloucestershire*, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. *Pulteney* has no country seat, and in town I see him seldom, but he always asks of you. In the summer I generally ramble for a month to lord *Cobham's*, the *Bath*, or elsewhere. In all those rambles my mind is full of the images of you and poor *Gay*, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea ? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of ; the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast,

* They print one at the back of the other to send into the country. Mr. *Pope's MS. Note*.

† These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another. *Dunciad*, Dr. *Warb.* edit.'

† A solicitor, who procured and paid these writers. Mr. *Pope's MS. Note*. 'The line is now changed ;

And monumental brass this record bears ;
 These are, &c.'

which makes the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went, some years ago, with lord *Peterborow* about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea-sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and lord *Bolingbroke* a visit before I died.

But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at; but my memory, my affection, my esteem are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.

P. S. This I end at lord *Orrery's*, in company with Dr. *King*. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for sending Mr. *Swift* to me; he can tell you more of me.

London, May 19.

(A Second Postscript.)

One of my new friends, Mr. *Lyttelton*, was to the last degree glad to have any request from you to make to his master. The moment I shewed him yours concerning Mr. *M^cAulay*, he went to him, and it was granted *. He is extremely obliged for the promotion of *Lamb* †. I will make you no particular speeches from him; but you and he have a mutual right to each other, *Sint tales animæ concordēs*. He loves you, though he sees you not, as all posterity will love you, who will not see you, but reverence and admire you ‡.

* Mr. *Alexander M^cAulay* was soliciting for a seat in parliament, as one of the representatives of the university of *Dublin*: Mr. *Lyttelton* was then principal secretary to his late royal highness *Frederick* prince of *Wales*, who, as chancellor of it, was thought by Dr. *Swift* to be the most proper person to nominate.

† Dr. *Swift* had made Mr. *William Lamb* one of the vicars-choral of his cathedral upon Mr. *Lyttelton's* recommendation.

‡ The letter to which this postscript and the next letter relate, is in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*. It is dated by the editor "*May 10, 1739, at a conjecture.*"

L E T T E R CCCLXXIII.

GEORGE LYTTETLTON, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Worcestershire, Aug. 4, 1739.

I HAVE just heard from town, that Mr. *Faulkner*, your bookseller at *Dublin*, has, by your order, sent me over your works. When I desired Mr. *Swift* to procure them for me, I did not expect the additional pleasure of owing them to your own kindness in so obliging a way. I will place them in my study next to Mr. *Pope's*, which he too gave me himself; and can truly assure you, that, excepting that present, I never received one which I value so much.

I am sorry his royal highness's recommendation has been of so little use to your friend; and think, indeed, that the university owed more respect to their chancellor, though he had not been prince of *Wales*, than they have thought proper to shew. I made his royal highness your compliments, which he accepted with much satisfaction. I hope and believe he will make good the expectations he has raised among those, who are equally friends to him and their country. He is pleased to reckon you in that number, and desires to preserve and increase your good opinion. I thank you for the promise you give me, not to forget me, and beg you to remember me as one sincerely desirous to merit the continuance of your friendship by all the services in the power of,

Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

G. LYTTETLTON.

L E T T E R CCCLXXIV.

Lord CASTLEDURROW to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Dublin, Feb. 2, 1739.

SINCE I am forbidden your presence, I think I should be more explicit in my reason of thanks to you for Dr. *Delaney's* obliging present, than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill-delivered message by a servant. As I am not acquainted with the Doctor, I at first imagined his boundless generosity distributed his book amongst the lords, and that it was sent me, as a member, though an unworthy one, of that august body. I soon found myself mistaken; and as all presents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner of distribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter, for having so obligingly distinguished me. He has honoured me with an answer to it, which highly elates me; for weak minds are easily made vain; but whose would not be so, on the compliment he makes me, on having read some of my letters to you? They were wrote (as most of mine are) in the wantonness of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expression, or dress of words, lucky methods of gilding nonsense; yet, that he should approve, I will not wonder when I consider the benignity of your friendship. Oh! is it not sometimes too strong a bias even for your judgment, that prompted you to think them worth his perusal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be silent; yet must I risque depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myself farther known to him? Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I suggest may not be improper? Take me under your protection (as soon as the weather will permit) in a warm hackney coach, which I shall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradise, which I long much to see, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

I am already alarmed with your excuse of deafness and dizziness. Yielding to such a complaint always strengthens it; exerting against it generally lessens it. Do not immerse in the sole enjoyment of yourself. Is not a friend the medicine of life? I am sure it is the comfort of it.

And

And I hope you still admit such companions as are capable of administering it. In that number I know I am unworthy of rank: however, my best wishes shall attend you.

I have inclosed some verses. The *Latin* I believe will please you; one of the translations may have the same fortune, the other cannot. The verses written in the lady's book is, A lamentable Hymn to Death, from a lover, ascribed to his mistress. I have made the author of it vain (who I am sure had never read *Pope's Heloise to Abelard*) in telling him his six last lines seem a parody on six of *Pope's*. They are on the other side, that you may not be at a loss.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy.
That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee, with a love like mine.

I think the whole letter the most passionate I ever read, except *Heloise's* own, on the subject of love. I am equally struck with *Cadmus* to *Vanessa*. I have often soothed my love with both, when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wish, and the assuring you I am, with great sincerity, as well as esteem,

Sir, your most faithful, affectionate humble servant,

C A S T L E D U R R O W.

My boy sends you his respects, and would fain pay them in person to you.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXXV.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, June 3, 1740.

I HAD, some time ago, a letter from Mr. *Stopford*, who told me, that you enjoyed a better state of health last year than you had done for some years past. No one wishes you more sincerely than I do the continuance of it. And since the gout has been your phyfic, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the rest of it perfect health and spirits.

I am persuaded you will do me the justice to believe, that if I have not wrote to you for some time, it has proceeded from an unwillingness alone of engaging you in a very useless correspondence, and not from any want of a real regard and true esteem. Mr. *Pope* can be my witness how constantly I inquire after you, and how pleased and happy I am, when he tells me, that you have the goodness frequently to mention me in your letter to him.

I fear you have but little desire to come among us again. *England* has few things inviting in it at present. Three camps, near forty thousand troops, and sixteen kings *, and most of them such as are really fit to be kings in any part of the world. Four millions of money have been raised on the people this year, and in all probability nothing will be done. I have not the least notion, that even our expedition under lord *Cathcart* † is intended to be sent any where; and yet every minister we have (except Sir *Robert*) very gravely affirms it will go; nay, I am afraid, believes it too. But our situation is very extraordinary; Sir *Robert* will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace; that is, the people are so averse to it, that he dares not make one. But in one year more, when by the influence of this army and our money he has got a new parliament to his liking; then he will make peace, and get it approved too, be it as it will. After which I am afraid we shall all grow tired of struggling any longer, and give up the game.

* Sixteen lords of the regency, the king being abroad.

† Against *Carthagera*. It went, and miscarried.

But I will trouble you with no more politics; and if I can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I promise you not to reply to it too soon. You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at *Westminster-school* on this theme,

*Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat.*

*Dulce, Decane, decus, Flos optime Gentis Hibernæ
Nomine quique audis, Ingenioque Celer;
Dum lepido indulges Rifu, et mutaris in Horas,
Quò nova vis Animi, Materiesque rapit;
Nunc gravis Astrologus, Cælo dominaris & Astris,
Filaque pro libitu Partrigiana secas.
Nunc Populo speciosa Hospes miracula promis,
Gentesque Æquoreas, aeriasq; creas.
Seu plausum captat queruli Persona Draperi,
Seu levis a vacuo Fabula sumpta cado.
Mores egregius mira exprimis Arte Magister,
Et vitam atque Homines Pagina quæque sapit.
Socraticæ minor est vis, & Sapientia Chartæ,
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis Opus.*

Mrs. Pulteney knowing that I am writing to you, charges me to present her services, when I assure you that I am most faithfully and sincerely
Your obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

LET -

L E T T E R CCCLXXVI.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Caledon, Dec. 17, 1740.

GREAT men like you must expect numberless petitions, which, like *Jupiter*, you put to various uses; but wonder not, when there is a place vacant in your family, that every body is striving for the post. I mean your cathedral family; for we are told there is a vacancy in the chair. I am desired to recommend to you one * *James Colgan*, aged 25. His voice excellent, his behaviour good, his person indifferent, his recommendation to me irresistible. I beseech you let *Faulkner* give me an answer; for neither he nor I, nor the choir of lords, doctors, — commons, &c. are worth your while to give yourself one moment's uneasiness about, if you are not well, and I am more than afraid you are not; only I must be enabled to say, I have mentioned him to you. My frozen fingers will only serve me to present lady O——'s most humble service to you, and the best wishes, prayers, and acknowledgments of all this family. I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant.

* One of the vicars-choral of *Christ-Church* and *St. Patrick's* cathedrals, remarkable for his fine manner of singing.

A P P E N D I X.

EXTRACT from Lord BOLINGBROKE's WILL,
in which his Writings are bequeathed to Mr. MALLETT*.

AND whereas I am the author of the several Books or Tracts following, viz.

Remarks on the History of England, from the Minutes of Humphrey Oldcastle. In twenty-four letters.

A Dissertation upon Parties. In nineteen letters to *Caleb D'Anvers*, Esq;
The Occasional Writer. Number 1, 2, 3.

The Vision of Camilik.

An Answer to the London Journal of December 21, 1728, by John Trot.

An Answer to the Defence of the Enquiry into the Reasons of the Conduct of Great Britain.

A final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication.

All which Books or Tracts have been printed and published; and I am also the author of

Four Letters on History, &c.

Which have been privately printed, and not published; but I have not assigned to any person or persons whatsoever the copy, or the liberty of printing or reprinting any of the said books, or tracts, or letters. Now I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and assign to *David Mallet*, of *Putney*, in the county of *Surry*, Esquire, the copy and copies of all and each of the before-mentioned books, or tracts, or letters, and the liberty

* The reasons for inserting this extract, and the two letters that immediately follow, may be seen in the note annexed to lord *Bolingbroke's* letter, dated *Sept. 12, 1724*, in this collection.

of reprinting the same. I also give to the said *David Mallet*, the copy and copies of all the manuscript books, papers, and writings, which I have written or composed, or shall write or compose, and leave at the time of my decease. And I further give to the said *David Mallet* all my books, which, at time of my decease, shall be in the room called my library.

L E T T E R CCCLXXVII.

Lord H Y D E to D A V I D M A L L E T, Esq;

Paris, March 7, N. S. 1752.

I LEARN from *England*, Sir, that lord *Bolingbroke* has left his manuscripts to you *. His friends must see with satisfaction those title-deeds of his reputation in the hands of the author of the life of the great lord *Bacon*; and you will have had the distinguished honour of having been guardian to the fame of two of the greatest geniuses which our country, and perhaps humanity, has produced; but with greater honour to you in this last instance, because you are such by the designation and choice of the author himself.

What works of his you may have for the public, I know not. That, for which I was solicitous, because I believe it would be most instructive to the world, and might be most for his honour, he told me himself he had laid aside; I mean the history of the great transactions of *Europe* from the time when he began to consider and know them. There remains of that, I believe, no more than a summary review, which I had the good fortune some time ago to draw from him, upon an application which I made to him to direct me in the study of history. You will probably have seen that summary review, which is in a collection of letters upon history, which he did me the honour to write me. It is but a sketch of the work he had proposed to himself; but it is the sketch of

* ' His lordship died Dec. 15, 1751. Lord *Hyde* having heard at *Paris* of lord *Bolingbroke's* legacy of all his writings, printed and manuscript, to Mr. *Mallet*, wrote from thence the above letter, the original of which was sent by the widow *Mallet*, with the manuscript of lord *Bolingbroke's* philosophical works to the *British Museum*, in order to justify her husband's integrity in the edition of them.'

lord *Bolingbroke*. He will probably have told you, that those letters were by his direction delivered up by me to Mr. *Pope*, who burnt, as he told me, the manuscripts, and printed off by a private press some very few copies, which were to be considered still as manuscripts, one of which Mr. *Pope* kept, and sent another to lord *Bolingbroke*. Sir *William Wyndham*, lord *Bathurst*, lord *Marchmont*, Mr. *Murray*, and Mr. *Lyttelton*, I think, had each one. I do not remember to have been told of any copies given, except to myself, who have always preserved mine, as I would a MS. which was not my own, observing not only the restrictions which lord *Bolingbroke* himself had recommended to me, but securing likewise, as far as I could, even in case of my death, that this work should never become public from that copy, which is in my possession. I enlarge upon this, because I think myself particularly obliged, out of regard to lord *Bolingbroke*, to give this account of that work to the person whom he has intrusted with all his writings, in case you might not have known this particularity. And at the same time I think it my duty, to the memory of lord *Bolingbroke*, to myself, and to the world too, to say something more to you in relation to this work.

It is a work, Sir, which will instruct mankind, and do honour to its author; and yet I will take upon me to say, that for the sake of both, you must publish it with caution.

The greatest men have their faults, and sometimes the greatest faults; but the faults of superior minds are the least indifferent, both to themselves and to society. Humanity is interested in the fame of those who excelled in it; but it is interested before all in the good of society, and in the peace of the minds of the individuals that compose it. Lord *Bolingbroke's* mind embraced all objects, and looked far into all; but not without a strong mixture of passions, which will always necessarily beget some prejudices, and follow more. And on the subject of *Religion* particularly (whatever was the motive that inflamed his passions upon that subject chiefly) his passions were the most strong; and I will venture to say (when called upon, as I think, to say what I have said more than once to himself, with the deference due to his age and extraordinary talents), his passions upon that subject did prevent his otherwise superior reason from seeing, that, even in a political light only, he hurt himself, and wounded society, by striking at establishments, upon which the conduct

at least of society depends, and by striving to overturn in mens minds the systems which experience at least has justified, and which authority at least has rendered respectable, as necessary to public order and to private peace, without suggesting to their minds a better, or indeed any system.

You will find, Sir, what I say to be true in a part of the work I mentioned, where he digresses upon the criticism of church history.

While this work remained in the hands only of those I have mentioned (except, as I have been telling you, to himself and to them in private conversation) I have otherwise been silent upon that subject; but I must now say to you, Sir, that for the world's sake and for his, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated further. And you see, that it is a digression not necessary to that work. If this digression should be made public, it will be censured, it must be censured, it ought to be censured. It will be criticised too by able pens, whose erudition, as well as their reasonings, will not be easily answered. In such a case, I shall owe to myself and to the world to disclaim publicly that part of a work, which he did me the honour to address to me; but I owe to the regard which he has sometimes expressed for me, to disclaim it rather privately to you, Sir, who are intrusted with his writings, and to recommend to you to suppress that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intrusted and obliged by lord *Bolingbroke*, not to raise new storms to his memory.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

H Y D E.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCLXXVIII.

D A V I D M A L L E T, Esq; to Lord H Y D E.

M Y L O R D,

I RECEIVED a very real pleasure, and at the same time a sensible concern, from the letter your lordship has honoured me with. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than the favourable opinion of one, whom I have long admired for every quality that enters into an estimable and an amiable character; but then nothing can occasion me more uneasiness than not to be able to suppress that part of a work which you would have kept from public view.

The book was printed off before your lordship's letter reached my hands; but this consideration alone would have appeared trifling to me. I apprehend, that I cannot, without being unfaithful to the trust reposed in me, omit or alter any thing in those works, which my lord *Bolingbroke* had deliberately prepared for the press, and I will publish no other. As to this in particular, his repeated commands to me were, that it should be printed exactly according to the copy he himself, in all the leisure of retirement, had corrected with that view.

Upon the whole, if your lordship should think it necessary to disclaim the reflections on Sacred History, by which I presume is meant some public and authentic declaration, that your notions on this head differ entirely from those of your noble friend; even in this case I am sure you will do it with all the delicacy natural to your own disposition, and with all the tenderness to his memory, that the particular regard he always bore you can deserve. I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord, &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXXIX.

Dr. S W I F T to W I L L I A M P U L T E N E Y *, Esq;

S I R,

Dublin, March 8, 1734.

MR. *Stopford*, going to *England* upon some particular affair, I gladly complied with his desire, that I should do myself the honour of writing to you, because, as useless as I am, and although I shall never have the happiness to see you, yet my ambition to have some small place in your memory, will live as long as myself.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum*. You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man so; but you preserved your spirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs; and, if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must intirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty long under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the *Gothic* system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of *Europe*. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours must be the next. Such hath ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntary at his chariot wheels. But no more of this. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues, though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in *discover* [*discovering*] our utter detestation of all proceeding both here and there. *Hæc est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique*. I am under the displeasure of the court for fixing up a true whig epitaph in my cathedral over the burying-

* This letter, and the next, were communicated to the editor by general *Pulteney*.

place of old *Schomberg*, and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent, wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who hath an appeal before the house of lords, wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent person in the law, who by a miracle was raised to the bench in these very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear Sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family (wherein you have my constant prayers) and deserving friends. I have often said, that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself; and if you had only a poor forty thousand pounds a year, I would command you to settle one thousand of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at *Twickenham* and *Dawley*, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer, Mr. *Stopford*, hath such infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is in all respects so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him *it [at]* my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person. You are in the modern sense a friend to popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; and therefore he has just politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate or an exciseman.

You will hear, perhaps, that one *Faulkner* hath printed four volumes, which are called my works; he hath only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine, that, after my death, the several *London* booksellers would agree among themselves to print what each of them had by common consent; but the man here hath prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in *Scotland*. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them,

nor

nor I believe ever shall. You will find Mr. *Stopford* the same modest, virtuous, learned man that you last saw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to *your*. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavours for the preservation of your country, and remain with the truest respect,

Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

J O N A T H. S W I F T.

You will see, by the many blunders in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

L E T T E R CCCLXXX.

Dr. S W I F T to W I L L I A M P U L T E N E Y, Esq;

S I R,

Dublin, May 12, 1735.

MR. *Stopford* landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honour me with. I have not yet seen him; for he called when I was not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection, was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and hath a tolerable provision, much more than persons of so much merit can in these times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the duke of *Dorset* very well, having known him from his youth, and he hath treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side the water, make him act the usual part in managing this nation, for which he must be excused: yet I wish he would a little more consider, that people here might have some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastic, wherein my lord *Carteret* acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will irritate yours in every thing, after the same manner as a monkey doth a human creature. If my health were not so bad, although my
years

years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in *England*. It hath continued longer than in any other monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the *Goths*, and is now falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural for every king to desire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it; the court will restore what their luxury hath destroyed; I have nothing to object. But let me suppose a chief minister from a scanty fortune, almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate, why he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharper calls it, before luck began to change. What if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the country side? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can never be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the *Roman* emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army; and the same may be said of the *Ottomans* by their janissaries; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister, I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old *Greece*, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavours to preserve the liberty of your country at the expence of your quiet, and of making all the villains in *England* your enemies. For you almost stand alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all its other physicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dul of hearing, and whose eyes have been closed; and may he continue you as his chief instrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I send this letter in a packet to Mr. *Pope*, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you against all your enemies; I mean those of your country; for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in *England* by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by any thing I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. *Pope*'s prudent management *from* [*for*] me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies. The printer applied to my friends, and got many things from *England*. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one poem on you and a great minister, and was not sorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of post-officers.

I am, Sir, with the truest respect and esteem,

Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

J. S W I F T.

I desire to present my most humble respects to Mrs. *Pulteney*.

L E T.

LETTERS OF UNCERTAIN DATE.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXI.

Countess of O R K N E Y to Dr. S W I F T.

Indorsed ' 1712, I suppose.'

I HAVE had great satisfaction in the favour of your letter, though disappointed, since not occasioned by yourself. When one is too quick, misjudging commonly follows. At first I fear'd Mr. *Collier* was taken with a fit of an apoplexy; the next line I read, I wished he had one. If I did not apprehend, by your knowing me but a little, that I might grow troublesome where I distinguished, you should not want any conveniency to bring you hither to Mrs. *Ramsay* and I, who are both, without compliment, truly mortified, intending ever to be,

Sir, your sincere humble servants,

Clusden, Monday.

E. O R K N E Y.
E L I Z. R A M S A Y.

We design to be at *Windsor* on *Wednesday*, where I hope you will meet me in the drawing-room, to tell me when you can dine with us.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXII.

Countess of O R K N E Y to Dr. S W I F T.

Monday morning. Indorsed ' 1712, I believe.'

I AM sure you are very ill-natured (I would not have been so cross to you) to have known Mr. *Lewis* and me so long, and not have made us acquainted sooner, when you know too that I have been in search of a reasonable conversation. I have no way to excuse you but doubting his to be so agreeable at a second meeting, which I desire you will make when 'tis most convenient to both. It is not from custom I say I am extremely,

Sir, your humble servant,

E. O R K N E Y.

When you read this, I fancy you will think, what does she write to me? I hate a letter as much as my lord treasurer does a petition.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIII.

Lord P O U L E T T to Dr. S W I F T.

Sunday afternoon. Indorsed ' lord steward, 1713.'

I WAS called away presently after chapel, upon some business which hindered my going up stairs at *St. James's*, and occasions Dr. *Swift* the trouble of this, to make my excuse for not returning the paper, which I here send you; and though it is not in my power to serve you in any proportion to my unfeigned respects for you, yet I would not be wanting, on my part, in any opportunity where I can, to express myself,

Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

P O U L E T T.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIV.

Lady M——— to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Indorsed 'Received, Feb. 1723-4.'

'T IS impossible for you to imagine with what satisfaction I received your kind letter; and though I had been so long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendship in one, whose goodness to me has always been abundantly more than I could deserve. I had writ often to you; but having no safe conveyance, chose rather to inquire after your health and welfare of some people that could give me an account of it. And I do assure you from the bottom of my heart there is not a person living I have a greater friendship for than yourself, and shall have to the end of my life. Indeed now I can shew it only in expressions; but I flatter myself you believe them sincere. I long to see you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a most hearty welcome and faithful friends, and none more so, than her who is

Your most affectionate humble servant

H. M——.

My lord, children, brother, and sister are your humble servants.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXV.

Lord P E T E R B O R O W to Dr. S W I F T.

Saturday evening. Indorsed '1726, in summer.'

O NE of your *Irish* heroes, that, from the extremity of our *English* land, came to destroy the wicked brazen project, desires to meet you on *Monday* next at *Parsons-green*. If you are not engaged, I will send my coach for you.

Sir *Robert Walpole*, any morning, except *Tuesday* and *Thursday*, which are his public days, about nine in the morning will be glad to see you at his *London* house. On *Monday*, if I see you, I will give you a farther account. Your affectionate servant,

P E T E R B O R O W.

L E T -

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVI.

Dr. S W I F T to Lord A R R A N.

M Y L O R D,

1729.

I AM earnestly desired, by some worthy friends of mine, to write to your lordship in favour of the bearer, Mr. *Moore*, minister of *Clonmel*, who will have the honour to present this letter to your lordship. Those rectorial tythes of *Clonmel* were granted to the church by letters patents from king *Charles* the second, with the perfect knowledge and full approbation of your great ancestor, the first duke of *Ormond*, then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*. Notwithstanding which, some of the former agents to your lordship's family have greatly distressed the incumbent ministers of *Clonmel*, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his present grace the duke your brother (whom God long preserve). But your lordship's present agent being extremely vigilant of all your lordship's interests, hath lately renewed the claim of the *Ormond* family to those tythes, and was at the last assizes, after a long hearing of six hours, nonsuited. The living of *Clonmel* is one of the largest and yet poorest parishes in this kingdom, being upon the whole (including the valuation of the houses) scarce worth one hundred pounds a year, out of which, a curate assistant being absolutely necessary on account of its extent, a salary of forty pounds must be paid.

My lord, your lordship's family hath been always distinguished, for their favour and protection to the established church, under her greatest persecutions, nor have you in the universal opinion ever degenerated from them. Those tythes in and about *Clonmel* are very inconsiderable, having never been let for above twenty-four pounds a year, made up of very small pittances collected from a great number of the poorest people; so that the recovery of them by an expensive law-suit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting.

Mr.

Mr. *Moore* is recommended to me by several persons of great worth (as I have already observed) and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble request therefore to your lordship is, that the minister of *Clonmel* may, without disturbance, enjoy that small addition to his support, which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always understood and believed that the duke your brother's retiring hath not lessened your fortune, but increased it; and as to his grace, unless all our intelligence be false, he is as easy as he desires to be. I heard of several persons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his grace is perfectly easy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earnestly desire your lordship to resign those poor scraps of tythes in and about *Clonmel* to Mr. *Moore* and his successors, in a legal form for ever. Your loss will be at most but twenty-four pounds a year, and that, with a thousand difficulties, infinitely below your generosity and quality.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVII.

To Dr. S W I F T.

Indorsed 'Lady Bolingbroke.'

MR. *Pope* m'a fait grand plaisir, monsieur, de m'assurer que votre santé est bonne; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'honneur de votre souvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre *Dublin* pendant que nous habitons notre *Dawley*. Nous aurions eu grand soin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï ensemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plu, car je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au croître. On a fait deux pieces de theatre en *France*, tirée soit disant des idées de *Gulliver*. Je ne vous les envoie point, car elles sont detestables: mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a si bien reussi chez nous, qu'on a crû, qu'en mettant seulement son nom aux plus mauvaises

pieces, on les rendroit recommandables au publique. Notre fermier vous embrasse : il a plaint et boude de ce que vous etiez parti sans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu ; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, ou vous ne dites pas un mot pour luy : mais je vous croye comme les coquettes, qui se fiant a leurs charmes ne s'embarassent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous seront pardonnés a la premiere lettre et encore plus aisement a la premiere esperance de vous revoir. Adieu, monsieur, portez vous bien et nous serons content. je ne m'aviseray pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays ci : Je suis étrangere de plus en plus, et je ne serois tentée de me faire naturaliser, que dans ceux où je pourrois vivre avec vous.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVIII.

Duchess of H A M I L T O N to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R D E A N,

Wednesday.

WHEN we were together last, I remember we spoke of a certain stanza, which you suspected me parent of, by reason there were some things in it, you were sure I would have said twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not dean *Swift* ; for twelve years ago your promised letter had not been so long in coming to me. All I can say is, I wish you had been twelve years ago what I wish you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago to

Your real friend and humble servant,

E. H A M I L T O N.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIX.

Duke of W H A R T O N to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R D E A N,

Monday Morning.

I SHALL embark for *England* to-morrow. It would be necessary for me to take leave of lord *Moleſworth* on many accounts; and as *Young* is engaged in town, I muſt infallibly go alone, unleſs your charity extends itſelf to favour me with your company there this morning.

I beg you would ſend me your answer, and believe me

Sincerely your faithful friend and ſervant,

W H A R T O N.

P. S. If you condeſcend ſo far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

L E T T E R CCCXC.

Monſieur V O L T A I R E to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Friday 16.

I SEND you here incloſed two letters, one for Mr. *de Morville*, our ſecretary of ſtate, and the other for Mr. *de Maiſons*, both deſirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be ſo kind as to let me know if you intend to go by *Calais*, or by the way of *Rouen*. In caſe you reſolve to go by *Rouen*, I will give you ſome letters for a good lady, who lives in her country caſtle juſt by *Rouen*. She will receive you as well as you deſerve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learn'd *Engliſh* ſince I am in *England*. All will pay you all the reſpects, and procure all the pleaſures thei are capable off. Thei will give you hundred directions for *Paris*, and provide you with all

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the

the requisite conveniencies. Vouchsafe to acquaint me with your resolution, I shall certainly do my best endeavours to serve you, and to let my country know, that I have the inestimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the highest respect and esteem,

Your most humble obedient faithful servant,

V O L T A I R E.

L E T T E R CCCXCI.

Monfieur V O L T A I R E au Comte de M O R V I L L E,
Ministre et Secrétaire d'Etat a Versailles.

M O N S E I G N E U R,

JE me suis contenté jusqu'cy d'admirer en silence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'Europe ; mais il n'est pas permis à un homme qui aime votre gloire, et qui vous est aussi tendrement attaché que je le suis, de demeurer plus long temps sans vous faire ses sinceres compliments.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuser l'honneur que me fait le celebre monfieur *Swift*, de vouloir bien vous presenter une de mes lettres. Je fai que sa reputation est parvenue jusqu'a vous, et que vous avez envie de la connoitre. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation que vous estimez. Vous avez lu les traductions de plusieurs ouvrages qui luy sont attribuez. Eh qui est plus capable que vous, monseigneur, de discerner les beautez d'un original à travers la foiblesse des plus mauvaises copies. Je croi que vous ne serez pas fâché de diner avec monfieur *Swift*, et monfieur le president Henaut. Et je me flatte que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon sincere attachement a votre personne, la liberté que je prens de vous presenter un des hommes des plus extraordinaires que l'Angleterre ait produit, et le plus capable de sentir toute l'étendue de vos grandes qualitez.

Je suis pour toute ma vie avec un profond respect et un attachement remply de la plus haute estime,

Monseigneur, votre très humble et très obeissant serviteur,

V O L T A I R E.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXCII.

Dr. S W I F T to Miss V A N H O M R I G H *.

Laracor, July 8, 1713.

I STAYED but a fortnight in *Dublin*, very sick; and returned not one visit of a hundred, that were made me; but all to the dean, and none to the doctor. I am riding here for life; and I think I am something better. I hate the thoughts of *Dublin*, and prefer a field bed, and an earthen floor, before the great house there, which they say is mine. I had your last splenetic letter. I told you, when I left *England*, I would endeavour to forget every thing there, and would write as seldom as I could. I did, indeed, design one general round of letters to my friends; but my health has not yet suffered me. I design to pass the greatest part of the time I stay in *Ireland*, here, in the cabin where I am now writing: neither will I leave the kingdom till I am sent for; and if they have no further service for me, I will never see *England* again. At my first coming, I thought I should have died with discontent; and was horribly melancholy, while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off, and change to dulness. My river-walk is extremely pretty, and my canal in great beauty; and I see trouts playing in it. I know not any one thing now in *Dublin*. But Mr. *Ford* is very kind, and writes to me constantly what passes among you. I find you are likewise a good politician; and I will say so much to you, that I verily think, if the thing you know of had been published just upon the peace, the ministry might have avoided what hath since happened; but I am now fitter to look after willows, and to cut hedges, than meddle with affairs of state. I must order one of the workmen to drive those cows out of my island, and make up the ditch again; a work much more proper for a country vicar, than driving out

* This is the lady, whom the Dean has celebrated by the name of *Vanessa*. She was the eldest daughter of *Bartholomew Vanhomrigh*, first a merchant of *Amsterdam*, and afterwards of *Dublin*, who was appointed commissary of the stores by king *William*, upon his expedition into *Ireland*. Her mother was the daughter of Mr. *Stone*, the commissioner, and niece to the accountant-general of *Ireland*. For an account of this lady, and her epistolary correspondence with the Dean, see his life prefixed to his works.

factions, and fencing against them. I must go and take my bitter draught to cure my head, which is spoiled by the bitter draughts the public hath given me. So go to your dukes and duchesfes, and leave me to goodman *Bumford*, and *Patrick Dolan*, of *Clanduggan*. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXCIII.

Dr. S W I F T to Miss V A N H O M R I G H.

Upper Letcomb, near Wantage, Berks, June 8, 1714.

I HAVE not much news to tell you from hence, nor have I had one line from any body since I left *London*, of which I am very glad: but, to say the truth, I believe I shall not stay here so long as I intended. I am at a clergyman's house, whom I love very well; but he is such a melancholy thoughtful man, partly from nature, and partly by a solitary life, that I shall soon catch the spleen from him. Out of ease and complaisance, I desire him not to alter any of his methods for me; so we dine exactly between twelve and one. At eight we have some bread and butter, and a glass of ale; and at ten he goes to bed. Wine is a stranger, except a little I sent him; of which, one evening in two, we have a pint between us. His wife has been this month twenty miles off, at her father's, and will not return these ten days. I never saw her; and perhaps the house will be worse when she comes. I read all day, or walk; and do not speak as many words as I have now wrote in three days: so that, in short, I have a mind to steal to *Ireland*, unless I find myself take more to this way of living, so different, in every circumstance, from what I left. This is the first syllable I have wrote to any body since you saw me. I shall be glad to hear from you, not as you are a *Londoner*, but as a friend; for I care not three-pence for news, nor have heard one syllable since I came here. The pretender, or duke of *Cambridge*, may both be landed, and I never the wiser: but if this place were ten times worse, nothing shall make me return to town, while things are in the situation I left them. I give a guinea a week for my board, and can eat any thing.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXCIV.

Dr. S W I F T to Miss V A N H O M R I G H.

Aug. 1, 1714.

WHO told you, I was going to *Bath*? no such thing. I had fixed to set out to-morrow for *Ireland*, but poor lord *Oxford* desires I will go with him to *Herefordshire*, and only expect his answer whether I shall go there before, or meet him hereabouts; or to *Wimple*, (his son's house) and so go with him down; and I expect to leave this in two or three days one way or other. I will stay with him 'till the parliament meets again, if he desires it. I am not of your opinion about lord *Bolingbroke*; perhaps he may get the *staff*, but I cannot rely on his love to me: he knew I had a mind to be his historiographer, though I valued it not, but for the public service, yet it is gone to a worthless rogue that no body knows*. I am writ to earnestly by *somebody* to come to town, and join with those people now in power, but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but guess the person. I told lord *Oxford* I would go with him, when *he was out*; and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive: he distinguished and chose me above all other men, while he was great; and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable. When I am fixed any where, perhaps, I may be so gracious to let you know, but I will not promise. Adieu.

* He presented a memorial to the queen on the 15th of *April*, 1714, humbly desiring her majesty to appoint him historiographer; which does not seem to agree with his declaration in his letter to *Pope*, dated *Jan.* 10, 1721; that "this place was designed him, but that, as it was at the disposal of a person, who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, he disdained to accept it." See the memorial, in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*. See also Dr. *Arbutnot*'s letter of *July* 17, 1714.

L E T T E R CCCXCV.

Dr. S W I F T to Miss V A N H O M R I G H *.

Aug. 12, 1714.

I HAD your letter last post, and before you can send me another, I shall set out for *Ireland*. I must go and take the oaths; and the sooner the better. If you are in *Ireland* when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but it is where every thing is known in a week, and magnified an hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through: but it is probable we may meet in *London* in winter; or if not, leave all to fate, that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you. These public misfortunes have altered all my measures, and broke my spirits. God Almighty bless you. I shall, I hope, be on horseback in a day after this comes to your hand. I would not answer your questions for a million: nor can I think of them with any ease of mind. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXCVI.

Part of a Letter of V A N E S S A 's, from Dublin, in 1714.

YOU once had a maxim, which was, to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know, that your frowns make my life

* It appears by a letter of the Dean's to Miss *Esther Vanhomrigh*, that she was very uneasy on account of her mother's debts, who died in 1714; fearing that when the year was out, she would be obliged to satisfy the creditors. But the Dean tells her, "you can pay only what you receive, you are answerable for no more." He tells her, that if she wants to borrow money, she may send to Mr. *Barber* or *Ben Tooke*, which she pleases, and let them know, that whatever sum she wants he will stand bound for.

unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable. Now, all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (since you cannot otherwise) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties.

L E T T E R CCCXCVII.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, 1714.

YOU bid me be easy and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have bore the rack much better, than those killing killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature, that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it: and beg you'd see me and speak kindly to me, for I am sure, you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe, I cannot help telling you this and live*.

* A letter from Dr. Swift, dated *Philipstown, Nov. 5, 1714*, says, that he was going to a friend upon a promise, being then a mile from *Trim*, when Miss *Vanhomrigh's* servant overtook him with a letter. She was then at *Kildrohid*, and would go to town on the *Monday* following, to her lodging in *Turnstill-Alley*. He concludes thus; "I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I come, and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages. Adieu."

L E T T E R CCCXCVIII.

Dr. S W I F T to V A N E S S A.

May 12, 1719.

JE vous fais des complimens sur votre perfection dans la langue Françoisé. Il faut vous connoître long temps avant de connoître toutes vos perfections; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroît des nouvelles, qui estoient auparavant cachées; il est honteux pour moy de ne scavoir que le gascon et le patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien à redire dans l'orthographe, la propriété, l'élégance, le douceur et l'esprit. Et que je suis sot moy de vous repondre en mesme langage, vous qui estes incapable d'aucune sottise, si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plaist d'avoir pour moy; car il n'y a point de merite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon gout de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donnée a un mortel, je veux dire l'honneur, la vertue, le bons sens, l'esprit, le douceur, l'agrement et la fermeté d'ame; mais en vous cachant, commes vous faites, le monde ne vous connoit pas, et vous perdez l'eloge des millions de gens. Depuis que j'ay l'honneur de vous connoître, j'ay toujours remarqué que ni en conversation particuliere, ni generale, aucun mot a echappé de votre bouche, qui pouvoit etre mieux exprimé. Et je vous jure, qu'en faisant souvent la plus severe critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun defaut en vos actions, ni en vos parolles: la coquetrie, l'affectation, la pruderie sont des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec tout cela, croyez vous, qu'il est possible de ne vous estimer au dessus du reste du genre humain. Quelles bestes en jupes sont les plus excellentes de celles, que je vois semées dans le monde, au prix de vous: en les voyant, en les entendant, je dis cent fois le jour; ne parlez, ne regardez, ne pensez, ne faites rien comme ces miserables. Quelle calamité de faire mepriser autans de gens, qui sans songer de vous, seroient assez supportables: mais il est temps de vous delasser, et de vous dire Adieu: avec toute le respect, la sincerité, et l'estime du monde, je suis et seray toujours.

L E T T E R CCCXCIX.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Sellbridge, 1720.

BELIEVE me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion, which I have for —. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me, whilst I have the use of memory: nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments: for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For heaven's sake, tell me, what has caused this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No---do not tell it so, that it may cause my present death. And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

L E T T E R CCCC.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Part of a Letter written in the Year 1720.

IS it possible, that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so lately? I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you the other night, that I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly, for I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you now, that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all those fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does. Now see what inconveniency you will bring both yourself and me into. Pray think calmly of it, is it not much better to come off yourself, than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world: for when I undertake any thing, I don't love to do it by halves.

L E T T E R CCCCI.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

IF you write as you do I shall come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can possibly write so well. You are mistaken: send me a letter without your hand on the outside, and I hold you a crown I shall not read it. But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling

ing place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health, and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinders me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people beside yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art besides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same: but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief. If you have employed any of your art on the black scarf, I defy it, for one reason—guess. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCCII.

Dr. S W I F T to Miss V A N H O M R I G H.

I Received your letter when some company was with me on *Saturday* night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one—naming you, and twenty particulars; that little Master—and I visited you; and that the archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so: and that was the reason why I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in *Ireland*; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week, if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary, and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off,

L E T T E R CCCCIII.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Sellbridge, 1720.

TELL me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote to you: no, so far from that you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching, and thinking of——who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that unexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and shew some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you) I should find you had often, in a rage, wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to heaven: but that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are at present every where: your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?

L E T T E R CCCCIV.

Part of an answer from CADENUS to VANESSA*.

IF you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel. But since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise you no more, and rather chuse to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so while you are in it. I wonder what *Mobkin*† meant by shewing you my letter. I will write to her no more, since she can keep secrets no better. It was the first love-letter I have writ these dozen years; and since I have so ill success, I will write no more. Never was a belle passion so defeated. But the governour, I hear, is jealous; and, upon your word, you have a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse-keeping: do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would think you were in love, by dating your letter *August 29*, by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer your questions to your satisfaction: Prove to me first that it was even possible to answer any thing to your satisfaction, so as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out: and I am sure it costs me a great many thoughts to make my letters difficult. Yesterday I was half way towards you where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led, and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence, if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke——signifies every

* This letter has no date; but it must have been written in the life-time of Miss *Mary Vanhomrigh*, *Vanessa's* sister, who died in 1717, because she is desired to mind her nurse-keeping.

† Miss *Mary Vanhomrigh*.

thing that may be said to *Cad*—— at beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that any thing written by *Cad*—— should be difficult to *Skinage*.

L E T T E R CCCCXV.

Dr. S W I F T to V A N E S S A.

October 15, 1720.

I Sit down with the first opportunity I have to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to send this letter; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners and afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid spleen as far as I can: so that when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor; but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve, because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you, especially if you go on to read and still further improve your mind, and the talents that nature hath given you. I am in much concern for poor *Mobkin*; and the more, because I am sure you are so too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our sakes, and read pleasant things that will make you laugh, and not sit mopeing with your elbows on your knees on a little stool by the fire. It is most infallible that riding would do *Mobkin* more good than any other thing, provided fair days and warm cloaths be provided: and so it would to you; and if you lose any skin, you know *Job* says, skin for skin will a man give for his life. It is either *Job* or *Satan* says so, for ought you know. I am getting an ill head in this cursed town, for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Every body grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish
and

and splenetick; which is the same thing. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money.

L E T T E R CCCCVI.

Dr. S W I F T to V A N E S S A.

Gallstown, near Kinnegad, July 5, 1721.

IT was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last; though I hope I left you in a better. I must here beg you take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish or troublesome disease, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence against it. *Cadenus*—assures me, he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life; but at the same time intreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men of all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from every thing agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then, and to converse with fools or impertinents to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking coffee, and be so low as to have no spirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else *Cadenus* shall know it, and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make it. I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folks plantations and ditches as if they were my own concern; and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have
so

so much honour and good sense, act otherwise, to make *Cad—* and yourself miserable. Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée, que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drank no coffee since I left you, nor intend it till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but yours, if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCCVII.

Dr. S W I F T to V A N E S S A.

Clogher, June 1, 1722.

THE weather has been so constantly bad that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it seems likely to continue so. It would have been infinitely better once a week to have met at *Kendal*, and so forth, where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tete a tete*, drinking coffee again till seven. God send you through your law-suit, and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right: and remember the china in the old house, and *Rider-street*, and the colonel's journey to *France*, and the *London* wedding, and the sick lady at *Kensington*, and the indisposition at *Windsor*, and the strain by the box of books at *London*. Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were still the same---*Croyez que je serois toujours tout ce que vous desirez.* Adieu.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCCVIII.

Dr. S W I F T to V A N E S S A.

Loughgall, County of Armagh, July 13, 1722.

I Am well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, and yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have not made ourselves so, is the question; at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you in, is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days apiece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point: I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it, was to read, I know not how many, diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours; the worse the better: there is a pleasure in being revered; and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be easy without it: while you continue to be splenetic, count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I sympathize with you, that I am not chearful enough to write; for I believe coffee, once a week, is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions as I used to do; but then I give all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I had rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left town, and always drew up the cloaths with my left hand; which is a superstition I have learned these ten years. I long to see you in figure and equipage. Pray do not lose that taste. Farewel.

L E T T E R CCCCIX.

Dr. S W I F T to Miss V A N H O M R I G H.

August 7, 1722.

I Am this hour leaving my present residence; and if I fix any where shall let you know it.

A long vacation.---Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the groves and fields of your country seat, or among your cousins in town; or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you; and then reaping, and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts. The best companion for you is a philosopher; whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you, than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. What a foolish thing is time; and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopt, as if it passed. But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing, and thinking myself fast into the spleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCCX.

By Dr. S W I F T; but when or to whom written is uncertain.

EVERY squire, almost to a man, is an oppressor of the clergy; a racker of his tenants; a jobber of all public works; very proud; and generally illiterate. Two neighbouring squires, although they be intimate friends, relations, or allies, if one of them want one hundred foot of the other's land contiguous to his own, which would make any building square, or his garden uniform (without the least inconveniency to the other) he shall be absolutely refused; or (as the utmost mark of friendship) shall be forced to pay for it twenty times more than the value. This they call, paying for your conveniency: which is directly contrary to the very letter of an ancient heathen maxim in morality—That whatever benefit we can confer upon another, without injuring ourselves, we are bound to do it to a perfect stranger. The squires take the titles of great men, with as little ceremony, as *Alexander* or *Cæsar*. For instance, the great *Conolly*—the great *Wesely*—the great *Damer*.

A fellow, whose father was a butcher, desiring a lawyer to be a referee in some little brangle between him and his neighbour, complained that the lawyer excused himself in the following manner:—Sir, I am your most humble servant; but dare not venture to interfere in the quarrels of you great men.—Which I take to be just of a piece with *Harlequin's* swearing upon his honour. Jealousies, quarrels, and others ruptures, are as frequent between neighbouring squires, and from the same motives: the former brangling about their mears and bounds, as the others do about their frontiers. The detestable tyranny and oppression of landlords are visible in every part of the kingdom.

L E T T E R CCCCXI.

Dr. S W I F T to J O H N T E M P L E, Esq;

S I R,

Dublin, 1736.

T H E letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your cousin, Mrs. *Dingley*, who lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleased to hear of your welfare; but a little mortified that you did not mention or enquire after her. She is quite sunk with years and unwieldiness; as well as a very scanty support. I sometimes make her a small present, as my abilities can reach; for I do not find her nearest relations consider her in the least.

Jervas told me that your * aunt's picture is in Sir *Peter Lilly*'s best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it, if you will be so good, as to order some mark of your favour to Mrs. *Dingley*. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her for once out of debt: and if I live any time, I shall see that she keep herself clear of the world; for she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known.

I am sorry to have been so much a stranger to the state of your family. I know nothing of your lady or what children you have, or any other circumstances; neither do I find that Mr. *Hatch* † can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family-house at *Moor-part*. I have heard it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved those words, *factura nepotibus umbram*, is one of those elms that stand in the hollow ground just before the house: but I suppose the letters are widened and grown shapeless by time.

* Picture of lady *Giffard*, sister of Sir *William Temple*.

† Mr. *Hatch* of *Dublin*, was agent for Mr. *Temple*'s affairs in *Ireland*, as well as for the estate of his brother *Henry lord Palmerston*, to whom the *Dean* wrote an angry letter in 1725.

I know

I know nothing more of your brother, than that he hath an *Irish* title (I should be sorry to see you with such a feather) and that some reason or other drew us into a correspondence, which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my lord *Castledurrow*, who is a gentleman of very good sense and wit. I suspect, by taking his son with him, that he designs to see us no more. I desire to present my most humble service to your Lady * with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me.

I am, Sir, your most humble faithful servant,

J. S W I F T.

* Mr. Temple was the nephew, and his lady the grand-daughter, of Sir William Temple, by only son, who died young. She was coheiress with Dorothy, wife of Nicholas Brown, of Shrublandhall in Suffolk, esquire.

L E T -

A Translation of the French letters in this work.

L E T T E R CCCCXII.

Mr. Le CLERC to Mr. ADDISON.

S I R,

Amsterdam, Feb. 12, 1709.

I Did myself the honour to write to you at the beginning of the present year, to beg you would be so good as to inform me of a particular affair, of which it behoved me to get the earliest intelligence; and yet I have had no answer from you. I have only been informed that you have resigned the post you lately held, in order to go over to *Ireland* as secretary to lord *Wharton*. I wish you joy upon this event, presuming that the latter employ is preferable to the former; though I am very sensible that I shall be a loser by your removal. Still I wish you all manner of satisfaction in your new office; and heartily pray that God may crown all your enterprises with success. The favour I begged of you, was to send me the family name, and titles, of my lord *Halifax*, and to ask himself if you thought proper whether he would permit me to dedicate my *Livy* to him. As you had signified to me by Mr. *Philips*, that you had forgot the sheet which I wanted in Mr. *Rymer's* collection, I had sent you word that it is the sheet 10 T, or the four pages immediately preceding the index of names in the first tome. If you have got it since, be so good as to send it to Messrs. *Toutton* and *Stuiguer*, carefully folded up, and directed to me. I suppose this letter will find you still at *London*, because it is reported that lord *Wharton* will not set out till towards the month of *April*. There is nothing new here, in the republic of letters, worth your notice. The je-suits of *Paris* have passed a severe censure on father *Harduin's* opinions, and obliged him to retract them in a very ignominious manner. We shall see what will be the consequence. I should be glad could I be of any service to you here; you would then see how sincerely I am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

I

J. L E C L E R C.
L E T-

L E T T E R CCCCXIII.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. G I R A L D I*.

S I R,

Dublin, Feb. 25, 1714-15.

I Take the liberty to recommend to you the bearer, Mr. *Howard*, a learned gentleman of good family in this country, who intends to make the tour of *Italy*, and being a canon in my deanry, and professor of a college in this university, would fain be confirmed in his heresy by travelling among catholics. And after all, Sir, it is but just that since you have borrowed our *English* frankness and sincerity to ingraft on your *Italian* politeness, some of us tramontanes should make reprisals on you by travelling. You will also permit me to beg you will be so kind as to present my most humble duty to his royal highness the grand duke.

With regard to myself, I will be so free as to tell you, that two months before the queen's decease, finding that it was impossible to reconcile my friends of the ministry, I retired to a country house in *Berkshire*; from whence, after that melancholy event, I came over to *Ireland*, where I now reside upon my deanry, and with christian resignation wait for the destruction of our cause and of my friends, which the reigning faction are daily contriving. For these gentlemen are absolutely determined to strike off half a dozen heads of the best men in *England*, whom you intimately knew and esteemed. God knows what will be the consequence. For my part, I have bid adieu to politics, and with the good leave of the honest men who are now in power, I shall spend the remainder of my days in my hermitage, and attend intirely to my own private affairs. Adieu, Sir, and do me the justice to believe that I am, with great respect, Sir, yours, &c.

* Mr. *Giraldi* was secretary to the duke of *Tuscany*.

L E T T E R CCCCXIV.

The Abbé des FONTAINES to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Paris, July 4, 5721.

I HAVE the honour to send you the second edition of your work, which I have translated into *French*. I should have sent you the first, had I not been obliged, for reasons which I am not at liberty to tell you, to insert a passage in the preface, which you would not have been pleased with, and which indeed I inserted much against my inclinations. As the book has made its way without opposition, these reasons no longer subsist, and I have expunged this passage in the second edition, as you will find. I have likewise altered the passage relating to my lord *Carteret*, concerning which I had received false intelligence. In many parts you will easily see that my translation is not exact; but what pleases in *England*, has not always the same effect in *France*; either because our manners are different, or because the allusions and allegories, that strike people in one country, do not make the same impression in another; or, in fine, because the two nations do not always agree in taste. My intention was to present my countrymen with a book, which might be of use to them; and this has made me take some liberties in varying from the original. I have even been so free as to make some additions, according as I found my own imagination raised by yours. To you only I am indebted for the honour this translation does me; a translation that has been sold with amazing rapidity, for there have been already three editions of it. I have conceived so high an esteem for you, and so greatly am I obliged to you, that if you are not intirely satisfied with the suppression I made in this edition, I am still ready to go any farther length, in order to cancel the memory of that part of the preface: as for the rest, I beg you will pay due attention to the justice I have done you in that very preface.

We flatter ourselves that we shall soon have the honour of seeing you in this capital. All your friends are impatient for your arrival. Nothing else is talked of; and all *Paris* eagerly expects this agreeable event. Do not defer giving us this pleasure; you will see a nation that holds you in

the highest esteem. In the mean while I claim the honour of your friendship, and beg you will be persuaded, that no one respects you more than myself; being, with the profoundest regard and esteem, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

The Abbé des FONTAINES.

Dr. *Arbuthnot* has been so good as to undertake to deliver this letter to you, together with the copy of your work, which I have the honour of sending you.

L E T T E R CCCCXV.

Dr. S W I F T 's Answer.

S I R,

IT is above a month since I received your letter of the 4th of *July*; but the copy of the second edition of your translation is not yet come to hand. I have read the preface to the first; and give me leave to tell you, that I was very much surprized to find that, at the same time you mentioned the country in which I was born, you also took notice of me by name, as the author of that book, though I have had the misfortune of incurring the displeasure of some of our ministers by it, and never acknowledged it as mine. Your behaviour however, in this respect, though somewhat exceptionable, shall not prevent me from doing you justice. The generality of translators are very lavish of their praises on such works as they undertake to render into their own language, imagining perhaps that their reputation depends in some measure on that of the authors, whom they have thought proper to translate. But you were sensible of your own abilities, which render all such precautions needless. Capable of mending a bad book, an enterprize more difficult than to write a good one, you have ventured to publish the translation of a work, which you affirm to abound with nonsense and puerilities, &c. We think with you, that nations do not always agree in taste; but are inclined to believe, that good taste is the same, wherever there are men of wit, judgment, and learning. Therefore, if the Travels of *Gulliver* are calculated only for the

British islands, that voyager must certainly be reckoned a paltry writer. The same vices and follies prevail in all countries, at least in all the civilized parts of *Europe*: and an author, who would sit down to write only for a single town, a province, a kingdom, or even a century, so far from deserving to be translated, does not deserve to be read.

This *Gulliver's* adherents, who are very numerous here, maintain that his book will last as long as our language, because he does not derive his merit from certain modes of expression or thought, but from a series of observations on the imperfections, follies and vices of mankind.

You may very well judge, that the people I have been speaking of, do not approve of your criticisms; and you will doubtless be surprized, when I inform you, that they regard this sea-furgeon as a grave author, who never departs from his character, who uses no foreign embellishment, and never pretends to set up for a wit, but is satisfied with giving the public a plain and simple narrative of the adventures that befel him, and of the things he saw and heard in the course of his voyages.

With regard to the article relating to lord *Carteret*, without waiting for any information whence you borrowed your intelligence, I shall take the liberty to tell you, that you have written only one half of the truth; and that this real, or supposed Drapier, has saved *Ireland*, by spiriting up the whole nation to oppose a project, by which a certain number of individuals would have been enriched at the public expence.

A series of accidents have intervened, which will prevent my going to *France* at present, and I am now too old to hope for any future opportunity. I am sensible that this is a great loss to me. The only consolation that remains, is to think that I shall be the better able to bear that spot of ground, to which fortune has condemned me. I am, &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCCXVI.

Lady B O L I N G B R O K E * to Dr. S W I F T.

Dawley, Feb. 1, 1726-7.

I HAVE been told, Sir, that you complain of having received no letters from me. You do me wrong: I treat you as one of the deities, who keep an account with mankind of their intentions. It is about ten years since I proposed writing to you; before I had the honour of knowing you, the idea, which I had formed of your gravity, restrained me: since I have had the honour of seeing you, I never could find spirit enough to venture upon it. A certain gentleman, named *Gulliver*, had put this poor imagination of mine, which is so depressed by the air of *London*, and by conversations of which I know only the sound, a little in motion; I was desirous of seizing the moment, in order to write to you, but I fell ill, and have been so perpetually for these three months. I avail myself, therefore, Sir, of the first return of my health, to thank you for your reproaches, which I am very proud of, and to say a word to you concerning my friend *Gulliver*. I learn, with great satisfaction, that he has just been translated into *French*; and as my residence in *England* has considerably increased my love for my own country and its inhabitants, I am delighted that they now can participate in the pleasure which that good gentleman has given me, and that they can profit by his discoveries. I am not without hopes, that the twelve ships, which *France* has just fitted out, may be destined for an embassy to the nation of the *Houyhnhnms*. In that case I would propose to you, that we should make the voyage together. In the mean time I am pleased with a workman of your country, who, in order to furnish the ladies with fans, which you know, Sir, are much used here, has made some, wherein all the adventures of your faithful traveller are represented. You may easily judge what a share he will have

* Second wife of lord viscount *Bolingbroke*, born in *France*. She had been second wife of the marquis de *Villette*, chef d'escadre, nephew or cousin to madam *De Maintenon*. See *Voltaire Siecle de Louis XIV.* tom. II. p. 106. edit. *Amst.* 1764. She died *March* 18, 1749. Lord *Bolingbroke* survived her, dying *December* 15, 1751, aged 78.

in their conversation. This, indeed, will be of great prejudice to the rain and fine weather, which filled up a part of it; and as to myself in particular, I shall be deprived of the words *very cold* and *very warm*, the few expressions I understand. I reckon to send you some of those fans by one of your friends. You may make a merit of them with your *Irish* ladies, if you have any occasion for them; which I imagine you have not, at least if they think like the *French* ladies. His lordship of *Dawley*, Mr. *Pope* and myself, are taken up here in drinking, eating, sleeping, or doing nothing, except praying to God for your welfare. Return this spring to see us; my lord expects your coming with impatience, that he may kill the weightiest ox, and the largest hog, on my farm: both shall be served up whole on your reverence's table, for fear that my cook should in any manner disguise them. You will shine among us at least as much as among your own prebends, and we shall be no less solicitous to please you. I will dispute that point with every body, being, of all persons living, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

E E T T E R CCCCXVII.

Lady B O L I N G B R O K E to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Indorsed 'Lady Bolingbroke.'

MR. *Pope* has given me great pleasure, by assuring me that you are in good health, and shewing me a mark of your kind remembrance, in one of your letters. I find you are very much dissatisfied with being confined to *Dublin*, while we reside at *Dawley*. We should have taken great care of you this winter, and joined together in our aversion to mankind, as much as you pleased; for I do not find they much improve upon a near acquaintance. The *French* have lately formed in *France* two theatrical pieces, which are said to have been drawn from *Gulliver*. They are such wretched stuff, that I shall not send them to you; but it is at least an indication of your honest traveller's having had such success amongst us, that the name of *Gulliver* is sufficient to recommend the most paltry performance to the public. Our farmer embraces you: he complains of
your

your going away without giving him an opportunity to take leave of you, and of your omitting to mention a word concerning him, in one of your letters : but I fancy you are like the coquettes, who, presuming on the power of their charms, are indifferent how far they may offend. I can assure you, that all trespasses will be forgiven you upon the receipt of the very first letter, and still more readily upon the first hope that we shall see you again. Adieu ; take care of yourself, and we shall be satisfied. I have no notion of sending you any news from this country : I am here a stranger more than ever ; and I should never think of being naturalized in any other spot, but where I could spend my days in your company.

L E T T E R CCCCXVIII.

Dr. S W I F T to V A N E S S A.

May 12, 1719.

I Compliment you on your perfection in the *French* language. It is necessary to know you long, in order to know all your accomplishments : by perpetually seeing and hearing you, new ones appear, which before were concealed. It is a reproach to me, that I know only the gascon and patois in comparison of you. There is nothing to be objected, either as to the orthography, propriety, elegance, ease, or spirit. And what a blockhead am I to answer you in the same language, you who are incapable of any folly, unless it be the esteem that you are pleased to entertain for me ; for it is no merit, nor any proof of my good taste, to find out in you all that nature has bestowed on a mortal, that is to say, honour, virtue, good sense, wit, sweetness, agreeableness, and firmness of soul ; but by concealing yourself, as you do, the world knows you not, and you lose the eulogy of millions. Ever since I have had the honour of knowing you, I have always remarked, that neither in private, nor in general conversation, has one word ever escaped you, which could be better expressed. And I protest, that after making frequently the most severe criticisms,

ticisms, I never have been able to find the least fault, either in your actions or your words. Coquetry, affectation, prudery, are imperfections which you never knew. And with all this, do you think it possible not to esteem you above the rest of human kind? What beasts in petticoats are the most excellent of those, whom I see dispersed throughout the world, in comparison of you! on seeing, on hearing them, I say a hundred times a day, speak not, look not, think not, do nothing like those wretches. What a misfortune to be the occasion of bringing down contempt on so many women; who, but for the thoughts of you, would be a little tolerable! But it is time to put an end to this trouble, and to bid you adieu. I am, and ever shall remain, with all possible respect, sincerity and esteem, yours.

L E T T E R CCCCXIX.

Mr. V O L T A I R E to the Count de M O R V I L L E, Minister
and Secretary of State, at Versailles.

MY LORD,

June, 1727.

HITHERTO I have confined myself to a tacit admiration of your management of the public affairs of *Europe*; but it is impossible for a person, who has your glory so much at heart, and for whom you have a sincere affection, to keep silence any longer, and not to present his sincere compliments to you upon the wisdom of your conduct.

Besides, I could not decline the honour, which the celebrated dean *Swift* does me, in offering to deliver this letter to your lordship. I am sensible that he is already known to you by fame, and that you are desirous of his acquaintance. He does honour to a nation, whom you highly esteem. You have perused the translations of several pieces attributed to him; and who is more capable than you, my lord, of discovering the beauties of an original, even through the veil of an inelegant version? I apprehend you will not be sorry to dine in company with dean *Swift*, and the president *Henault*; and I also flatter myself, that the liberty I
take

take in introducing to your acquaintance one of the most extraordinary men that *England* ever produced; one who is most capable of forming a just idea of your truly great qualities, will be considered by you as a token of my sincere attachment to your person.

I shall ever remain, with the most profound respect and esteem, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

VOLTAIRE.

in the immediate future, to your satisfaction one of the most serious
and that I am ever prepared to do what is right, and I am
for you, and I am ever prepared to do what is right, and I am
of my future attachment to your person, and I am
I shall ever remain with the most profound respect and esteem, my
bel, your loving and obedient servant, Edward

V. O. T. A. R. B.

and I am ever prepared to do what is right, and I am
of my future attachment to your person, and I am
I shall ever remain with the most profound respect and esteem, my
bel, your loving and obedient servant, Edward

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and I am ever prepared to do what is right, and I am
of my future attachment to your person, and I am
I shall ever remain with the most profound respect and esteem, my
bel, your loving and obedient servant, Edward

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